





THE  
Comical Works  
OF  
Don *Francisco de Quevedo*,  
AUTHOR  
OF THE  
**Visions :**

CONTAINING,

- I. *The Night-Adventurer, or the Day-Hater.*
- II. *The Life of Paul the Spanish Sharper.*
- III. *The Retentive Knight, and his Epistles.*
- IV. *The Dog and the Fever.*
- V. *A Proclamation, by Old Father Time.*
- VI. *A Treatise of all Things whatsoever.*
- VII. *Fortune in her Wits, or the Hour of all Men.*

---

Translated from the Spanish.

---

LONDON, Printed, and are to be sold by  
*John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1707.*

867



---

T O

*Joseph Hodges Esq;*

SON TO

*Sir William Hodges Bar<sup>t</sup>.*

S I R,

**T**HE many Favours I stand indebted for to your Honour'd Father, and your Self, are a sufficient Motive to induce me to perform this Act of Gratitude, that I may, at once, Testifie to the World my Obligations and Acknowledgment. That is true Generosity which Communicates it self without prospect of Advantage; And such is that I have found in your Worthy Family since its return from *Spain*, when there was no Inducement to it, but your own Goodness; being wholly destitute, on my part, of any Merit to claim by. The first Honour I had of being known to *Sir William Hodges*, began in an Act of Kindness towards me, and both he,



## *The Dedication.*

and you, have ever since continu'd the same. I am satisfy'd, that such disinterested Tempers, seek as little of Worldly Applause for what they do, as of any other Benefit: But it is still the Duty of him, who receives, when nothing is expected from him, at least to appear Grateful.

It is not this alone, Sir, that moves me to make you a Tender of this Book: Your Birth in *Spain* seems to give you a Title to the Works of a *Spanish* Author, as being acquainted with that Country and Language. I own Translations are not fit to appear before those who understand, and have the Authors in their Native Tongue. It is impossible that Copies should answer to the value of Originals, especially in Books of Wit and Humour; nor can I pretend to such a Genius as *Quevedo*, to make him speak *English* with that diverting Sweetness as he does *Spanish*; Pens infinitely beyond what I imagine of mine, have fallen far short in such Attempts. Here is something that I hope may please such as cannot be acquainted with the Author himself; and you have Goodness enough to connive at the Imperfections you shall find.

But

## *The Dedication.*

But to come more near to your self, you have still a better Title to appear in the Front of this Work, which cannot but gain Reputation by having your Name prefix'd to it. This Title, Sir, is your Virtue, so free from all, even the most applauded Crimes of Youth: Your Sobriety and Discretion, representing the Maturity of Age; your Application to, and Capacity for Business; and above all, that singular Modesty, which circumscribes me to such Bounds, that I am depriv'd of the Liberty of expressing to the World, how sensible all that know you, are of your Worth. It is true, the Present I bring is far inferiour to your Merit; But Generous Souls look upon the Ability of the Giver, rather than the Value of the Gift: Yet I cannot but say, the Works of the Great Don *Francisco de Quevedo* are a real Treasure, howsoever obscur'd by my handling of them; they may be tarnish'd, and have lost something of their Lustre, but still the Substance remains. What I have perform'd, I leave to you to Judge, and accordingly my small Labour, in this particular, under your Favourable Censure.

Sir,

## *The Dedication.*

Sir, You have confin'd me to such strict Rules, that I am disabled from giving you your due, and consequently oblig'd to cut shorter than indeed is becoming your Desert, or my Obligations; But Obedience is better than Sacrifice, and I had rather be Censur'd by the World for too much Brevity, than enlarge beyond what you allow. I will therefore conclude, tho it seem abruptly, only desiring such admittance for my Work, as I have always found my self, which will be as much as I can propose; and that, with the continuance of your Favour, must ever draw from me such Acknowledgments as I am able to yield, and make me wish for yours, and your Worthy Family's Prosperity, that in you, and them, I may ever find that Goodness I have hitherto Experienc'd;

Sir,

*Your most Oblig'd, and most*

*Obedient, Humble Servant,*

**John Stevens.**



---

---

T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas, have been too well known to the World to stand in need of any Commendation; and the Translation must take its Chance, whether good or bad, according to every Reader's Taste, Affection, or Prejudice: All the Translator will say for himself, is, that he, some Years since, entertain'd the Publick with a single piece of those which are here put together, of the same Author, call'd Fortune in her Wits, or, The Hour of all Men; which met with so much Approbation, that none of them was to be found, and he yet never heard any Complaint against it, which has given occasion to insert it here again. This Volume contains all Quevedo's Comical or diverting Works, excepting his Visions, which have run for so many Years with Applause.

The

## The Preface.

*The Age is generally fond of having an Author's Life prefix'd before his Works, and therefore, to satisfy this Curiosity, where nothing of the Life is known, it is often invented, according to the Writer's Fancy: This is an Imposition, which makes many who are sensible of it, incredulous, even of the Truth, when they happen to meet with it. We will not therefore do the Reader so much wrong as to pretend to inform him of more than is certainly known. As to his Birth, it is evident, that Quevedo was a Man of Quality, and Born to an Estate, as appears by his Titles prefix'd to his Works, where he is stil'd, Knight of the Order of Santiago, or S. James, which is the next in Dignity in Spain to that of the Golden Fleece, and Lord of the Town call'd Villa de la Torre de Juan Abad, which is an Honour above our Lords of Mannors, in regard that many of these Lords in Spain are Palatines, and have Power of Life and Death within their Lordships, and are therefore call'd Senores de Horca y Cuchillo, that is, Lords with Power of Hanging and Beheading. To speak of this great Man's Parts and Ability, is a task too great for my intended brevity. In short, this may be said of him, that he was the Spanish Ovid, for Wit flow'd naturally*

## The Preface.

*turally from him without Study, and it was as easy to him to write Verse as Prose. His Writings testifie, and it is affirm'd by a familiar Friend of his, who writ a Preface before his Volume of Poems, that he understood the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Tongues, and was very well Read in them all. His sharp Satyrs procur'd him many Enemies, and were the cause of many Years Imprisonment; yet we find he was in great Esteem with the Conde Duque de Olivares, Favourite and Prime Minister to King Philip the 4th, of Spain. This is all the Account we can give of him, let his Works speak the rest.*

*All that is extant of them is contain'd in three large Volumes in Quarto, two whereof in Prose, and one in Verse: These are all that have hitherto appear'd in Print; but that Friend of his above mention'd, affirms, that the Poems are not the twentieth part of what he writ; and no doubt, but very much of his Prose has had the same ill Fate. The Poems are divided into Nine Muses, all of them so full of Wit, Humour, Learning and Vivacity of Spirit, that it is believ'd he has not been out-done by the Ancients, and is not to be match'd by any of the Moderns. These will scarce bare any Translation, the Genius is so Peculiar,*  
a and



## The Preface.

*and the turns of the Language so Natural to the Spanish, that I Question whether any other Tongue can express them in his significant way; but perhaps I may be mistaken, and wish that some able poetical Spirit may prove me so, for the Satisfaction and Entertainment of the English Nation.*

*I will not say much of his Prose, his Visions have already gain'd him Reputation: Tho with respect to the Memory of that great Man, whose Name is prefixt to the Translation, I must Declare, they are far short of the Original. For not to descend to other Particulars, there are in several places whole Pages entirely omitted, and in others, the Sense either mistaken or wilfully alter'd to no Advantage, but rather for the worse. Fortune in her Wits has been also abroad, as I have before observ'd, and met with a favourable Reception: The rest of the pieces in this Book are now upon their Tryal; and as I promis'd, when Fortune in her Wits was publish'd, to give more of the Author if that met with Encouragement, so now I shall only expect to see what Fate these diverting Works meet with, that according to their Success, I may oblige such as shall approve of them, with others, tho more Serious, yet no less Valuable.*

# The Contents.

## THE Night Adventurer: The Introduction,

Page 1.

1st Adventure, p. 6

2d Adventure, p. 22

3d Adventure, p. 33

4th Adventure, p. 51

5th Adventure, p. 66

6th Adventure, p. 82

7th Adventure, p. 92

8th Adventure, p. 109

9th Adventure, p. 134

The pleasant History of the  
Life and Actions of Paul,  
the Spanish Sharper, Book

1. Chap. 1. Gives an ac-  
count of his Birth and  
Country, p. 154

Chap. 2. How I went to  
School, and what happen'd  
to me there, p. 159

Chap. 3. How I went to a  
Boarding-School, to wait  
on Don Diego Coronel,  
p. 166

Chap. 4. Don Diego and  
his Man rescu'd from the  
Faws of Famine, and re-  
cover'd, are sent to the  
University of Alcala ;  
their pleasant Adventure  
by the way, p. 177

Chap. 5. Our entrance into  
Alcala, the Reception we  
had, paying for our Free-  
dom, what Tricks they  
put upon me, as being a  
new comer, p. 187

Chap. 6. Of the wicked old  
House-keeper, and the  
first Knavish Pranks I  
play'd at Alcala, p. 196

Chap. 7. How I receiv'd  
News of my Father's  
Death, parted from Don  
Diego, and what course  
of Life I resolv'd on for  
the future, p. 209

Chap. 8. My Journey from  
Alcala to Segovia, and  
what hapned to me by the  
way, till I came to Rejas,  
where I lay that Night,  
p. 213

Chap. 9. The pleasant Dis-  
course I had with a Poet,  
on the Road, till I came  
to Madrid, p. 221

Chap. 10. What hapned to  
me at Madrid, my Adven-  
tures with a Soldier and a  
Hermit, and coming to  
my Unkles, p. 226

Chap. 11. The kind Enter-  
tainment I had at my  
Unkles, the Visits I re-  
ceiv'd, how I recover'd  
my Inheritance, and re-  
turn'd to Madrid, p. 240

Chap. 12. My departure  
from Segovia, and jour-  
ney to Madrid, with what  
hapned to me by the way,  
p. 248

Chap. 13. The Thread-bare  
Gentleman by the way,  
according to promise, gives  
an account of his Life  
and Actions, p. 253

Book 2. Chap. 1. What  
hapned to me at my first  
coming to Madrid, till  
Night, p. 260

Chap. 2. The same Subject  
of

## The Contents.

- of the foregoing Chapter continu'd, with other strange Adventures, p. 265
- Chap. 3. The farther proceedings of this sharpening Gang, till they were thrown all together into Goal, p. 279
- Chap. 4. The Prison describ'd, with an account of what hapned to us in it, till the old Woman was whipp'd, my Companions expos'd to publick Shame, and I came out upon Bail, p. 282
- Chap. 5. How I took a Lodging, fell in Love, pretended to be a Conjuror, and the misfortune that besel me, p. 292
- Chap. 6. The event of this Disaster, how I bilk'd my Lodging, and other Adventures, p. 299
- Chap. 7. How the Collation was manag'd, with other Accidents and notable misfortunes, p. 307
- Chap. 8. My tedious Cure, what pass'd between my Landlady and me; how I turn'd Beggar, pick'd up a considerable sum of Money, and went away to Toledo, p. 319
- Chap. 9. How I turn'd Player, Poet, and Gallant, the misfortunes that ensu'd, till I quitted the Employment, p. 328
- Chap. 10. What hapned to me at Sevil, till I took Shipping for the West-Indies, p. 341
- The Retentive Knight, containing wholesome Advice, for saving the Ready, and being free of good Words, p. 348
- The Retentive Knight's Epistles, p. 352
- The Dog and the Fever, an unaccountable Novel, or a Rapsody, p. 372
- By Old Father Time a Proclamation, p. 405
- A Treatise of all things whatsoever, p. 412
- Chap. 1. Containing many wonderful and prodigious Secrets, which can never fail, ibid.
- Chap. 2. Divination and Astrology, p. 415
- Chap. 3. Of Omens, p. 417
- Chap. 4. How things are to be done, and on what days, that they may prove Fortunate, p. 418
- Chap. 5. Of Physiognomy, p. 419
- Chap. 6. Of Chiromancy, or predicting by the Lines in the Hands, a short Chapter, p. 422
- Chap. 7. How to learn all Arts and Sciences in a day, p. 423
- A Letter, giving an account of the Author's journey into Andalusia with the King, p. 427
- A Letter, in which the Author sets down, how he would have his Wife qualify'd, p. 432
- Fortune in her Wits, and the Hour of all Men, p. 437



---

---

T H E

*Night Adventurer.*

---

The INTRODUCTION.

I Shall not need to call upon *Apollo* to inspire me, being about to write the Life of a *Night Adventurer*, to whom his glorious Light was as offensive, as it is pleasing and delightful to all other Men. Had I occasion to invoke any Deity to assist me, it should be *Diana*, as presiding over the black Shades of Night; but since there is no Darkness so intense, as to be quite depriv'd of some Glimmering, which draws its Origin from the Sun, I will have nothing to do with the Stars, but apply my self to Ink alone, to assist me upon this occasion; as that which seems most oblig'd to favour my Undertaking, in regard that Black was our Adventurer's most admir'd Colour. Yet if the Paper shall hap-

D

pen

## The INTRODUCTION.

pen to take Offence, because its Whiteness is fully'd with the Relation of such confuse Rambles, and such monstrous Representations, I must intreat it to put up, and connive at this Wrong, among the many it daily sustains from so many no less rash than ignorant Hands, all which it so patiently endures. Come on then, thou black Dye, that colourest and spread'st abroad the Fame of Mortals, let us begin to relate the renowned and dark Actions of this Church-yard Knight-Errant, this Enemy of Day-light, and Associate of Bats and Skreich-Owls. Let us not lose time in setting off, and embellishing the Work, its own Truth will give it Grace and Ornament enough.

*His Birth.* *Talavera*, a Town of note in the Kingdom of *Toledo*, and seated on the Banks of the Golden *Tagus*, gave Birth to the Heroick Person who is the Subject of this History. He was of Noble Extraction, without Blemish of Illegitimacy, or Mixture of Jewish Blood, and bless'd with a competent Fortune. It is true, he was subject to some irregular Flights, but those Faults were only the effect of over-much Curiosity, and of a generous Temper, which put him upon such Actions as were uncommon among other Men. Nothing but Affliction had appear'd in his House from his very Infancy. His Father was kill'd in a Duel, and tho' conquer'd, gain'd Honour to his Family by his Valour. His Mother, more uneasie for her Solitude and Loss, than generally the Widows are in our Days, who do not wait  
out

## The INTRODUCTION.

3

out the Year after their Husbands Death before they marry again, was so hasty in her Resolutions, that there was scarce a Breathing between the News of her Widowhood, and of her being again fast in the Bands of Matrimony.

Our Hero had two Brothers, and was himself the Youngest. The Eldest was wholly addicted to Fencing, so that by his continual handling of cold Iron, he lost an Eye; which might have been no small Advantage towards making him a good Marksman. The second Brother plac'd all his Hopes on the Air, for being an excellent Tennis-Player, he reckon'd to make his Fortune that way; but among all the other Faults in that Game, he committed one that was never to be retriev'd; for having over-heated himself, he fell into a Pleurisy, of which he dy'd, leaving the poor Balls and Rackets destitute of a real Friend, who lov'd them above his Life. This youngest Brother we are to treat of, in his tender Years was call'd plain *Don Diego*, but when grown up, some added the Sirname of *Fly-Light*, and others call'd him *Don Diego Love-Night*, because he fled from Light, and only delighted in Darknes. At ten Years of Age he was put to the Latin School, where tho' he advanc'd but little, yet he had the good Luck not to grow Pedantick. This small Capacity was highly favour'd by Fortune, who took care of him from his Cradle. Scarce was he sixteen Years of Age, before he was prefer'd to some Church Livings,



## The INTRODUCTION.

vings, which oblig'd him to reside at *Toledo*; a pleasing Duty that compell'd him to live in so delightful a Place. Four Years he continu'd under this Restraint; but as soon as he could reckon twenty Years of Age, neither his Duty, nor the many Charms of that beautiful City, which are such as would ingage and confine to it the most airy Dispositions, could any thing prevail upon his. His unsettled Temper only delighted in rambling, so that to comply with his wandering Inclination, he parted with his Benefices, reserving to himself some Pensions out of them, which together with his own Inheritance, made up about 5 or 600 Pounds a Year.

Next at  
Madrid,  
& strange  
manner of  
Life.

He left *Toledo* to settle at *Madrid*, the usual Residence of the Court of *Spain*; and made choice of that Quarter of the Town which best suited with his Humour, being a blind Corner, remote from the Concourse of the People, where he bought a House that had two separate Apartments. The one of them he made choice of for himself, fitting it up to his own extravagant Fancy; without altering the other, which however he furnish'd very handsomely, to entertain his Friends upon occasion. The Apartment he reserv'd for himself was contriv'd after a very odd manner. He pull'd down the upper Stories and made it much lower than all the Houses about it, that they might shelter it from the Sun, which he mortally hated, and all that belong'd to it; and still the more to make known this Prejudice, he

was

## The INTRODUCTION.

5

was not satisfy'd with cutting off his House's Head out of meer Spight to that Planet, but he also put out its Eyes, stopping up all the Windows, that could admit the least Glimpse of Day-light; leaving only some little roof Windows, which were never the less quite blinded with strong Shutters. The Walls were hung with black Bayes, as condemn'd by him to perpetual Mourning. In short, it was more like a Tomb for the Dead, than a Mansion for the Living. He was a passionate Lover of Musick, and delighted in nothing more than in singing to his Guitarre; so that by continual Practice, he was become a Match for the best in that Profession. He was satisfy'd with what he had, disdaining to court Fortune to increase it. His course of Life was different from all the rest of Mankind, as turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. He never went abroad till it was quite dark, so that there was no distinguishing betwixt Colours or Objects; and as soon as ever he discover'd the first dawning of the Day, his Walk ended, and he hasted home, stopping all the least Chinks and Crevises, through which the Sun might dart the least Ray; which done, he betook himself to his Rest in a Bed made like a Cupboard, that shut to with a Door to slide down.

When he went to ramble about the *His Nights* Streets, tho' in the darkest Nights, he took *Equipage.* no other Guard with him but his Sword, a Target hanging to his Girdle, and sometimes a Guitarre in his Hand. In these his

dark Travels, Fortune threw into his way several Adventures, which always prov'd fortunate enough to him; at least, he never came off with Dishonour. Now, if you please, Reader, to respit your other Business, which perhaps, may be as frivolous as this, since all the Actions of Men are meer Vanity, I will relate some Passages that will not be unpleasant. Give ear, for I begin.

---

## ADVENTURE I.

*His Danger in a strange House.*

**I**N the depth of Winter, about the middle of *January*, when the Nights are longer than the Days, and the Cold so increases, that it will make Men of the hottest Constitutions quake, if they are abroad in the open Air, *Don Diego Love-Night*, took a Fancy, near eleven at Night, to walk out and ramble the Streets of *Madrid*, playing on his Guitarre, and at times singing some diverting Airs to his Instrument. He had not gone far from his House, before he put himself into a Posture to serenade a certain Lady of his Acquaintance, but calling to mind that he had given her that Diversion several times before, and considering that malicious Persons might perhaps, misinterpret his innocent Intentions, and lay some Blemish on the Reputation of the Person he design'd to honour; and fearing lest his Music



sick might rather turn to her Discredit than Praise, he went on, moving as slowly, as generally a Man does who is going from a Place against his Will. He pass'd on from one Street to another, without any design but to use Exercise for his Health, and to divert himself with singing and playing on his Guitarre when the Fancy took him. Having travers'd a considerable part of *Madrid*, when the Clocks of the Monasteries had just done ringing the Religious to *Matins*, which is always at Twelve, he found himself in a part of the Town he was yet a Stranger to, and should have taken it for the real Mansion of the God of Silence, had not he stumbl'd on a Dog, that began to groule at him. At the same time he heard a Window open, and some Body hem, as it were, to invite him to draw near. His Heart was too tender to withstand such a Temptation, so that stopping short and listning with all his Attention, he heard these Words spoken with a whispering Voice. *If it be you who yesterday left this Place with such Tokens of the Satisfaction you had receiv'd, why do you come so late? Don Diego* was somewhat startled at this Question, but yielding to his natural Curiosity, answer'd in the same Tone, *I am he, open, the Door and I will satisfy you.* No sooner had he spoken these Words, but he heard the Door open, and one that said to him, *Come in softly.* He did so without hesitating, or considering what the Consequence might be, concluding something must be

*The Night Adventurer.*

ventur'd, rather than let slip so favourable  
 an Opportunity as he conceited Fortune  
 here offer'd him. He was taken by the  
 Hand, and having been led through several  
 Doors, instead of the loving Embraces  
 he expected, he found himself basely laid  
 hold of behind, his Arms taken away, and  
 he brought into a spacious Room, where  
 there were two Candles burning on the Table.  
 Then he discover'd he was in the  
 Hands of four lusty, able young Men, who  
 by their Countenances promis'd him no  
 good Usage. Looking about he spy'd a venerable  
 old Man, who in an angry Tone,  
 directing his Discourse to those who held  
 our Adventurer, said, *Why did you bring him  
 before me alive? Why did not you throattle him  
 as he came in?* Then turning to the Prisoner;  
*Barbarian,* said he, *I can never believe you are  
 of Noble Extraction. Wicked Man! What  
 Wrong could this decrepit Old Age do you, that  
 you should sully its Honour upon the Brink of the  
 Grave, where the most infamous Persons desire  
 to be laid without Taint or Blemish! If you had  
 any cause to thirst after Revenge upon me, why  
 did not you exercise it on this Remainder of Life,  
 which is now expiring, and not on my Reputation,  
 which ought to be everlasting? But your Design  
 was to treat me worse than an Executioner would  
 have done, depriving me of two Lives at once.  
 You were sensible that in striking at my Reputation,  
 you stabb'd my Heart. Your Lust has done  
 me a Wrong of such heinous Nature, that tho'  
 your Life falls a Sacrifice to me in this Place, to  
 atone for your Offence, yet you will ever remain*  
my

*The Night Adventurer.*

9

*my Debtor, and your Death will rather serve for a Terror to others, than be any Satisfaction to me. But away with him, let his Throat be cut immediately, and his Heart ripp'd out to be thrown in his Face, as a Traytor. Yet before you carry him off, call in that mad Woman, that we may celebrate their Nuptials and Funeral together.*

Whilst the Old Man paus'd a while after speaking these words, in came a Lady, whose Eyes and Countenance were so full of Charms, that as soon as *Don Diego* spy'd her, all the Terrors of Death he had conceiv'd by the dreadful Decree of his antient Judge, were dispell'd, and gave way to the Satisfaction of admiring that beautiful Object. On the other hand, the Lady seeing that Stranger in the Hands of her Brothers, was so surpriz'd and concern'd, that her Blood flying up to her Face, added much Lustre to her natural Perfection. Her Father and Brothers were amaz'd, and the Prisoner stood in a Rapture. There let us leave them a while in that Perplexity, to discover whence it proceeded.

A certain Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Frederick*, so great a Darling of Nature and Fortune, that they seem'd to contend, who should heap the greatest Favours on him; the latter having made him Master of a most plentiful Estate, and the former deriv'd him from a Noble Family, and endow'd him with a generous Soul, virtuous Inclinations, and a graceful Person and Mien. This Gentleman was passionately in love with the Beauty, Wit and Perfections



ons of *Fenicia*, the Lady we last spoke of, who, as she Triumph'd in the Conquests she had gain'd over the most accomplish'd Persons about the Court, so was she herself subdu'd by the Victory she had gain'd over *Don Frederick*; either that she had observ'd more Worth in him, or that there was a greater Sympathy betwixt their Souls.

They had manag'd this mutual Affection with such Secrecy and Discretion, that her Father and Brothers, tho' they observ'd her Actions most narrowly, could never discover the least Token of their Familiarity. But as it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to secure a Happiness, which is in the Power of another, who only studies how to destroy it, so was this disappointed and cut off, when least expected, by the Cunning and Falsehood of *Frederick*; for after a long counterfeit Show of Constancy, attended with many specious Expressions of a sincere Affection, he obtain'd the last Favour of *Fenicia*, under a verbal Promise of Marriage. No sooner had he gain'd this glorious Conquest, and by its amorous Wealth been plentifully rewarded for his many Sighs and Tears, but he made *Fenicia* sensible by many Signs, that he had not the Value for her she deserv'd, and she perceiv'd by his Behaviour that she had but too much cause to repent of what she had done. In fine, she discover'd so much Coldness, and so much Impatience in him to be gone after the Accomplishment of his Will, that she began to mistrust his performing  
the

the Proteſtations he had made to her. When he was gone, ſhe began to reflect on the Fault ſhe had committed, and to apprehend ſhe was deluded by *Frederick*; Deſpair ſeiz'd her Heart, and ſhe was in a Labyrinth of Confuſion. That remaining part of the Night and the next Day, ſhe was agitated with theſe Thoughts; and at Night, when the time drew near about which *Frederick* was to return, ſhe reſolv'd, tho' not without much difficulty, to make known her Miſfortune to her Father and Brothers, ſo to prevent more fatal conſequences; that in caſe *Frederick* would break his Promiſe and not ſtand to his Word, they might adviſe together of the Means to compel him.

They were no Strangers to *Don Frederick's* The Dea Name or Quality. But they knew not his ſign a- Perſon. This both incens'd and confound- gainſt the ed them; yet they loſt not much time in true Lo- conſulting, or bewailing their Miſfortune, but conſidering the Diſtemper was deſperate, they reſolv'd to apply a deſperate Remedy, and to treat *Don Frederick*, as, through miſtake, they were now going to uſe the innocent *Don Diego*. Fortune deſigning to make her Sport of him, brought him under *Fenicia's* Windows juſt at the time ſhe was upon the Watch, expecting the Approach of her ungrateful Lover; her Trouble and the Darkneſs of the Night, made her incapable of diſtinguiſhing betwixt the true Perſon and the falſe. As ſoon as ſhe heard trampling, ſhe thought it was *Frederick*,  
and

and upon that Notion spoke those Words which charm'd poor *Don Diego*, and engag'd him in the Danger where we left him.

*Fenicia's* Father and Brothers were resolv'd to make *Frederick* marry her either by his Consent or by Force; or at least to wash out the Stain he had laid on their Honour, with his Blood. However, for the better managing of the Affair, and lest *Frederick* should take a Prejudice to *Fenicia*, they agreed she should pretend not to have discover'd the Secret, and that as it were to excuse and rescue him out of the Hands of her Brothers, she should positively affirm that was none of the Person who was with her the Night before; that so he might imagine their Familiarity had been discover'd by the Indiscretion, or Falsehood of a Servant who was intrusted with the Secret of their Love.

*The Lady discovers the Mistake.*

Thus *Fenicia* startled to see a Person unknown to her, taken in the Snare she had laid for *Frederick*, instead of the Dissimulation and Artifice concerted among them, deliver'd herself with all possible Sincerity, saying, Brothers, you are mistaken; this Man you use so ill and wrong so much, is none of the Person you look for. This is not *Frederick*. Good God! What a prodigious Scandal is this after so great a Misfortune. I confess, I transgress'd most heinously the last Night, and brought a mighty Scandal upon your Reputation; but now our Shame will be made known, since we have acquainted this Man with it, who will never fail to divulge it.

The



The Brothers were amaz'd to hear her, and whisper'd one another; *How notably she dissembles; she does it as if she spoke Truth.* She peceiving their double Mistake, endeavour'd all she could to undeceive them by repeated Oaths and Protestations, till at last they began to gaze upon one another, without speaking a word, as not knowing what to think of that Business. Don Diego on the other hand confirm'd Fenicia's Assertions, alledging they took him for another, for he had never been near their House before; that his Name was Don Diego, and he belong'd to the Clergy, and therefore incapable of marrying; whereupon he pull'd out of his Pocket some Letters and other Papers, which prov'd the Truth of his words. The Old Man, Father to Fenicia, was highly incens'd at his Daughter, as the Cause of all these unlucky Accidents.

*Love-Night* by this time began to breathe more freely, believing he might now expect to be restor'd to his Liberty; but Fortune being resolv'd to make Tryal of his Courage by dreadful Assaults, charg'd him again with fresh Terrors. Fenicia's Brothers in a Rage to be thus impos'd upon, and at this unknown Person's being made acquainted with their Shame, consulted together how to remedy this Inconveniency; and their Debate being near Don Diego, he could hear them talk of murdering him, the Eldest making the Proposal, and the rest consenting to it. *We are unfortunate, said he, in all our Undertakings; we have discover'd*

*She is scarce believ'd.*

*Her Brothers for murdering Don Diego.*

*our*

*The Night Adventurer.*

*our Shame before this Man, who will set it abroad every where as soon as it is Day, to revenge the Affront we have offer'd him. There is no stopping here, let us proceed: We will lead him out now it is Night to some By-place near the Town-wall, and cut his Throat at the Door of some Bawdy-House, it will never be known who committed the Fact; and thus we may secure our selves against the Disgrace our Family might lie under. Some Debates arose upon this bloody Proposal, but at length they all consented to it.*

*Their Father saves him.*

*Don Diego still spoke not a word, hoping if they carry'd him out of the House without holding, he might either save himself by his Heels flying, or by his Hands defending himself; but the design being now made known to the good Old Man, by the most Compassionate of the Conspirators, he drew near Don Diego with his Sword in his Hand, and trembling, said to him, Sir, I repose more Confidence in your Discretion, than my Sons can do in your Death. Be gone, in the Name of God; fear no more Harm than what has been already done you. I beg your Pardon, and heartily intreat you to pity my just Sorrow, and to grant that the Infamy of my House may ever lie bury'd in the Secrecy of your generous Heart.*

*He is dismissed.*

*This said, he restor'd him his Sword and Guitarre, both taken from him at his coming in; and leading him without any Noise to the Street-Door, offer'd to send some Body to wait on him, as far as he pleas'd. Don Diego return'd Thanks, and promis'd he would never make known to any Person*

son the Misfortune of his House. Having escap'd this eminent Danger, he made a Vow to be less curious for the future, and never to go into a place he did not know; but he kept not this Promise, for when a Man is once out of the Mire, he never thinks of it again. He directed his Course homeward, and finding himself still under some Disorder, proceeding from the Fright he had been put into, he thought fit to allay it with Musick; and accordingly, after some harmonious Discords struck upon his Guitarre, that Instrument allowing of as many Discords as Concorde, he seconded it with his Voice, singing as follows.

S O N G.

I.

**A**S soon as fair Aurora wakes,  
And spreads her Blushes red as Fire,  
His Journey brighter Phæbus takes,  
Your Beauty to admire.

2.

Your Eyes the glorious Stars out-shine,  
Their Rays afford us Warmth and Light,  
Your Presence makes the Day divine,  
Your Absence dismal Night.

3. No



3.

*No Planet will pretend to show  
 His Head when once your Beams appear;  
 All then is here serene below,  
 And all above is clear.*

4.

*The Sun to Jove does oft complain,  
 And at your mighty Pow'r repines,  
 For that your Eyes light Land and Main,  
 And breed the Gold in Mines.*

5.

*The Heav'ns which Life to all things give,  
 Admire their Workmanship in you;  
 But th' envious Moon in Spight does grieve,  
 And mourns in Sable hue.*

6.

*The Lillies, touch'd by your fair Hand,  
 Do blush to think they're not so white,  
 Roses look pale when near you stand,  
 And shame them with your Sight.*

7.

*All these Perfections, all these Charms,  
 Ungrateful Coyness will destroy,  
 Unless you yield to Cupid's Arms,  
 And his Delights enjoy.*

8. *There*

8.

Then do not practise how to scorn,  
 But all disdainful Thoughts remove,  
 The Man to worship you was born,  
 Him you were born to love.

As he concluded his Song, he found him-  
 self at his own Door ; and at the same time *A fresh*  
 spy'd a Man, who had follow'd him close *Surprise.*  
 at the Heels all the way from *Fenicia's*  
 House, and stepping up to him, said, *A*  
*Word with you, Sir.* Don Diego was some-  
 what surpriz'd at this Sight, believing it  
 was one of *Fenicia's* mad Brothers, who con-  
 trary to his Father's Command, was come  
 to execute the Sentence there pronounc'd  
 against him, and by that means to make  
 known the Dishonour of his Family ; be-  
 cause in all likelyhood whatsoever pass'd  
 betwixt them, could not be done without  
 Noise. However, seeing but one single  
 Man, would not rouse any of his Servants,  
 lest he might think he was afraid, or suspect  
 he design'd him foul Play. He went bold-  
 ly up to him, with his Sword in his Hand,  
 but not drawn, because the other had not  
 yet declar'd himself an Enemy ; and asking  
 what Business he had with him, under-  
 stood he was *Frederick*, that fortunate Lo-  
 ver, who had triumph'd over *Fenicia's* Ho-  
 nour, and having been engag'd in some Bu-  
 siness of high Consequence, could not re-  
 pair to her, till just Don Diego was coming  
 out,

out. This Accident had startl'd him very much, as believing that none but himself had Admittance into that House, which occasion'd a Jealousy in him, and resolving to clear his Doubts, he had follow'd *Love-Night*, to discover who he was; till seeing him just ready to go into his House, he call'd upon him to satisfy his Curiosity.

Don Diego  
go attack-  
ed by the  
Lady's  
Lover,  
wounds,  
and takes  
care of  
him.

Jealousy blinding him, he forgot all Civility upon this occasion; so that as soon as *Don Diego* was turn'd to him, he urg'd him to draw with some abusive Language. *Love-Night* provok'd by his insolent words, threw down his Guitarre on the Stones, which return'd a Sound, as if it complain'd of his Unkindness. This done, he immediately put himself into a posture to chastise the Rashness of his Adversary, whom he soon made sensible that he was better skill'd at his Weapon than he, or at least, more fortunate; for *Frederick* wanted neither Skill nor Courage. *Don Diego* press'd hard upon him and gave him two home Thrusts, which were a sufficient good Proof of the strength of his Arm, and made him drop, crying out, *I am a dead Man*. *Love-Night* seeing him in this deplorable Condition, and almost speechless, took Pity on his Misfortune, call'd up his Servants, had Light brought out, and remov'd the unhappy Gentleman into that Apartment of his House he had reserv'd for Strangers. There he was laid on a good Bed, tho' then he seem'd to be fitter for the Grave. A Priest and Surgeon were sent for, who both perform'd



form'd the Duty of their Function almost at the same time. The wounded Man coming to himself, own'd his Rashness, declaring he had been the Aggressor, to clear his Adversary. *Don Diego* on the other hand, being willing to calm *Don Frederick's* Thoughts, and remove the ill Impression he had receiv'd as to *Fenicia's* Fidelity, gave him a particular Account of the Danger he had been in at her House, on his account, being taken for him, and in the utmost hazard of losing his Life at the Hands of her Father and Brothers: When he had ended his Relation, he represented to him how perfidious an Action it would be to deceive such a beautiful Lover, who had suffer'd herself to be perswaded by his fair Words, and to be conquer'd by his Merit. In short, he charg'd it so home to his Conscience, and spoke so feelingly to his Soul, showing the wrong he did to so many Persons, and the Danger he run in having four Brothers for his profess'd Enemies, that he prevail'd with him to protest, in the Presence of all that were there, that he would perform his Promise made to *Fenicia*, as soon as recover'd.

Heaven heard and seconded this just Vow; for from that moment he began visibly to recover, and not long after was as good as his word. To this effect he desir'd *Don Diego*, with whom he had contracted a singular Friendship, to go visit *Fenicia* from him, and give her fresh Assurances of his Fidelity; still reserving it to himself, to

give her an Account some other time of the Encounter betwixt them, for fear she should be in trouble about his Recovery. *Love-Night* thought it a great happiness, that he was pitch'd upon to deliver so pleasing a message to the Lady.

He went to her House and found her labouring under the greatest Affliction, because she had never heard of her *Frederick* since she resign'd up her Honour to him. She was sick a-Bed, and her Father in the same Condition, both of them overwhelm'd with Grief, begging of Heaven what was not in the Power of Man to grant, which was either Death, or the retrieving of their Honour. *Fenicia's* four Brothers inrag'd at the Affront, they thought all the World could read on their Faces, hearing no News of the Person who had so dishonour'd them, believ'd he had absented himself, and upon this Supposition resolv'd to disperse themselves, and go to several Places, in hopes to meet and take a bloody Revenge for their Wrong.

*The Lady  
restor'd to  
her Lover.*

As *Fenicia* and her Father were discoursing about their Disaster, despairing of ever receiving any Satisfaction, *Love-Night* enter'd their Chamber with a joyful Countenance, which testify'd the good News he brought them. No doubt, but the two sick Persons were amaz'd to see him, as not knowing what Design could bring him thither. To ease them of their Pain and Anxiety, he succinctly related the occasion of his Visit, and gave them such Assurances of the Truth

Truth of his Words, that *Fenicia* and her Father ravish'd with Excess of Joy, believ'd this was some Miracle or Enchantment, considering that the Person whom but a few ays before they would have put to Death, was now come to restore them to Life. They receiv'd him as an Angel, and return'd thanks to Heaven for having pity'd their Misfortunes. From that time *Fenicia* recover'd her former Grace, which had suffer'd much by her Afflictions, the good Old Man reviv'd, and *Frederick* being perfectly cur'd, went with *Don Diego* to ratify the Promise he had brought from him, His Presence gave *Fenicia* fresh Life, and he saluted her Father as a Son-in-Law, and her as his Bride. Messengers were instantly sent to recal her Brothers, who being summon'd to be present at the Recovery of their Honour, hasted to *Madrid*. *Frederick's* Kindred and Friends were invited, and by a general Consent, their Nuptials were celebrated to the Satisfaction of all Parties concern'd; where *Don Diego* was honour'd as a principal Guest, for having been the chief Cause of that happy Success.



## ADVENTURE II.

No warn-  
ing suffici-  
ent a-  
gainst ill  
Inclina-  
tion.

THE Memory of past Accidents, might have been a sufficient warning to *Don Diego Love-Night*, for the securing of his future Quiet; but it being a matter of much difficulty for Reason to rule the Sallies of an irregular Inclination, the dangers he had escap'd could not restrain him from continuing his extravagant Customs. The glory he had acquir'd by his late Escape, made him hope he should be no less successful in other Perils. After the Marriage of *Frederick* he staid at home some time, indulging such commendable Diversions as other Men are wont to take; but soon gave way again to his unruly Temper, *Amazor's* good Advice being of no force to restrain him.

Good Ad-  
vice to  
Don Die-  
go.

This *Amazor* was a Person of Learning and Experience, under whose Tuition *Don Diego* had spent some part of his younger years, and learnt all he knew of Literature and Civil Conversation. Nor was he to blame, tho' he had not been more successful in his Pupil, as having never omitted any thing that in him lay; but it is almost impossible for Human Foresight to gain the Ascendant over a Mind too much addicted to its perverse Habits, as was that of *Don Diego*. *Amazor* nevertheless resolv'd to make another Tryal, and endeavour by new Perswasions to subdue that rebellious Temper.

Temper. He waited for a fair opportunity, and discours'd him after this manner.

Don Diego, said he, You give me just occasion to reckon my self the most unfortunate of all Men of my Profession. After so many years spent in your Company; after so many Admonitions and Remonstrances as I have made, and so many Examples as I have laid before you, I must still be reproach'd with not having been able to correct the perverse Inclinations of your Infancy, as not having led you in the Paths of Virtue. Must I lose the just Reward I could hope for my Labours in making you a good Man? Shall I, instead of that due Reward, see my self expos'd to the Reflections of all that either see or hear of the unaccountable Life you lead, who will charge me with neglect in employing that little Skill I have in educating Youth. But laying aside what concerns me, have not you sense enough to perceive that you are the sport of all Companies, and the scorn of all your Equals? Do not you observe that every Body rails at the extravagant and ridiculous way you have found of passing away your Life, so different from the rest of Mankind? It may truly be said you are of a black and dark Disposition, since it makes you hate and shun Day-light, which is so pleasing to all the World. Were there any Pretence to excuse this Madness; had you any Amorous Intrigues, to prevail with you to love the Darknes of the Night as you do, none would admire at it; nay, you would be thought discreet and commendable, as supposing you made use of that time to conceal your Affections, and prevent the Scandal they might give; but to suffer  
your

your self without any occasion to be led away by so unreasonable a Humour, which is prejudicial to your Health, and hourly exposes your Life to dangers, as appears by your last Adventure, is too visible a Madness, and which cannot any way be palliated. If you continue for some time these dismal and extravagant Night Rambles you constantly follow, you will e're long be involv'd in some deplorable Misfortune, and perhaps lose both your Life and Honour, which is a double Death. The Affection I have always bore you obliges me to give you this one Admonition more, that if after it you come to any Disaster, as you are in the ready way to it, none may have occasion to say, you wanted Advice and Admonitions to give over, but rather that it may be known you were the only cause of all your Calamities. For my own part I quit you and your House; I will not be a Witness to the Mischiefs that threaten you, nor see my Time, my Labour, and my Instructions so ill bestow'd.

This said, he made to the Door to be gone, and leave the House; but *Don Diego* interpos'd, endeavouring to stop him. Thus they struggled together, through Affection, not in Anger. At last, *Don Diego* promis'd to reform, and follow all his Advice. As a Proof of his Sincerity he laid by his Arms, and for two days led quite another sort of Life than he was wont to do, like the rest of Mankind, making use of Night and Day, according to the Course of Nature. But this Method being a Constraint upon his Humour, the very third Night he began to repent him of well-doing, and being



being restless in his Bed, to detest *Ama-*  
*zo*'rs Severity; calling him a Frantick Pe-  
dant, a Tyrannick Usurper over his Liber-  
ty, and a thousand other opprobrious  
Names. Thus was he diverting himself,  
when he hear'd a Coach in his Street, which  
stopping, and so silencing the Noise of its  
Wheels near his House, gave him the op-  
portunity of delighting his Ears with the  
Musick of a Lute. He got up, and went  
to the Window, and soon after a charming  
Voice, which seem'd to be a Woman's,  
sang to the Instrument, as follows.

S O N G.

I.

**G**o nimble Thought, take Flight  
To him that has my Heart,  
Know why he shuns my Sight,  
And all my Griefs impart.

2.

Fly Thought, and quickly find,  
The Issue of my Fate,  
Whether he still is kind,  
Or does begin to hate.

3.

See whether he does share  
That Heart which should be mine:  
With any other Fair,  
Whom now he thinks divine.

4. Then

Then back to me again,  
 And tell if false he prove,  
 For 'twill not cause me pain,  
 But rid me of my Love.

*Affronts  
 put upon a  
 Town  
 Lady,*

After these Verses, the same Voice sung others, but all of them so satirical, and biting, that all who heard them were extremely scandaliz'd, and particularly a Courtizan, or Woman of the Town that liv'd near *Don Diego*, to whom they were directed, and who listned to them, or at least might have done so. She was a Friend to, and under the Protection of our Adventurer, and therefore he carefully observ'd every word that might offend her. This put him again into another Fit of cursing *Amazor's* Advice. He dress'd himself in a hurry, laid hold of his Target, and Sword made by the famous *Hernandez of Toledo*, and without staying to button his Coat, or tie up his Garters, flew out of his House like Lightning, to find out the Person that had sang that scandalous Lampoon upon his Neighbour. He was so inrag'd, that tho' the Coach was then got far off, he soon overtook it, all in a sweat. He never gave over calling out till he made the Coachman stop, and then let fly such a Peal of foul Language against those who were in it, that had they not been leud People, and us'd to such Salutes, much Blood,

Blood must have been shed. They, instead of falling into a Passion, laugh'd hartily, and broke many Jest's upon his Person, his Words, and the Dress he was in, and bidding the Coachman drive on, left *Don Diego* quite beside himself, and out of Breath, his Passion had so heated him. However, he had still Strength and Folly enough to run after the Coach, and observe where it stopp'd, designing to take a more convenient time to seek his Satisfaction with less danger to himself, and more disgrace to her who had done the wrong.

Let us now unravel this Mystery, and discover who these Persons were, for the better understanding of our Story. The Lady whom *Don Diego* protect'd was call'd *Carcelia*, and she who came to provoke her *Faustina*, both of them so much alike in their Life, Customs and Condition, that whatsoever was said in commendation, or dispraise of the one might be fitly apply'd to the other. *Don Diego* upon this occasion show'd his Wit and Art, for he found means to get a Copy of those satyrical Verses, the Contents whereof had so nettled *Carcelia*, and thought that changing the Name of *Carcelia* into that of *Faustina*, they would be sufficiently alter'd, and she be abundantly mortify'd with her own Weapon. In short, he had just cause to admire his Project, for reading the Verses he found them so pat to his purpose, that he suspected the Author of them had given a good Proof his malicious Wit; for under pre-

By one of  
her own  
Profession.

tence



tence of falling foul on *Carcelia*, he abus'd *Faustina* in the highest degree, making her own Tongue and Voice the Instruments to publish her Leudness, and other Vices of her irregular Life.

*How Don Diego and his Gang resolv'd to revenge their Affronts.*

*Don Diego* imparted his Design to some Persons much better dispos'd to pursue any scandalous Undertaking, than to approve of such as was virtuous. They heightned his Passion, magnifying the wrong, and offer'd to have a share in executing his Revenge. In this grave Council it was decreed, That they would give a Serenade with all sorts of ridiculous Instruments, which were two Sow-gelders Horns, two Tincker's Whistles of several fizes, two crack'd Bells, two Rattles of different magnitudes, two Guitares, and two Fiddles out of Tune, without Frets, and play'd on by unskilful Hands, and some Kettles, one bigger than another, to make the more complete Set of Musick.

*Item*, That there should be a Dialogue compos'd in Verse, to be spoken by two young Men, the one representing *Faustina*, and the other her Sister *Popea*, cloath'd as near their ordinary Habit as might be.

That the subject of the Dialogue should be a falling out between the two Sisters, by which means they might expose the Truth of their scandalous Life.

That this Dialogue should be got by heart by such as had a strong Voice, and could pronounce it distinctly.

That

That there should be several formal Rehearfals of it, before the solemn day, for fear of being out.

That *Don Diego* should provide a comical Triumphal Chariot, of the Nature of those us'd in *Shrovetide*, which was to be all beset with lighted Flambeaux, the better to show the Persons within; the said open Chariot to serve for a Theatre to recite the Dialogue.

That the Chariot should be plac'd before *Faustina's* Windows, which she should be oblig'd to open by fair or foul means, that she might not pretend to be ignorant of the Affront done her.

Amidst so many mad Men met in Consultation, there happen'd to be one wiser than the rest, who us'd a thousand good Arguments to divert them from this Folly, representing the Scandal it would give; but there being no Body to second him, his good Advice was rewarded with a general Laughter, and he for ever banish'd their Society. Next they made choice of the best Poet in the Company to compose the Dialogue, which was stuff'd with all the Ribaldry and infamous abusive Language his Muse could inspire, to the great Satisfaction of *Don Diego* and his Associates.

This important and grave Declamation requiring to be well conn'd, there were abundance of merry Meetings, Suppers, and Collations to this purpose at *Don Diego's* House, and at his Expence, wherein *Bac-*  
*chus*

*thus* was always President instead of *Apollo*. When all these choice Actors had got their Parts and were prepar'd to play their Droll, *Don Diego* would have them make the last Rehearsal in the Presence of *Carcelia*, who with many other Nymphs of her own Stamp, repair'd to his House, where after a plentiful Collation, she presided at this solemn Act, and gave her Advice where she thought any thing might be added, or left out of this insolent piece of Revenge, which she look'd upon as a just Punishment. The Work having stood this wise Censure, and being judg'd fit to appear in Publick, it was order'd to be perform'd the next Night, without any further Delay, for fear the Secret should be divulg'd, and come to the knowledge of the Parties concern'd, who being back'd by the Power of their Protectors, that were great and numerous, might not only disappoint the Project, but make Examples of the Contrivers.

*The mad  
Revenge  
undertaken.*

About Midnight they began to provide all the Instruments design'd for this hellish Serenade, but without any Noise, their Intention being not to disturb any Body, but such as had the ill Fortune to live near enough the Ladies mention'd in the Dialogue, for whom the Entertainments was contriv'd. The ridiculous Machine of the Triumphal Charriot began to move, being drawn by Six stately Courses, commonly call'd Porters, who coming near the end of their Journey, quite spent with Toil and Thirst, found all their Labour was in vain,  
and



and their Progress disappointed, the end of the Street where their Business lay, being barricado'd. The case was that a Gentleman of the greatest Quality, who liv'd in that Street, being dangerously ill, had with the Magistrates Leave, caus'd Posts to be set up in the Street with Rails a-cross them, to hinder any Carriages passing that way and disturbing his Rest. *Don Diego* and his Gang made a Halt, and after bestowing a plentiful Peal of Curses on that Lett, resolv'd to force it, and go through with their Enterprize. This was soon done, for every Man putting his Hand to the Work, they had it all down in a Moment.

The Machine was now near the place where the scurrilous Droll was to be acted, when the sick Gentleman's Steward arriv'd, attended by the chief of the Servants, who had been at the Apothecaries, for some Medicines they had been to see prepar'd, according to the Doctor's Prescription. They, much surpriz'd to find the Barrier thrown down, and to hear such a dreadful Noise in the Street, went up to the likeliest Persons in the Gang, and very courteously acquainted them that their Master was very sick, that he was such a Man of Quality, and therefore desir'd them to withdraw, without making any more Noise. Those who heard this Account could return no Answer, till they had first consulted *Don Diego*, as their Chief; who being call'd to them, put them off with good Words, which took no effect. As soon as  
the

*The Contrivance disappointed.*

the Servants were got into their House, *Love-Night's* Companions began to clatter their Instruments, making such a hellish Noise as alarm'd all the Street. The poor sick Gentleman, who had his Physician watching by him, enquiring what sudden Storm this was, his Servants told him what they had met. Immediately all the Servants were call'd up, Footmen, Grooms, Coachmen, and all the rest, who were very numerous; and understanding the Insolency committed against the Respect due to their Master, and the Regard to his Indisposition, prepar'd to go lay those turbulent Spirits by dint of Swords, of halberts, and all other Weapons that came to Hand, and Passion provided. In this Posture they fall'd out upon them, and the Flambeaux being lighted and the Dialogue beginning, they made directly to the Charriot, which they broke in pieces, overturning all that were in it. *Don Diego* and his Guard came up immediately to their Rescue, and there ensu'd a furious Fray, many Heads broken, and Limbs maim'd on both sides. Having thus vented their Choler, they parted by Consent, and every one carried off the Blows he had got.

*Faustina* and *Popea*, who were at their Windows, being inform'd that this wonderful Concert was provided for them, return'd joyfully to Bed, for having been so gloriously reveng'd, without knowing any thing of the matter. However, their Joy was not lasting; for so great was the Authority

thority of the sick Gentleman, their Neighbour, that he understanding that their infamous Life was the Cause of those Night Disturbances, having before been incommoded by them, complain'd to the Magistrates, who banish'd them the Court in a shameful manner; and thus the second Affront was worse than the first. Some of the Combatants on both Sides were secur'd and fin'd. *Don Diego*, who was the Contriver of all this Trouble, slip't his Neck out of the Halter, pretending he was to be try'd by another Court, and having powerful Friends; for bating this Extravagancy of Night-rambling, he was a pleasant Companion. Thus he sav'd himself out of the Clutches of some little gripping Officers of Justice, who would gladly have laid hold of him, or rather of his Purse, to squeeze the Blood out of it.

---

### ADVENTURE III.

**A** *Mazor* angry with himself, and egg'd *Don Diego* on by Conscience, finding now *Don go's* *Go-*  
*Diego* was deliver'd from the Pursuit of <sup>vernour</sup> Justice, which had cost him much Trouble <sup>leaves him</sup>  
and many weary Steps, resolv'd to rid him- <sup>for his Fol-</sup>  
self of all the vexation his Pupil's Extravagancy gave him. He thought the World  
aid all *Don Diego's* Follies to his Charge, as  
having been his Tutor; and therefore to  
D clear



the Servants were got into their House, *Love-Night's* Companions began to clatter their Instruments, making such a hellish Noise as alarm'd all the Street. The poor sick Gentleman, who had his Physician watching by him, enquiring what sudden Storm this was, his Servants told him what they had met. Immediately all the Servants were call'd up, Footmen, Grooms, Coachmen, and all the rest, who were very numerous; and understanding the Insolency committed against the Respect due to their Master, and the Regard to his Indisposition, prepar'd to go lay those turbulent Spirits by dint of Swords, of halberts, and all other Weapons that came to Hand, and Passion provided. In this Posture they fall'd out upon them, and the Flambeaux being lighted and the Dialogue beginning, they made directly to the Charriot, which they broke in pieces, overturning all that were in it. *Don Diego* and his Guard came up immediately to their Rescue, and there ensu'd a furious Fray, many Heads broken, and Limbs maim'd on both sides. Having thus vented their Choler, they parted by Consent, and every one carried off the Blows he had got.

*Faustina* and *Popea*, who were at their Windows, being inform'd that this wonderful Concert was provided for them, return'd joyfully to Bed, for having been so gloriously reveng'd, without knowing any thing of the matter. However, their Joy was not lasting; for so great was the Authority

thority of the sick Gentleman, their Neighbour, that he understanding that their infamous Life was the Cause of those Night Disturbances, having before been incommoded by them, complain'd to the Magistrates, who banish'd them the Court in a shameful manner; and thus the second Affront was worse than the first. Some of the Combatants on both Sides were secur'd and fin'd. *Don Diego*, who was the Contriver of all this Trouble, slipt his Neck out of the Halter, pretending he was to be try'd by another Court, and having powerful Friends; for bating this Extravagancy of Night-rambling, he was a pleasant Companion. Thus he sav'd himself out of the Clutches of some little gripping Officers of Justice, who would gladly have laid hold of him, or rather of his Purse, to squeeze the Blood out of it.

### ADVENTURE III.

**A** *Mazor* angry with himself, and egg'd *Don Diego* on by Conscience, finding now *Don go's Governor* was deliver'd from the Pursuit of Justice, which had cost him much Trouble <sup>leaves him</sup> and many weary Steps, resolv'd to rid himself of all the vexation his Pupil's Extravagancy gave him. He thought the World laid all *Don Diego's* Follies to his Charge, as having been his Tutor; and therefore to  
D clear

clear himself from that false Imputation, he thought he was oblig'd to withdraw from his Company, that he might give a pullick Demonstration of his disliking that disorderly course of Life. He acquainted *Don Diego* with his Design, who was not now of the same mind he had been before, when he made the like Motion; but instead of endeavouring to diswade, and oppose his Departure, as he did the other time, now gave him his way, and told him very coldly, *That he was his own Master, and might do as he thought fit.* *Amazor* surpriz'd to be thus taken at his Word, was oblig'd in Honour to do as he said, and went off accordingly. Very few days were past before he perceiv'd that his Positiveness cost him dear; he knew not before what it was to live upon his own, nor was he sensible of being maintain'd by another; whilst he enjoy'd it, he thought nothing of it; for we never truly understand the value of things, till we have lost them.

*But is  
forc'd to  
return.*

Being weary of these Burdens, and willing to be eas'd of them, he apply'd himself to some Persons of Note, who had an Influence over *Don Diego*, to reconcile him to his Pupil again, and get him restor'd to his House in the same Condition he was before. It was no difficult matter to obtain this Favour, but to *Amazor's* disadvantage, for it was upon Condition, That he should lose the Authority of a Tutor; that every one might live after his own Fashion; that there should be a liberty of Behaviour, and that



that one should not find fault with what the other did. For the better performance of these Articles, *Amazor* was to lodge in that part of the House which *Don Diego* did not inhabit. On these Terms Peace was concluded, *Don Diego* thinking it a great Happiness that he had shaken off the Yoke of this pedantick Jurisdiction, as he stil'd the Government of *Amazor*.

*Love-Night's* natural Inclination to singing and playing on musical Instruments, and the continual Practice of it, had made him so perfect, that he was reckon'd a great Proficient, even among the best Masters; and it being a certain Rule, that like Inclinations produce Friendship, he became familiarly acquainted with a young Lady so perfectly skill'd in Musick, that she might be reckon'd a tenth Muse. He engag'd himself so deep in her Affection, and so entirely devoted himself to it, that he quite forgot all his other Affairs. Whatsoever Proofs he could give her of his Passion, yet he never obtain'd any other Favour from her than what modest Conversation would allow; and that always before other Women. He spent a whole Spring and Summer in this Pursuit, and yet the Autumn afforded him no Harvest; he always hop'd, but nothing came of it.

This Lady, whose Name was *Sirena*, a Name suitable to her Inclinations, was marry'd to a Man of Quality and Honour; but so wonderful jealous, that whatsoever he imagin'd, seem'd to him most certainly

*Don Diego in love with a musical Lady.*

*A jealous Husband parts them,*

true. A long Journey which had kept him a considerable time from *Madrid*, gave *Don Diego* sufficient opportunity to make his Addresſes, and *Sirena* the Conveniency of diverting herself as ſhe thought fit; but after her Husband's return, ſhe was much abridg'd of her Liberty. She gave *Don Diego* notice of it, deſiring he would refrain from walking about her Houſe as he did continually, for fear her Husband ſhould take notice of it; and appointed him to meet her the following night at ten a Clock, in the next Houſe to her own, which belong'd to a Neighbour, her Conſident, where they might diſcourſe freely of the means of continuing their Friendſhips, and that he might not miſtake the place of Rendezvouze, there ſhould be ſome Body in the Street to direct him.

*An Affignation.*

*Don Diego* receiv'd this meſſage with a great deal of Joy, thinking what he had ſo long hop'd for, was at length come to paſs, and that *Sirena* would now beſtow on him, the reward his long Services had deſerv'd. When the Hour was come, the Gallant dress'd himſelf to the beſt Advantage, that he might make the better Appearance; and provided himſelf with defensive Arms againſt all Accidents. He walk'd out in a very haſty manner, for fear of coming laſt to the place appointed; but when he came thither, and ſaw no Body in the Street to direct him what he was to do, he was forc'd to arm himſelf with Patience, expecting to hear from *Sirena*. Sometimes he walk'd, and

and otherwhiles stood still and listned, complaining of his Fate, when one of *Sirena's* Maids came to the Door and told him, that her Mistress had been oblig'd to go abroad a walking to take the fresh Air with her Husband, she knew not whither, and therefore desir'd him to come again two Hours after. These words went to his Heart, for he expected to have met with better Entertainment; but after pausing a while, he concluded that *Sirena* could not but comply so far with her Husband, and therefore like her, he must resolve to have Patience and expect her Retrun; which to him seem'd an Age off. He endeavour'd to divert his Uneasiness, walking backwards and forwards, and at length discover'd another Man in the same sort of Motion, waiting to speak to a Lady in the Neighbourhood of *Sirena*. *Don Diego* resolv'd to leave him a clear Stage, for fear of being known and giving Scandal; for he was a discreet Lover, and accordingly walk'd away to the *Prado*, or the Meadows without the Town, to wait the time appointed him. The Air proving cooler than usual, and the Night darker, made the place all hush'd and solitary; for tho' that is the place to which all the Gentlemen and Ladies go a Airing, there was no Body in it then, because it was Midnight. Here he had Leisure to divert his Thoughts without fearing to be disturb'd or incommoded by any passing by. He walk'd twice the whole length of the place, fetching large Steps and hastily, as if that

*A fortunate Accident of saving a Lady.*



had any way shortned the time set him to return; and when he was upon the point of going off, he heard a Woman complain not far from him, who spoke these words. *Can you be so false, thou dear better half of my Soul, as to bring me hither to murder me?* Don Diego pitying her, observ'd from whence those doleful Accents came, and without thinking of his appointed Return, made up thither with his Target in one Hand and his Sword in the other, to succour the person that seem'd to be in such Danger. He had scarce gone twenty Steps, before he met with a Coach drawn by a pair of Horses, shut on the one side, and open on the other, and at a little distance a Man a-foot, and a Woman kneeling before him. The Man hearing some Body approach her, went to meet him with Sword in Hand. *Stand,* said he, to Don Diego. *Do you stand,* reply'd Love-Night, *boldly, and know that I come to punish you for your Baseness towards that poor Woman, who has no other Defence but her Tears, which are powerful enough against a generous Heart, unknown to you, since her Complaints do not move you.* The Man finding his Honour concern'd, return'd the Answer with his Sword. Don Diego put by the Pass, and so they fell to it, each endeavouring to put an end to his Adversary; but Love-Night proving either more skilful or more fortunate, gave him two Thrusts one upon another, which laid him flat, crying, *Sweet Jesus help me, I am a dead Man;* and so he fainted away. Don Diego immediately

diately ran to take up the Woman, who dropt down for Grief, conceiv'd at the last words she heard him utter, that would have kill'd her, believing he was dead; for whether she apprehended some ill consequence of that Accident, or that she really lov'd the Man, *Don Diego* found her in a Swoon, and quite senseless. He took her up, put her into the Coach, and playing the part of Coachman, drove directly to his own House; where he beat up *Amazor*, who lay in that Apartment which was reserv'd, made him rise and come out without a Candle, for fear the Neighbours should see any thing. They both together laid the Woman on a Bed, without calling any Servant to their Assistance, because there is no Secret where they are concern'd. Then *Don Diego* said to *Amazor*. *Here is a Woman I know nothing of, but I have sav'd her Life. I hapned to be in a place where a barbarous Fellow would have murder'd her; she is still in a Swoon with the Fright, take care of her I charge you.* This said, he went out again, got up into the Coach-box, and drove to a very good Church-man's House, whom he call'd aloud, desiring him to look out at his Window, which he did, and then *Don Diego*, without naming him, said, *Sir, Your Reverence will be pleas'd to understand, that this Coach was accidentally found in the Street, without either Master or Coachman; I leave it with you, being fully satisfy'd that in your Justice, you will use all possible means to have it restor'd to the right Owner, Farewell.* He expected no An-

swer, but made away immediately, leaving the good Man full of Confusion. Thence he took his way towards *Sirena's* House, very much disturb'd in mind, as fearing he had slipt his time, it being an Hour later than the time appointed him to return. Being come to the Door, he found *Sirena's* Maid, who told him her Mistress was not yet come; that she must needs be gone to her Mothers, with her Husband; she being a rich Widow, from whom she never return'd empty handed. That in case she was there, he need not expect her that Night, or perhaps in a Week; for she was so very fond of her Mother, that whensoever she went thither, there was no getting her away. This long Story rais'd some Jealousy in *Don Diego*, who was sharp enough to suspect the Maid might put upon him; but not knowing what the Design of it might be, he would not ask any more Questions; but pretended to believe her, and be gone.

*Don Diego returns to his Intrigue.*

Thus exercising his Patience, he took a great compass about *Sirena's* House, in which he spent above half an Hour, and passing again before the Door, he found it full of Officers, Constables and Rabble, making a mighty Noise. Drawing near, and asking the occasion of all that Bustle, they told him, that they had just brought in *Don Leander*, Husband to the beautiful *Sirena*, dangerously wounded, and that it was not known with whom he had fought. Hearing this, he thought it not convenient to



to stay any longer there; because being known to have made Love to his Wife, if he were found there arm'd, as he then was, he might be taken up, and it would be a hard matter to clear his Innocence, as he really imagin'd, for he could not think he was any way concern'd in that Action. He hasten'd home to send out one of his Servants, to bring him a true Account of what had happen'd to *Sirena's* Husband.

By the way, he much lamented that poor Man's misfortune, wishing that he who had committed that Crime might be severely punish'd, not that he had any kindness for *Leander*, but for *Sirena's* sake, because if he should die without issue, she would lose all she had, the next Heirs coming in to the Estate. But let us go back and see in what condition the unfortunate Woman *Don Diego* carry'd home is in.

We left her half dead, in the Hands of *The Lady Amazon*, who desiring to relieve her in that Distress, lighted a Candle, and put a little Composition of *Alkermes* into her Mouth, which reviv'd her Spirits. Opening her Eyes, she was amaz'd to find herself in a strange Place, and by an unknown Man, being uncertain whether it was he that sav'd her from Death. Sir, said she, if you are the Person whose Courage and Valour sav'd my Life, I conjure you by that same Generosity to save me from Scandal; and to that purpose, I beseech you, without asking who I am, if you know it not already, to conduct me e'er it be day before

before the Church of St. Jerome. That will be the greatest Favour you can do me, in the miserable Condition your Charity has reduc'd me to. Alas! the Man you kill'd was my Husband. It is true, he design'd against my Life, and you prevented him; I return you my Thanks, but am not oblig'd to Fate, for I could wish with all my heart our Doom had been chang'd.

Amazor was much amaz'd at these words, and being discreet, concluded it must be Don Diego, to whom the Lady directed her Discourse, and that this was some unlucky Business, from which it was convenient to extricate him. So that observing the Woman's disorder, he guess'd she did not know Don Diego, and that he ought to take the advantage of her Ignorance, as he did very ingeniously. Madam, said he, I am unworthy of all those Compliments you bestow on me, you must keep them for him that better deserves them; you may perceive by my Mein and Garb, that I am better at my Pen than my Sword. In short, I am altogether a Stranger to what you tell me. I know not who you are, unless you be an Angel, for your Beauty makes me think you so. But without enquiring any farther, or losing the time you count so precious, since you desire to be gone from hence before day; I offer to conduct you to the Church of St. Jerome, upon condition, that before we go out of this Rome, you will give leave to veil your Face, and hood-wink your Eyes, and that you swear you will not discover your self till I leave you; assuring you upon the word of a Christian, that it shall be done with all the respect due to your Person, and that I am extremely concern'd

concern'd to be forc'd to use you so severely, and in such a mistrustful manner; but I must tell you, that it is absolutely necessary so to do, for several reasons, which I desire you will be pleas'd to enquire no more than I do after who you are.

The poor Woman finding herself at the mercy of that Man, and considering in what courteous manner he discours'd her, wholly resign'd herself to his discretion, promising upon Oath not to touch her Face, without his consent. *Amazor* presently made a *Cupid* of her, he bound her Eyes, and led her out of the House. Every step he went with her he look'd behind him; every little noise he fancy'd was the Watch coming to lay hold of him, and in this Fright he got to the Church of *St. Jerome*. That being the place to which the Lady had desir'd to be conducted, he put himself into a posture to leave her, and bidding her farewell, run away as swift as if he had flown, Fear finding Wings, and got into *Don Diego's* House, blessing God for having deliver'd him from that great danger.

The Lady finding herself free, and that her Guide had left her, unbound her Eyes and perceiv'd she was by *St. Jerome*, it being then day, and thinking she had been in a Dream, or come out of some Inchantment, she took shelter in her Mother's House, which was near that Church.

Don



Don Diego  
go dis-  
appointed.

*Don Diego* got home almost as soon as *Amazor*, and found him panting and quite out of Breath, after the Race he had run. Tho' our Adventurer was extreamly melancholy on account of the many Disappointments he had met as to his Expectations, he did not omit to ask *Amazor*, whence all that Commotion he saw in him proceeded. *Amazor* in a very discontented manner, reply'd, *These are the Effects of your Rashness, which are the cause of much Trouble to those who have more regard for your Life and Honour than your self.* *Don Diego* being amaz'd at these words, *Amazor* explain'd himself, telling him every particular from the time he left that unknown Lady with him. He repeated the words she had said to him, and declar'd how he had conducted her blind-folded, and what reasons he had for so doing. *Don Diego* considering what a good Office *Amazor* had done him; as being very apprehensive that he might be call'd to an account for what had happen'd in the *Prado*; embrac'd him in testimony of being sensible of the Obligation. Whilst they were discoursing together concerning the particulars of this strange Adventure, they heard knocking at the Street-door, as if the Person were in haste to come in. *Don Diego* and *Amazor* in a Consternation, as being before dispos'd to apprehend danger, look'd upon one another, as dumb as two Statutes. At length having heard the knocking repeated a third time, *Don Diego* went himself to the Door, where he found a Boy,

Boy, who brought him a Letter from *Sirena*. That charming Name restor'd Peace to his Thoughts, and made his Blood circulate freely. The Messenger being brought in, he read the Letter, which was to this effect.

*Sirena's Letter to Don Diego.*

**D**ON Leander overcome by his continual Jealousy, and incens'd by a perfidious Servant, who inform'd him our Visits had been so familiar, that his Honour was concern'd, last Night us'd me after a most base treacherous manner. He ask'd me to go abroad to my Mothers, a Visit so unusual with him, that I was fain at other times to court him long before he would consent to it. I innocently made ready to comply with his desires, for fear he should suspect any thing, tho' at the same time it troubled me very much to fail of the Assignment I had given you. We went out, and at the end of the Street found a Coach he had order'd to be there, and putting me into it, said, We will go see your Mother to morrow, let us go to Night and take the fresh Air in the Prado. I would not order the Coach to come to our Door, that I might not be oblig'd to bring our Neighbours with us; if it be not too late when we come back, we will call and bid your Mother good-night. What you please, said I. We took so great a Compass about the Town, before we came into the Prado, that it was almost mid-night when we got thither; and tho' the Weather was cold and cloudy, yet we alighted. He told me, I should hear a Page that sung delicately, and then order'd the Coachman, being the

only Person that was with us, go to call him, at a Gentleman's House, who was his Friend, and he said liv'd hard by there. The Coachman went his way, and whether he had far to go, or was instructed by Don Leander, he came not back. No sooner was he gone, but Don Leander speaking in a hoarse Tone, denoting the great Passion he was in, began to lay before me the wrongs he pretended he had done him, and without allowing me to make any defence, pronounc'd Sentence of death against me; which having been already both Party and Judge, he resolv'd immediately to execute. Finding him thus cruelly resolv'd, I endeavour'd by all manner of submission, and Tears, to mollify his Heart, and move him to Compassion; but instead of inclining to Mercy, he grew more enrag'd. Then Heaven, who protects Innocence, rais'd me, I know not what Man, who coming like an Apparition, stood before Don Leander just as he was going to bury his Dagger in my Breast; he call'd, and oblig'd him with sharp words to engage him. Don Leander left me, and made up to him with his Sword in his hand; but being come within reach of their Weapons, the Stranger gave him two thrusts which laid him on the Ground, crying he was a dead Man. His Cries struck me to the Heart, so that I fainted away. When I came to my Senses, I found my self in a strange House, and saw a Man by me whom my disorder'd Fancy took for the same that wounded Don Leander, but afterwards found he was no Swords-Man; therefore dreading the great Mischief that threatned me, I intreated him, without discovering my Name, to conduct me to the Monastery of St. Jerome.



rome. He granted it, upon condition he might blindfold me. What he meant by it I know not, unless it were to prevent my knowing the House I was in. I was so earnest to be out of that place, that I consented to that hard condition, and submitted to him. He ask'd for my Handkerchief, and bound my Eyes with it, and taking me by the Hand led me like a blind Body to the place I had told him, where he left me, bidding me, Farewel; which done, he vanish'd so suddenly, that when I pull'd off my Handkerchief I found my self all alone. I had resolv'd to go to my Mother, but have since thought it better to take Sanctuary in a House consecrated to God, which the Bearer will tell you. I will there expect farther News from Leander, and your Advice how to dispose of my self as shall be most convenient.

Farewel.

Don Diego and Amazor gaz'd upon one another at every Line of the Letter they read, making many Exclamations, and admiring such wonderful Accidents. Our Adventurer was in a Rage, to see that Fortune had put into his power the Blessing he so eagerly pursu'd, without his knowing it, and that he had it in his House when he went abroad to seek it. He curs'd his Fate, and representing to himself the Idea of the thing instead of the substance; Dear Sirena, said he, how shall I dare to appear in your presence? Will not you have just cause to believe me unworthy of the favours Heaven bestow'd on me as a Reward for  
having

*The Night Adventurer.*

having hazarded my Life to save yours. But, what do I talk of, since I deserv'd nothing from you on account of this Action, as not knowing it was for you that I perform'd it; I may also say, I have not been faulty in letting slip this precious opportunity that offer'd to make me happy.

*Amazor* interrupted these Chimerical Excursions, representing to him, how much better Heaven had order'd it, for avoiding the many Misfortunes they might have fallen into by the severe Search the Officers of Justice might make into that Affair. He told him, they might perhaps have been both taken together, and been a disgrace to their Families, and an example to Posterity; that he advis'd him to forbear such Visits; but that before he quite broke off with *Sirena*, he did not disapprove of his going to see her, in order to comfort and endeavour to do her any Service, as far as his Life and Honour were not concern'd. And for as much, as Mistrust is the Mother of Security, he offer'd to bear him Company, tho' that Action was not well-becoming his Profession, and to go to the Monastery the Messenger was to show, before him, to see whether this was not some deceitful Contrivance to ensnare them.

*Don Diego* yielding to his wholesome Advice, commended *Amazor's* discretion, and so to lose no time they both went along with the Messenger. *Sirena* was all plain-dealing; they found her where she directed: *Don Diego* and she discours'd a long time

time together, and discover'd all the circumstances of that Affair, from its beginning to that time. *Sirena* knew *Amazor*, and was so surpriz'd, that she had like to have fainted away in her Mother's Arms, who was present at this Visit. Night drawing on, *Don Diego* took leave of the Company and went away with *Amazor*.

In his return home he met the good Priest with whom he had left the Coach the Night before, who told him how that Passage had befallen him. *Don Diego* listened to him as attentively as if he had known nothing of it. The Priest told him farther, that he had found the Owner of the Coach, and that Search was made for the Coachman, in order to examine him upon the Fact; besides, that the Maid who had been the cause of that Scandal was fled.

*Don Leander* in the mean while was in the Hands of the Officers of Justice, the Surgeons and Physicians, grievously tormented both in Body and Mind. He was kept under a Guard, like a Criminal, having of his own accord confess'd that when this Misfortune befel him, he had carry'd his Wife into the *Prado* with a design to kill her there. *The Lady's Husband dies,*

All that heard this Relation were eager to know the brave Person's Name who had rescu'd *Sirena* out of such imminent danger; but *Don Diego* did not think fit to reap the Applause of that Vain-glory, for fear of meeting with more Trouble than would countervail it, and falling into the

E

Hands



Hands of Justice; for he being known for an Admirer of *Sirena*, it had been easily believ'd he was in the *Prado* by Affignation, and not accidentally. Therefore to avoid these Inconveniencies, and to show *Amazor* what account he made of his Advice, he resolv'd to stay at home, and not be concern'd any more in such Affairs. Not many days after, the News was brought him of *Leander's* death, who was said to have dy'd rather of the Wounds he had himself made in his Soul by destroying his own Reputation, than of those he had receiv'd in the Body by the unknown Hand. Besides, he was inform'd that *Sirena*, infinitely afflicted for his Loss, had left the World, becoming a Religious in the same Monastery, where *Don Diego* had seen her, there to do Pennance for her own Offences, and for those she had caus'd others to commit. *Don Diego* was so sensibly afflicted at this dismal News, that he fell into a dangerous Distemper, which had like to have carry'd him off after *Leander*.

## ADVENTURE IV.

**D**O N *Diego's* sickness was tedious, tho' Don *Diego's* the Pains and Vexation of it were *Sick-* somewhat abated by *Amazor's* continual At-<sup>ness.</sup> tendance. He never stir'd from his side, endeavouring to divert him with pleasant Discourse, intermix'd with serious and facetious Periods, and always tending to inculcate some wholesome Documents, such as might be of use for our Adventurer; for all *Amazor's* aim was to reduce him to the Rules of Reason, and break off his ill Habits. His Friends came frequently to see him, bringing the publick News of the Court, and what there happen'd remarkable among private Persons, either great or small. At length he perfectly recover'd, and every Body concluded he had lost all his ill Habits, seeing him entertain Company by Day-light, which before was so odious to him; but he soon relaps'd into his former Failings. The Carnaval, or Shrovetide coming on debauch'd him again; he made fresh Protestations of Enmity against the Day, and by solemn Oath confirm'd a perpetual Alliance with the Night. On Shrove-Sunday at Night, when Gluttony and Drunkenness reign more than at other times, he was at a great Supper, where there were abundance of high season'd Dishes fit to provoke drinking, as also all sorts of delicious Wines, that would

*The haunted House.*

tempt the soberest Persons to exceed. When the Company had spent four hours at Table, over-charging their Stomacks with those Varieties, they fell to taunting the Reputation of the most unspotted Lives, and to censure even those things that ought not to be mention'd in such Assemblies. But there being some Persons present, who were not altogether acceptable to *Don Diego*, he slipt away to seek some more agreeable Society. Taking his Sword and Target for his Guard, he made into a by-part of the Town, where there was a House he knew to be an Academy, not of Virtue but Vice, where they fleec'd young Cullies, whilst others stab'd the purest Honour to the Heart. *Don Diego* was expert at this Exercise, which is a thousand times worse than the other; tho' he made no scruple of it, because he ruin'd another without hazarding any thing of his own. He had not gone above half way to this place, when he found himself before a House, unknown to him, the Door whereof was open, and no Light in it. He having a natural Curiosity to pry into the Actions of others, to divulge what he thought fit of them, took his Sword in his Hand without drawing it, and went into the House, pass'd through a long Entry, at the end whereof he came into a spacious large place, as dark as the rest. Here he made a full stop, imagining that this neglect was not without some design; and tho' he thought it a Rashness to proceed any



any farther, yet he resolv'd to try his fortune. Groping along the Walls, and finding a Door upon the jar, he thrust it open and went in, where he found himself upon a Trap-door, which let him down ten or twelve Foot, yet so luckily that he had no other hurt but the loss of his Sword, which dropt out of his Hand upon falling, having let it go to endeavour to lay hold of something. At the same time he heard a Voice, which seem'd to come from some distant place, and ask'd, *Who is there?* Don Diego somewhat stunn'd with the fall, made no Answer the first time; but as he was shuffling along in hopes to find his Sword, the same Voice cry'd again, *Who is there?* He fearing to be attack'd by surprise, answer'd, *A single Man. If it be a Man,* reply'd the Voice, *he may come in.* By this time our Adventurer began to repent his running himself into that intricate Labyrinth, where he could find no way out, but Fate put him out of this Confusion to cast him into a greater. Being thus under a necessity of going on he advanc'd towards the Voice he had heard, and enter'd into a spacious Room, where he saw four small Lamps hanging in the four Angles, giving such a dim Light, that he had much ado to discern the other things that were in the place, Moving on further, he perceiv'd a glimpse as it were of two Men in black like Mourners, each sitting on a Chair, one of them leaning his Head on his hand in a sleeping Posture, and the other

E 3                      watching,

*The Adventure of  
the dead  
Man.*

watching, seeming to attend a dead Body that lay at their Feet, clad in a *Capucin's* Habit, and stretch'd out on a Shroud.

This dismal Spectacle somewhat startled *Don Diego*, but when the first Surprise was over, he call'd up his Courage again. In the mean while the Sleeper awak'd, and both he and his Companion began to examine our Adventurer. *Are not you*, said they, *the Person they call Don Diego?* *I am the same*, answer'd he, *but how came you to know my Name?* *Do not you inquire into that*, rejoind the others in a haughty Tone, *but only answer our Questions, for thereon depend several things we are to do this Night.* *Don Diego* hearing these words, knew not what course to take, he blam'd his impertinent Curiosity, but at last resolving to meet all that could happen with an undaunted Courage, he spoke up again, and said to his Examiners, *Well then, what is to be done?* *I am Don Diego, and you are Devils.* He seems to know us, said one of the two to the other. *You must stay there*, added they, *to guard this Body, whilst we go elsewhere to attend other Affairs we have in charge; and whatsoever you see or hear be not frightened.* No sooner had they spoke these words, without expecting his Answer or Consent, they got up, and going out at the Door, shut it upon him.

Being thus left alone with the dead Body, he fancy'd this was some punishment from Heaven, and concluded he ought to implore the divine Mercy upon this occasion; which mov'd him to make the sign of  
the

the Cross on the dead Body, and to call upon the Saints and Angels to assist him; for the Advice those two Specters had given him not to be frightened, brought a thousand dreadful Thoughts into his Head.

The two Phantomes had been gone but a very short time, before he hear'd sad Groans, and noise of Irons, as if they had been dragging Chains along the floor of the Room, which was boarded; and now and then such horrid noises, as if the whole House had been sinking. This put him into such an anguish, that he resolv'd to make his Escape; and going to the Door in order to open it, he heard an imperfect Voice as if it came from far off, which said, *Whither do you think to fly, Don Diego; turn, turn back, you cannot leave me yet; come back or I will follow you.* Perceiving he could not get out, he turn'd back and saw it was the dead Man that spoke to him, saying, *Know I am the Person you so rashly kill'd a few days ago, without having ever done you any wrong. Cruel barbarous Wretch, do you think Heaven will not revenge me on you? And that some dreadful disaster will not consume you for a punishment of your Crime? Providence has brought you hither to listen to my just Complaints, but draw nearer that you may hear me the better.*

These words struck a greater Terror in Don Diego than he had conceiv'd before, as certainly concluding that was the Ghost of *Leander*, which came from the other World to torment him. However, he drew near, and the dead Man proceeded. *I own,*



saïd he, you kill'd me fairly, and that I had my Sword in my hand; but it was easy for you to overcome me, because I had not us'd my self to the Art of Fencing from my Youth, as you have done, and therefore now you are to do me right. Come, let us wrestle, upon this Condition, that if you throw me, I will not only never disturb you my self, but will never suffer any of my Companions to do it. But if I get the better, you shall be oblig'd to come every year on the Anniversary of my death to spend the whole Night in the Church-yard, upon the Grave where I am bury'd. Don Diego not believing this an equal Match, answer'd, He did not think himself oblig'd to accept of the Challenge, there being no likelihood that human Weakness could prevail against a spiritual Power. However, considering this was a proper opportunity to give signal Proof of his Valour, he granted the Combat, and set himself in the best posture he could to oppose his Adversary. The dead Man got up in his Capucin Habit, and seem'd taller than the usual size of Man, and at the same time the four Lamps dropt down and went out.

*Combat  
with the  
dead Man.*

Don Diego felt a cold Sweat all over his Body, with a mighty trembling, and was so astonish'd, that he stood as if he had been quite senseless. As soon as the Lamps dropt down, the dead Man fell so furiously upon our Adventurer, that he threw him full three Paces from him, as if he had no Life left in him, for he lay in a Swoon above an hour, what with the Fright and what with the Fall. When he came to him-

himself, he knew not whether he was in this World or in the other. At length, being somewhat better recover'd, he sat up and perceiv'd it was day. Looking about him, he saw nothing but the four Walls, and getting upon his Feet, endeavour'd to find some Footsteps of the former Apparitions, but found no remains, nor so much as the four Lamps he had seen fall down. The Light increasing, and his Courage with it, he had a mind to search the House, which he did from top to bottom, yet saw nothing but what he brought in with him, which was his Sword that had fail'd him in the time of need. He went out of that haunted House to retire to his own, before the day came farther on, and would willingly have enquir'd in the Neighbourhood whole House that was, and how it came not to be inhabited, but it was so early that he met no Body to ask of.

Doubtless, said he, *this House is haunted, and no Body dares live in it. I wonder that in Madrid, where the King usually resides, some care should not be taken to remedy this evil, which may be of dangerous consequence to the Publick; but who can I tell this strange Adventure to, that will not laugh at it, and conclude it is the Notion of a distemper'd Brain? I must never speak of it, for I shall never be believ'd. Yet it is a great trouble to me to bury so wonderful an Adventure in perpetual Silence.*

Don Diego  
go reco-  
vers out  
of his  
Trance.

Thus was he talking to himself, when he came to his House, and went in without knocking, as he was wont to do, have-  
ing

ing a Master-Key, and retir'd to Bed to rest him after his late Fatigue. About four in the Afternoon, *Amazor* came into his Chamber and awak'd him. *Good God*, said *Don Diego* to him, fetching a deep sigh, *you have brought me out of strange Confusion. How so, Sir*, said *Amazor*? *I was troubled in Mind*, reply'd he, *with a dismal Dream, proceeding from a dreadful Accident that beset me last Night.* Having given *Amazor* this occasion to enquire after it, he told him particularly all that had happned to him. *Amazor*, who was always contemplative, told him, These were merciful Warnings from Heaven to make him know himself; That he ought to take care how he slighted them, lest this loving Admonition should be chang'd into an exemplary Punishment, and God, who now treated him like an indulgent Father, should become a severe Judge, to chastise the Offences he daily committed; That the Blood of the Gentleman he had so lately kill'd, and whose Honour he would have taken away, making him infamous in the Eyes of the World, had cry'd to God for Vengeance; That it was time to reform and forsake his Follies; That he ought to open his Eyes and seek the Light of Reason by that of the day, if he would not for ever be reckon'd as blind in his Soul as he was in his Body, since he was such an Enemy to the Light; That he ought to improve the Talent God had given him; That he wrong'd both himself and the Publick, being of Birth

*His Ad.  
vice.*



Birth and Capacity to bear any honourable Employments, which might be advantageous to both. That he had given sufficient Proofs of his Valour, and for the future he ought to endeavour to give as good Testimony of Prudence as he had done of his Courage.

*Amazor* having deliver'd himself to this effect, remain'd very well pleas'd that he had been admitted to so long an Audience; he fancy'd he had already overcome *Don Diego*, and regain'd the Authority he once had over him. My dear Master, said he, whom I may better call my second Father, being no less oblig'd to you than to him that begot me; I own it is high time to lay aside my Extravagancies, and leave the scandalous Life I have hitherto led, that I may follow the Paths of Virtue. I am resolv'd to overcome all my evil Inclinations, and from henceforward to put in Practice all the good Advice you shall give me; pardon the Insolencies I have committed, which your Prudence has tolerated and your Affection excus'd. It is true, I was last night in great Danger, and considering how I ran my self into it, there is just cause to say that Heaven has spar'd me, and that worse might have befallen me. O divine Mercy! how deeply am I indebted to you, and what Praises ought not I to give you, for having deliver'd me from such wonderful Danger, which I never thought to escape. These moving Expressions were attended with Tears, which made *Amazor* believe that *Don Diego* was truly penitent for his past Offences, and hoped that for the future he would mend.

Thus

Thus were they discoursing together, when they heard knocking at the Door. *Don Diego* would not have it open'd, that no Body answering whosoever it was might go away; by that means to avoid all Temptations of breaking the good Resolution he had newly made; for Night then drawing on, he believ'd it was some of his Acquaintance that came to debauch him. The more *Don Diego* kept back from suffering the Door to be open'd, the harder he without knock'd, and not satisfy'd with the Noise the Hammer made, took up a great Stone to be heard the better. At length, *Don Diego* weary of that Disturbance, sent one to open the Door, and in came a raking old Companion of his with a counterfeit Smile, the better to disguise his Resentment for having been kept out so long. They saluted one another in a more courteous manner than they were wont, the serious Humour *Don Diego* was in, obliging the other to use more Ceremony than at other times.

*The Discovery of the strange Enchant-ment.*

*Don Antonio*, for that was the Man's Name, ask'd him how he had spent the Carnival, what Company he had been in, and how he intended to divert himself the remaining Days before *Lent*. *Amazor* was present, and abhorr'd these Questions, fearing lest he should again put *Don Diego* into the Road he had so newly diverted him from. For my part, continu'd *Don Antonio*, more attentive to turn up his Whiskers, than regardful of what he said, *I narrowly miss'd last Night catching one that you know,*

in a Snare I had laid for him; but I shall have him sooner or later, and will make my Advantage of this Disappointment. Who is that? said Don Diego. It is a Gentleman of Cordova, replies the other, whom we call Don Diego the Knight, both because he reckons himself of that Degree, and to distinguish betwixt him and several other Friends of ours, who bear the Name of Don Diego, as you do, and therefore we call him the Knight. This Spark giving too much way to his Vanity, has declar'd himself a Pretender to a young Lady, who is very rich and beautiful, and Daughter to a Councillor in the Court of Chancery, who by reason he is an excellent Orator, and in great Vogue, has got the Name of the golden Mouth and Purse. And tho' he has never yet discover'd his Love to this Lady, he follows her wheresoever she goes, pretends to be jealous and passionate, and boasts in all Companies, that he has Grounds for what he does, that he has Encouragement to proceed, and hopes for a happy Event; for Self-conceit is the common Failing of Fools.

You must understand that this Lady's Windows look into a Church-yard, which has given many occasion to say, that she lives there on purpose to bury all those in one Tomb, whom the Darts of her Eyes shall kill. This Knight has a Rival, much more fortunate in Estate and Parts than he, and better look'd upon by the Beauty we speak of. This Gentleman, to put a Stop to the other's continual haunting about his Mistresses House, and be more at Liberty to see her at Nights as is allow'd him, contriv'd to put him into some Fright, being inform'd that he was somewhat cowardly, and  
that



that being ingag'd in a Quarrel, he had made more use of his Heels than his Hands.

To this purpose he told him one day, in my Hearing, that there was a Man lately bury'd in that Church-yard, who having been a very ill Liver, walk'd there duly about three of the Clock in the Morning, dragging Chains, and fetching such dreadful Groans, that all who heard him dy'd for fear; and that most of the Lodgers and Inhabitants of the neighbouring Houses, remov'd from thence as fast as they could, being no longer able to live in such Dread; that he had thought fit to let him know so much, because, tho' his Rival, he was willing to show how much he was his humble Servant at the same time, and should be sorry any Misfortune might befall him for want of being forewarn'd; in short, that he advis'd him to retire home every Night in good time, as he would do himself, promising to take the Advice he gave him, and for the future to live more chastly and modestly than he had done for the time past.

At the same time I us'd all the Rhetorick I could to fix these Notions in his Head; but the Spark, who was no such Fool as we took him for, made a Jest of all we said, and of his Rival's Contrivance; and thereupon fell a telling us Stories of his imaginary, not real Atchievements, to let us understand he fear'd nothing, and that no Ghosts were able to fright him. We left him in that good Humour, and went away looking upon one another, much out of Countenance, because our Project succeeded no better. The earnest Desire I had to make tryal of his Courage, and to put some Affront upon that worthy Knight, made me resolve to spend the Carnaval in finding out some  
ridiculous

ridiculous Invention to catch and make a Jest of him.

The Trick I had a mind to play him was easily contriv'd, but it was requisite to find ingenious Persons to put it in execution, for fear lest the ill Management of it should turn to our Shame. I have a House in the Apple-street, which is a by-part of the Town, in which there are several Apartments, and fit to lodge three or four small Families. About eight Days ago the People that liv'd in it run away by Night and left it upon my Hands, cheating me of a Quarter's Rent that was due; and tho' several have offer'd to take the House and pay the Rent before-hand, because it is very convenient, yet I have still delay'd concluding a Bargain with them, because it was to be the Theatre I provided for acting the Comedy I was contriving for Don Diego the Knight, which was to be play'd this last Night. I will tell you my Invention.

About one in the Morning I carry'd into that House three young Men newly come from the University, Lads of ready Wits and good Management. I told them, that a Friend of mine and I had a mind, with their Help, to make tryal of the Courage of a Spark, who boasted he did not fear any Spirits, or Night-Spectres which sometimes appear to Men. Having thus acquainted them with my Design, I furnish'd them with the Cloaths they were to put on, and led them into the great Room where the Farce was to be acted, which was deep in the House. One of these three young Men was taller than I by the Head; by that you may guess what a strapping Fellow he was, for I am none of the least; the rest of him was every way propor-

proportionable and well made, and he as strong as Sampson. This Man was to have a Capucin's Habit on, and to lie along on a black Cloath, representing a dead Man. The other two were clad in Black, like Mourners, their Faces cover'd, except their Eyes; and these watch'd the dead Man sitting on two Chairs. At the four Corners of the Room hung four little Lamps, which gave a Light more dreadful than Darknes it self.

Having order'd all things as I have describ'd, I told him that was to act the dead Man and his Companions, that I was going to send them the Person I had spoken of, and that as soon as they heard him, they should ask whether his Name was not Don Diego, and if he answer'd, yes, the two Mourners should go out and shut him up alone with the dead Man, who should pretend to be a Person the Knight had kill'd foully; that he should demand Satisfaction for that Wrong, and wrestle with him. In fine, I told them if they thought fit to add any thing to the Contrivance, they might do it freely; being well satisfy'd they would perform it very dexterously; but that whatever came of it, they must be sure to stun, or amaze him so, that the dead Man and his Companions might get away and leave him there. Ill Fate so order'd it that all this Preparation came to nothing; for as I was going to seek out Don Diego to touch him in point of Courage, and dare him to go to my House, which I was to tell him was forsaken because of its being haunted, I was taken up by four Officers, who carry'd me before a Judge, to depose what I knew of a Crime a Friend of mine was in trouble about. I us'd all the Arguments I could to bring my self off, alledging, I could give



no Evidence in that Affair, as being wholly a Stranger to it. The Judge positively persisting in the contrary, and justly provok'd, order'd me to be secur'd, and that I should not be allow'd to speak to any Body, for fear of sending Advice to the Party accus'd; but a certain great Man, my Benefactor, hearing of my Misfortune, has just got me releas'd. You are the first Person I have seen, since I came out of Prison, and I am now going to find those young Men, who were to act the Farce contriv'd against my Knight, to know how long they waited. No doubt but they will be angry with me, for having made them spend the Night in that Mummery, and will believe the Trick was design'd to be put upon them, and not upon another.

As Don Antonio went on with his Story, Don Diego discover'd the Original of his unlucky Adventure, befallen him no less through his own impertinent Curiosity, than the mistake of the Name of Don Diego, and admiring the oddness of the Accident, told Don Antonio all that had happen'd to him, with as much Plainness and Jollitry, as if he had spoke of another, and had been no way concern'd himself. Don Antonio bless'd himself, and was amaz'd, as not believing that what he said was true; till Don Diego swearing to it, and calling *Amazor* to testify what he had said to him before, he stood mute for a while, being much concern'd that it had lighted upon a person he honour'd as one of his most particular Friends. Don Diego told him he did not take it ill in the least, and was sensible

F

that

that the Plot was not laid for him. *Don Antonio*, the better to satisfy himself of *Don Diego's* Sincerity, invited him to sup at his House, which he readily granted; and being come thither, they were inform'd that the Person who acted the dead Man was fled to an Ambassador's House, believing the Man he had wrestl'd with was dead with the Fright. They presently sent to acquaint him that he might safely come away, and if he had a mind to laugh heartily, he should sup with them, where he would hear a pleasant Story. He came along with the Messenger, and they spent the rest of the Night in discoursing of that strange Accident. *Don Diego* went home in good time, to the great Satisfaction of *Amazor*, believing it to be the effect of his good Advice, and of the Resolution *Don Diego* had made, to alter his course of Life for the time to come.

---

## ADVENTURE V.

*Don Diego grown  
Godly.*

**T**HE publick Rejoycings of the Carnival being over, *Lent* succeeded it with a meager, hateful Countenance to those who had been guilty of the greatest Debauches. *Don Diego* thought it not so disagreeable; the Mortifications he endur'd, whilst others feasted and made merry, and the Resolutions he lately made of reforming

ing his Life, had dispos'd him to give *Ash-Wednesday* an humble and favourable Reception. *Amazor*, who never stirr'd from him, us'd all his Art and Experience to moderate the violent Sallies of his Youth, and to banish his House all those he thought might rob him of the Fruits of his Labours. To be brief, there appear'd so great a Change in *Don Diego's* Comportment within a few days, that his best Friends had cause to bless Heaven for working such a Miracle. During the whole *Lent* he employ'd himself in Acts of Piety, sometimes he went to Sermons; sometimes to Hospitals, and sometimes to Prisons, where he gave plentiful Alms. He visited poor Families, which were in great Distress, being asham'd to discover their Wants. In short, such was his course of Life, that all Men in him admir'd the Virtues of a pious Christian, and of a worthy Gentleman.

But perseverance in good Actions being *Relapses into his old Courses.* a Virtue rarely practis'd among Courtiers, when *Easter* came, and the Spring began to draw Company together and revive old Customs, he was again visited by his familiar Acquaintance, to the great Grief of *Amazor*, who perceiv'd they by degrees would inveigle away the Bird he had so long kept up tame. One day they carry'd him a walking, another they invited him to a Collation, and now and then to Supper, yet so that he still came home at seasonable Hours, and made use of Day and Night as good People do; but at length, by much



keeping Company with his Associates, and continual rambling about, he fell back insensibly into his former Track. His Walks continually gain'd more and more upon the Night, and at last exceeded the Bounds of Decency. He so entirely gave himself up to these Disorders and to the Delight he took in Darkneſs, that the dawning Day often finding him abroad in the open Air, treated him as it does the Plants and Flowers, letting fall on him ſuch plentiful Dews as were not at all convenient for his Health.

*Rebukes  
his Go-  
vernour.*

Having imperiouſly ſilenc'd *Amazor*, who endeavour'd to ſtem the courſe of his perverſe Inclinations, he caſt off all manner of deference to him, and return'd more eagerly to his former Practices. He took his uſual Guard of Sword and Target, and about nine or ten at Night went away to the Manſion of idle Prating and Lying; I mean the Place where Cheats in Love, the Ladies and Courtiſans of *Madrid* have ſettl'd their Academy, or rather their Exchange, which is vulgarly call'd the *Prado*, but might more properly be nam'd the Market, where *Venus* expoſes her Ware to Sale. Were there ever a Philoſopher in this Age that underſtood the murmuring of Waters, as once there was one who underſtood the chirping of Birds; he might by liſtning to the purling of the Fountains in that Plain, learn abundance of ſecret Stories, and find Matter enough to compoſe many Volumes of curious Romances.

*Don.*

Don Diego having walk'd about two hundred Paces in this Place, to see a Coach pass by, which mov'd on as gently as if an Empress had been in it. He drew near to it, and spy'd a young Man singing next the Door of it, with such a Voice as seem'd not to come from Heaven, for it was very disagreeable. There needs no more to make this out, but that it was a Falset; but to mend the matter he at the same time play'd very scurvily on a Guitarre that was out of Tune. This Coach stopp'd right against a Ring of Gentlemen and Ladies, who were sitting by one of the Fountains, where this savage *Orpheus*, fitter to carry Souls to Hell than to bring them thence, very impudently set himself a singing; but as soon as ever he began, he was requited with so many Scoffs and Hisses, that he was soon oblig'd to give over and withdraw. This wretched Singer was Page to an unfortunate Lord, to whom the Coach belong'd. I am in the wrong in calling him unfortunate, since he endur'd that Torment in his House and paid for it; because if he did it for Mortification, he might well reckon himself happy.

The Company that had so shamefully put to flight that Enemy to the Sense of Hearing, were still rallying on that ridiculous Subject, when on a sudden they were diverted by the sweet Sound of an Angelical Voice, which seem'd to proceed from the Mouth of a Woman, and made amends for the Disagreeableness of the Page's. They

all got up to draw near the Coach she was in, and heard these following Words.

## S O N G.

1.

**T**IS not alone the Force of Love  
That makes my Paleness and my Grief;  
Fierce Jealousy without Relief,  
Does to my Rest more fatal prove.

2.

But I my self alone may blame,  
Who durst presume to aim so high,  
My Thoughts above my Sphere did fly,  
And set me in this quenchless Flame.

3.

Then how shall I be ever blest,  
Who cannot even comprehend  
The great Perfections that attend,  
The cause that robs me of my Rest.

4.

Tho' your Disdain does pierce my Soul,  
Such Charms appear in your bright Eyes,  
As do my fainting Sense surprize,  
And all the Pain I feel controul.



5.

*I'm bound in such a happy Chain,  
And burn in such a pleasing Fire,  
That all I dread, or can desire,  
Is or to lose, or keep my Pain.*

This harmonious Voice charm'd all that heard it; and even those whose harsh temper made them before insensible of the sweetness of this Art, were enamour'd with it. The Coach was immediately beset by several Persons, and among the rest, a certain Gallant drawing near, was so bold as to lean upon the Coach Door where this *Urania* was. By his Behaviour he seem'd to have some peculiar Priviledge so to do; for neither the young Lady, nor her Mother, who sat by her, were at all disturb'd at that Familiarity. Perhaps the Mother, who before had grumbld as most Old Women do, might have been greas'd as well as her Coach Wheels, that she might make the less Noise. *The singing Lady.*

There were abundance of other unexperienc'd young Men, who would willingly have been no less familiar, but that their Youth made them more bashful. Whilst they were walking to and fro about the Coach, another Gentleman not so nice came up all in a heat, who being in love with the young Lady, had follow'd her from her House to the *Prado*. Drawing near he perceiv'd she was talking with the

other Gentleman, who seem'd to take a Pride in it before the Company that stood round, which disturb'd the new Comer, who looking about him spy'd *Don Diego Love-Night*, who was his Friend. Having saluted, he took him aside and told him how envious and jealous he was of that Man; that he did not like his Behaviour, and had a mind to pick a Quarrel with him. *Don Diego*, who was much better at giving Advice to another than at taking it himself, allay'd the fierce Commotion of his hot Temper, and the other yielding to his Reasons, contain'd himself within the Bounds of Modesty for some time.

*Don Diego leaves his Guitarre with a Friend.*

At this time our Adventurer saw three Gentlemen pass by very leisurely, and as it were quarrelling among themselves, one of which by his Voice he took for a Friend of his; and desiring to be satisfy'd whether it was so or no, that he might endeavour to serve him if need were, he gave his Guitarre to the other that had accosted him before, to hold, and went after him. The other who was wholly intent upon his Rival's Behaviour, did not regard what *Don Diego* did, but let him go without offering to bear him company.

*The Guitarre broken about a Gentleman's Head.*

But now the Lady who had charm'd all that heard her with the sweetness of her Voice, was intreated by all there present to sing an Air or two more; and she to shew her Breeding took up her Guitarre, which as ill luck would have it, had two strings broken. *Don Diego's Friend* having the  
Guitarre

Guitarre in his Hand well tun'd, drew near to the Coach and offer'd it the Lady; at the same time he that leant on the Coach Door, without any regard to the other, stood upright and scornfully thrust away the Arm and the Guitarre. Our Adventurer's Friend, who only wanted such an opportunity, and was like Fuel prepar'd to take the Fire of Passion, thought this an insolent Action, and to revenge it, made use of the Arm and the Instrument that had been affronted, laying on twice furiously about the Favourite's Ears, who was bare-headed, and broke the Guitarre in pieces, which return'd a Sound less agreeable than when *Don Diego* handled it. At the same time he drew his Sword, as did all the rest that were present, and among them several Officers of Justice, who are frequently at those hours in the *Prado*, because of the many Quarrels that happen there, in which brave Men are lost. The Aggressor finding himself alone among so many Strangers, wisely took the advantage of the Darkeness, and winding himself into the midst of the Throng, for fear of being known, slipp'd away without speaking a word.

The Coach which had been the occasion of all this disturbance, made off so swiftly by the help of six Horses it was drawn by, that when the Officers would have seiz'd it to pay the cost of their Disappointment, they could not find what was become of it. Every one made off a several way, when *Don Diego* return'd from running after those  
The Con-  
fusion that  
follow'd.  
three



three Gentlemen, believing one of them had been his Friend. He was much surpriz'd at this sudden Commotion, not knowing who had been the cause of it. Seeking all about for the Person he had entrusted with his Instrument, and not finding him, he began to fear it had not met with such usage as it deserv'd, for it was one of the rarest Pieces of the Age. Whilst he was lamenting its absence, the Guitarre was all in shivers in the hands of a supream Judge in Criminal Affairs, who was examining that matter, questioning the Man that had been hurt, who could not say who struck him, because he knew him not. The darkness caus'd the confusion the Officers were in, laying hold of the next that came in their way, without distinguishing betwixt the Innocent and the Guilty.

The Surgeons being order'd to search the wounded Man, reported that the Wound was very dangerous, and ought to be handled with much Art and Judgment. They always make the worst of things to gain the greater Reputation, and to enhance their pay. *Don Diego* waited two days without hearing any News of his dear Instrument, and perceiving no likelihood of its being restor'd, went to look him out whom he had entrusted with it, and was told he had absented himself, and they knew not when he would come again. He could not unriddle this Mystery, as being ignorant of the cause of his departure.

The

The loss of his Guitarre made him let slip some Nights without taking his Rambles, which made *Amazor* still to live in hopes; for he observ'd all his Actions, endeavouring to discover some signs of Amendment, but still could make no sound Judgment by them. If he hapned to live three Days within compass, he spent three Weeks in his usual Extravagancies.

The wounded Gentleman grew worse and worse, which threw him into a Fever, so that the Surgeons and Physicians did not like him. The Judge, tho' he us'd all his Endeavours to discover the Offender, could make nothing of it, which troubled him very much, because the Person hurt belong'd to a Minister of State, whom he was desirous to oblige.

Every one striving to do something towards finding the Criminal, among the rest one of the Clerks of the Court, as sharp as an old Monkey, often view'd the remains of the Guitarre, committed to his Custody, hoping to find the Owner's Name upon it, because abundance of young Men did use to be guilty of that Folly, but in this it prov'd not so. However, he took so much pains in putting together the Pieces, that he at length found the Name of the Workman that made it; and as if he had found out the Philosophers Stone, hasted away to that Instrument-maker's House, who being show'd the Ruins of the Guitarre, soon knew it, and said it belong'd to our *Don Diego*, which was confirm'd by his Journeyman

*The Gentleman struck with the Guitarre, much hurt.*

*Odd way of discovering the Owner of the Guitarre.*

man and Prentice. The Clerk not satisfy'd with this verbal Declaration, sent them all three in custody to the Judge, where they confirm'd what they had before depos'd under Hand and Oath. This done, the Judge forbid them under severe Penalties, acquainting *Don Diego* with what had hapned; and thought he had now sufficient Evidence for securing of the Offenders, and putting them to the Rack in case the wounded Man miscarry'd. Search was immediately made for *Don Diego*, in order to secure him the next night, but the cunning Instrument-maker, who had made the Guitarre, and given his Deposition against our Adventurer, not regarding his Protestations before the Judge, found him out, and acquainted him what was in agitation against his Person, and with the wretched condition of the Guitarre. He told him all the particulars concerning his unfortunate Instrument, and how it had been beaten to pieces about a Gentleman's Ears in the *Prado*; so that by this Account and his Friend's Absence, he might easily guess at the rest. He was extreamly concern'd that his Guitarre had suffer'd Shipwrack against the Rock of the wounded Person's Head, but was more troubled at his Friend's Absence, concluding that if the Patient dy'd, he must lose him for ever.

Then bringing the case home to himself, and considering the Advice he had just receiv'd, he curs'd the Clerk that had been the cause of his trouble. How durst you  
false



false treacherous Wretch, said he, as if the Man had been by him, practise against my Reputation? Have you the impudence to attack my Honour, and to contrive to oblige me to appear and give an account of my Actions before a Judge? Must I be this day liable to the Censures of such a pettifogging Knave as you, who give Crimes what turn you will, and magnify them according to your Fancy, or Malice? Doubtless, this is a matter of much moment, I must advise with some Person of Discretion and Experience, who may put me in the way how to shun the Scandal I may otherwise undergo; but to whom can I better have recourse than to my faithful *Amazor*.

Thus was he talking to himself when Don Die-  
*Amazor* enter'd the Room, to whom he go ab-  
communicated the Perplexity he was in. <sup>seconds on</sup>  
*Amazor*, without farther delay, call'd se- <sup>account of</sup>  
veral Porters, and in a moment remov'd <sup>the stroak</sup>  
the most valuable Goods into an Ambassa- <sup>of the</sup> *Guitarre*.  
dor's House, who liv'd close by. The Am-  
bassador's Secretary, who was *Amazor*'s in-  
timate Friend, as being well acquainted  
on account of their Studies and learned  
Books, took care of those Goods, and pro-  
vided a Chamber for our Adventurer.  
Thus did he secure himself against the  
first strokes of Justice; for tho' he was in-  
nocent, he would have suffer'd much for  
the absent Offender, being unwilling to  
accuse him, tho' it were to clear himself  
of all the foul Circumstances that appear'd  
against him. Having

*The Quar-  
rel com-  
pos'd.*

Having thus dispos'd his Affairs, *Don Diego* went away with *Amazor* to the Ambassador's House, where he was courteously receiv'd by the Secretary; and having acquainted his Master with the whole Affair, prevail'd with him to use his Interest for him. Soon after the Surgeons perceiv'd that the wounded Gentleman began to mend apace, notice whereof was presently given to the absent Gentleman, who had been the Author of all this mischief, and of the trouble he had brought his Friend into. At length the Patient being pretty well recover'd, the other came privately to *Madrid*, where several Persons of the greatest Quality interposing, an Accommodation was propos'd, and the Conditions were long debating. The charming Lady, whose singing had been the cause of all this disaster, had a hand in these Proposals, and reconcil'd all differences, engaging her word to our Adventurer's Friend, that she would by degrees break off the Familiarity his Rival had contracted with her. Thus the Party offended suffer'd the Penalty, because he was not powerful as the other, if the Lady was as good as her word.

*Don Diego* seeing his Friend had now full Satisfaction, thought of revenging himself on the Clerk who had contriv'd to bring him into trouble. Our Adventurer was very revengeful, and never undertook any but he endeavour'd to make it as publick as he could, that it might be the greater.

To

To this purpose he made himself acquainted, by the help of several Treats, with some Bullies that resorted to the Ambassador's House, whence he would not remove till he had been even with the Clerk. When he thought it fit time to put his design in execution, he summon'd all his Instruments, being seven in Number, and provided them a Supper, in which he spar'd for no cost; and they all drank plentifully, remembring all their Friends, some particulars whereof being remarkable, we will here set down.

The first Health was to the Ambassador's Steward, who gave them sanctuary in that House against all the Sergeants and other Officers of Justice. The second to the generous *Don Diego*, who treated them so often, wishing him increase of Wealth to defray those worthy Expences. The third to Solicitors and Councillors, because amidst all that have to do in Criminal Causes, they alone defend the Criminals, provided they are able to pay for the Lies, and Stories they invent to destroy Truth, and make Falshood take place. The fourth, to Physicians, as being of their own Profession, because their Business is killing, tho' they do it with less danger to themselves, as venturing nothing, and never failing to murder a Man when they have a mind to it. The fifth to the Brokers, who so cunningly disguise the Hats and Cloaks they steal at Night. The sixth to Vintners and Innkeepers, who treat and  
en-



entertain them on the Road, and assist them in all their Frauds. In short, they drank more sorts of Healths than can be here inserted; and to conclude with *Don Diego's* Project, it was resolv'd that they would the next Night torment the wretched Clerk; and thus they perform'd it.

Four of the resoluteſt of the Gang dress'd themselves up as we represent Devils, in the most frightful manner they could, and about Midnight came to the House of the poor condemn'd Criminal, which was in a Lane. They got into the House, the Door being open, by reason that several Families liv'd in it; and a great Dog hearing them, fell a barking and wak'd the Clerk, who made his Man rise to see what was the occasion of the disturbance. The Man coming out met those four frightful Figures on the Stairs, each of them holding a lighted Link in his Hand, which fill'd the place with a thick stinking Smoke. The Lad was in such a fright, that without being able to return to his Master, he dropt down in a Swoon. The Devils presently rush'd in at the Door he had left open, and went directly to the Clerk's Bed where he lay with his Wife, who being both just wak'd out of their first sleep, believ'd them to be really what they represented, which put them into such a fright, that they lay senseless as if they had been dead. Then the Devils, without losing any time, took hold of the damn'd Clerk, every one taking an Arm or a Leg, and  
sense-

less as he was, laid him down upon the Floor; where they brought him to himself by virtue of a good whipping with knotted Ropes, laid on so thick and sharply, that before he could speak a word he was half dead. The first word he utter'd was the Name of *Jesus*, at which the Devils left him and fled, making a most hideous noise at the Doors, to confirm the Opinion he had conceiv'd of them; so that when the Storm was over, he absolutely concluded they were Devils, since they vanish'd at his calling upon that holy Name. He lay stretch'd out on the Ground half dead, what with the cruel flogging and what with the fright. His poor Wife lay quaking, all bath'd in a cold sweat, and had shrunk down into the Bed, not daring to put out her Head; so that the wretched Fellow lay all night as the Devils left him. When day appear'd and dissipated all Terrors, the Body was found in the midst of the Floor in a high Fever, and his Wife in the same condition. They were long in the Hands of the ablest Physicians, and very narrowly escap'd Death.

The news of this Accident was soon spread all over the Town, and even from the mouths of some who had the Story from the Clerk himself. Every one talk'd of it according to his own Fancy, and some said, he was certainly guilty of some heinous Crimes, unknown to Men, since Heaven had punish'd him by the Hands of hellish Executioners. *Don Diego* hearing this discourse'd

entertain them on the Road, and assist them in all their Frauds. In short, they drank more sorts of Healths than can be here inserted; and to conclude with *Don Diego's* Project, it was resolv'd that they would the next Night torment the wretched Clerk; and thus they perform'd it.

Four of the resoluteſt of the Gang dress'd themselves up as we represent Devils, in the most frightful manner they could, and about Midnight came to the House of the poor condemn'd Criminal, which was in a Lane. They got into the House, the Door being open, by reason that several Families liv'd in it; and a great Dog hearing them, fell a barking and wak'd the Clerk, who made his Man rise to see what was the occasion of the disturbance. The Man coming out met those four frightful Figures on the Stairs, each of them holding a lighted Link in his Hand, which fill'd the place with a thick stinking Smoke. The Lad was in such a fright, that without being able to return to his Master, he dropt down in a Swoon. The Devils presently rush'd in at the Door he had left open, and went directly to the Clerk's Bed where he lay with his Wife, who being both just wak'd out of their first sleep, believ'd them to be really what they represented, which put them into such a fright, that they lay senseless as if they had been dead. Then the Devils, without losing any time, took hold of the damn'd Clerk, every one taking an Arm or a Leg, and  
sense-



less as he was, laid him down upon the Floor; where they brought him to himself by virtue of a good whipping with knotted Ropes, laid on so thick and sharply, that before he could speak a word he was half dead. The first word he utter'd was the Name of *Jesus*, at which the Devils left him and fled, making a most hideous noise at the Doors, to confirm the Opinion he had conceiv'd of them; so that when the Storm was over, he absolutely concluded they were Devils, since they vanish'd at his calling upon that holy Name. He lay stretch'd out on the Ground half dead, what with the cruel flogging and what with the fright. His poor Wife lay quaking, all bath'd in a cold sweat, and had shrunk down into the Bed, not daring to put out her Head; so that the wretched Fellow lay all night as the Devils left him. When day appear'd and dissipated all Terrors, the Body was found in the midst of the Floor in a high Fever, and his Wife in the same condition. They were long in the Hands of the ablest Physicians, and very narrowly escap'd Death.

The news of this Accident was soon spread all over the Town, and even from the mouths of some who had the Story from the Clerk himself. Every one talk'd of it according to his own Fancy, and some said, he was certainly guilty of some heinous Crimes, unknown to Men, since Heaven had punish'd him by the Hands of hellish Executioners. *Don Diego* hearing this discourse'd

cours'd about the Town, after the Account he had receiv'd from those that did the Execution, thought himself sufficiently reveng'd. Our Adventurer only pity'd the poor Wife; but a good Husband and Wife are so closely ally'd and link'd together, that there is no doing the one a kindness without the participation of the other. After this noble Exploit, *Don Diego* kept at home for some time, living in very decent manner; but this Humour lasted not long; for before many Days were past he fell again to his Night-Rambles.

---

## ADVENTURE VI.

THE Sun had now run his daily course, and was summon'd by approaching Night to retire to his watry Bed in the Sea, which with good reason is reserv'd for him alone, in regard that being of such a hot and dry Constitution, he alone is fit to lie in so cold and damp an Apartment; in short, the day was shut in when our noble *Don Diego*, whom Experience made never the wiser, resolv'd to seek new Dangers, or rather to meet them, for they too often presented themselves to him. The night was near sighted, or rather quite blind, for there was scarce a Star but lay hid under thick Clouds; yet before we enter too far upon this Adventure, it will be requisite to make a short digression. There

There was at this time at *Sevil*, a Man of a genteel Prefence enough, who kept himself in decent Apparel, and pass'd for a Gentleman; but might be properly enough compar'd to an Eagle, for by Day he look'd the Sun in the Face, and by Night he follow'd his Prey, stealing whatsoever came in his way. At the beginning of his Reign he took the Name of *Don Diego*, till Time having discover'd what Profession he follow'd, he had the Sirname given him of *Love-Night*; so that there were two Men of the same Name at once; for as has been said, our Adventurer was sometimes call'd *Fly-Light*, and sometimes *Love-Night*, these two additional Names signifying almost the same thing, tho' proceeding from different Causes, some more scandalous than the others.

It seem'd to be fatal to our *Don Diego*, to be brought into trouble by the mistaking of Names; but that he met with among the pretended Sprights was no more than a Flea-bite in comparison of what he endur'd in this second Adventure, for as much as among Persons of a generous Disposition, their Honour is much more dear than their Life. That *Don Diego* at *Sevil*, perceiving that his Praëises were discover'd, and there was a talk of calling him to an Account, gave out that he was going away to *Madrid*, the Theatre of Wonders, and the Loadstone that attracts both the Good and the Bad; but the day he left *Sevil*, instead of making towards the Court of Spain, he went away to *Granada*, hoping he might play his

Account of  
another  
Don Die-  
go at Se-  
vil.



Cards there, and live a considerable time before he was discover'd, that City being very kind to Strangers.

The News of his Journey to *Madrid* being spread abroad among all that knew him, the Son of a Jeweller of *Sevil* had notice of it, who being deceiv'd by common Fame, a wonder that a Tradesman should be impos'd upon, resolv'd to follow him immediately, and with all possible speed, to the great detriment of his Buttocks, which were miserably gaul'd, and of his Stomach, that often return'd more than it had receiv'd, being grievously shaken by the hir'd Mules there are on that Road. The cause of his enduring all these Hardships, was that this sharpening *Don Diego* had taken away some Jewels and Diamond Rings of his, of Value, which he had trusted him with. As soon as he came to *Madrid*, he deliver'd printed Bills in all the Goldsmiths Shops, describing those Jewels, and in the mean while insinuated himself into all Companies in hopes to meet with his Man.

*The true  
Don Diego's In-  
trigue  
with the  
Lawyer's  
Wife.*

The second Night after this Jeweller came to *Madrid*, our primitive and legitimate *Don Diego Love-Night*, taking no warning by his past Misfortunes, set out again, exposing himself in defiance to Fortune. The occasion of this Sally was to divert himself with a young beautiful Townswoman, Wife to a Solicitor, who was reckon'd a sharp witty Woman, and very good Dancer, ready to receive any thing that was

was offer'd her, and consequently easy to be brib'd. In order to gain admittance to her, *Don Diego* made use of a fly old Woman, well vers'd in carrying on amorous Intrigues, and who under colour of promoting of Chastity, only contriv'd to destroy it. The bargain was struck up, and *Don Diego* had leave to go visit the Solicitor's Wife that Night betwixt twelve and one, upon condition that he should give her two Diamond Rings she had seen on his Fingers, and which he had a great Value for, because they had been his Mother's; but what is there that Lust will not sacrifice when its Insolence is not check'd? Besides, he was to lay aside the Habit of a Gentleman, and disguise himself like a Servant, to the end that if her Husband should happen to meet him going in or coming out, she might tell him it was a Man her Mother had sent to enquire after her Health. For the better carrying on this Plot, the Solicitor's Wife sent him by the old Woman a Letter she had receiv'd that very day from her Mother, which she had seal'd up again and wrapp'd in another Paper, that it might serve a second time, as occasion might offer: Furthermore, that he should come in the back-way, going along under an old mud Wall, and open the Garden-door with a Master-Key she sent with the Letter. Thence he was to go into a Parlor, where he should find his Mistress ready to receive him.

*Don Diego* submitted to all these conditions, left his House about the appointed hour, dress'd as was order'd him, with the Rings, the Letter and the Master-Key. Being come into the Street where the Solicitor's Wife liv'd, he heard a noise in a House, as if People were in a Passion, which his curious Temper oblig'd him to enquire into. He went in, and presently spy'd a Man in a Court writing upon the end of a Cask, and another lighting him with a Candle in a Lanthorn, for fear the Wind should blow it out. About these two stood many more, some half dress'd and some half naked; some without Stockings, and slipshod; others in their Shirts, with only their Cloaks wrapp'd about them, muffling up their Noses, and most of them with their Swords under their Arms. Our Adventurer stood still behind them, listening to their Discourse without being discover'd by them, and by that means understood that there had been a Robbery just then committed in the House; that he who writ was a Notary, and the other that lighted a Sergeant, who were taking the Depositions of the Neighbours, some of whom had suffer'd their share in the Robbery.

*He is taken up for a Thief.*

*Don Diego* having thus satisfy'd his Curiosity, was for making off fair and softly, to go on upon his Intrigue; but as ill Fortune would have it, the damp of the Night had given him a cold in his Head, which made him sneeze three times, and



There was nothing about him but what seem'd to testify he had been concern'd in the Robbery committed there; his Mein and his Habit did not agree; it was easy to guess he was disguis'd. Being search'd, they found in his Pocket a little Casket, in which the Rings were, as also the Master-Key, all dangerous Circumstances against him. The Notary divided the Booty very equally, taking the Rings for himself, and giving the Key to the Sergeants for their good Service, which done they led him away to Goal.

Finding himself so roughly handled, he *Commit-*  
began to declare that he was a Gentle-*ted to Pri-*  
man ; that they were mistaken in him, de-*son.*  
siring to be carry'd before the Lord Mayor,  
whom he would acquaint with his name,  
and make known his Innocency before him.  
But whatsoever he could say, they made  
no account of it; he was put into a Dun-  
geon

geon in the Prison as a Night-Robber, a Shoplift, and a Breaker of the Peace. He was immediately confronted with two real Thieves that had committed the Crime; they hearing him say that he was a Gentleman, and had a sufficient Estate to live according to his Quality, without robbing another, resolv'd to own him for one of their Gang, not doubting but that if he was of that Rank he pretended, their Cause would be long depending, and in the mean while their Friends making Restitution, would procure their Liberty; besides that, they might happen to get off by his Interest, and if it came to the worst, they would be condemn'd to some easy Punishment. *Don Diego* perceiving that these Men depos'd quite contrary to what he expected, having thought himself sure that they would clear him, and that consequently he should be set at Liberty, and discharg'd of all that was alledg'd against him, began to rave, and behave himself like a Madman. Let us leave him a while in that Frenzy to make him the soberer.

As soon as it was day, the News of his Imprisonment flew all about the Town, his Friends were acquainted with it, who came immediatly, offering to be bound Body for Body for him, affirming he had no hand in the Crime laid to his charge; but they were not allow'd so much as to see him, and went their ways astonish'd, and out of countenance to hear it affirm'd that a Man of his Quality should be

be taken in a Robbery, disguis'd, and with a Pick-lock in his Pocket.

This Rumour being handed about, it came to the Ears of the Jeweller at *Sevil*, who over-joy'd with the conceit that he had found his Jewels, and that our Adventurer was the same *Don Diego* he was in search of; went hastily to the Prison to enter his Action against him, and to the Notaries to seize the Rings he had taken, as belonging to him. The many Examinations and Depositions, on account of this last Accusation, help'd to swell the bulk of the Writings in this Process, in which the Solicitor, Husband to our Adventurer's design'd Mistress, who had been the cause of all this Confusion, was employ'd by the Jeweller of *Sevil*, to manage his cause. He coming to enquire into the Fact, knew the Master-Key to all the Locks in his House, and understood that the Party accus'd had been taken in his Street. This made him suspect his design had been to rob him, as well as his Neighbours, and therefore finding himself particularly concern'd in this matter, he declar'd himself a Party, and follow'd the Business so hotly, that he had *Don Diego* examin'd again upon fresh Circumstances and Articles, which he alledg'd against him; but our Adventurer being discreet and ingenious, answer'd so cautiously, that he no way dishonour'd the Party who provok'd him, sparing him for her sake.

This was the posture of Affairs, when through the solicitation of his Friends,

*Don*



*Don Diego* was taken out of the hands of the Criminal Judge, as not subject to his Jurisdiction, and turn'd over to his own proper Court, where the Solicitor declar'd himself the principal Prosecutor. *Don Diego* finding himself so hard press'd, sent the old Woman that had been the Messenger of Love, to the Solicitor's Wife, to advise her ingeniously to perswade her Husband to desist from his violent Prosecution, or else he should be oblig'd in his own defence, to expose them both, and divulge that which would make them Infamous. The Jilt, who thought of nothing but her Pleasure, and how she might secure the Rings rather than her Honour, took no notice of this Admonition.

The Judges and Parties were strangely perplex'd about the Circumstances of this Process, because none of them knew the Secret; till at length *Don Diego* finding he was daily drove to greater distress by the Obstinacy of the Solicitor, resolv'd to clear himself of what he laid to his charge, to his own shame and confusion. He gave a full account of the whole Intrigue to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who was very intimate with the Judge, and expounded the Riddle to him; and having diligently weigh'd all the Circumstances, he resolv'd to expose the whole naked Truth in publick, to save the Honour of *Don Diego*, at the expence of the impertinent Solicitor's Reputation. The old Woman privately depos'd what she knew of the  
the

the Affair; the Letter from the Solicitor's Wife's Mother, was produc'd, which she had sent to *Don Diego*. The Jeweller of *Sevil* was summon'd, and being brought Face to Face with our Adventurer, stood amaz'd as if he had been Thunder-struck, and frankly own'd that was not the Man he sought after. Hereupon the Judge discharg'd the Process, ordering the Rings to be restor'd to *Don Diego*, as being his proper Goods; the Master-Key to be put into hands of the Solicitor, for the same reason, and the Letter to be deliver'd to his Wife as a Token of her Mother's Affection.

*Gets off  
at last.*

The just Judgment being pronounc'd, the Jeweller and the Solicitor stood gazing upon one another like two Statues, not knowing what to say, or how to look, and at last went away muttering; the Jeweller vex'd that he had travell'd so far, and been at such Expence to so little purpose, and the Solicitor in a rage for having been the Instrument of his own disgrace. *Don Diego*, whose Courage was cool'd, by the Raillery of his Friends, got off with his Rings safe, valuing them much more than the Sport he was going to lose them at, had not he been prevented by the misfortune he met with. Thus we conclude this Adventure, observing the Truth of the Proverb which says, *'Tis an ill Wind that blows no Body good.*

## ADVENTURE VII.

Don Diego's Journey to Salamanca.

**T**H O' the unaccountable *Don Diego* was discharg'd out of Prison, and clear'd of the Crimes laid to his charge, yet was he resolv'd to impose a Penalty upon himself. He had been so much put out of countenance by his Friends ripping up to him all the extravagant Actions of his Life, that it went to his very Heart, and therefore he resolv'd to banish himself for a time from *Madrid*, and endeavour to reform, rather in compliance to those who wish'd him well, than for his own satisfaction. He set out for that City in *Spain*, which is reckon'd to abound in Learning above any other in *Europe*; and in reality, Sciences are so common there, that they are not only taught by day in the Schools, but at night in the Cellars. This is the City of *Salamanca*, seated on the River the *Spaniards* call *Tormes*, which they reckon more fruitful than the *Nile*, because its Banks are cover'd with infinite plenty of several sorts of delicious Fruit, fit to please the most dainty Pallates, and too precious for vulgar gross Appetites.

This voluntary Banishment was the more acceptable to *Don Diego*, on account that the principal Motive of it, was to recover two thousand Ducats become due to him, as the only Heir of his Family, by the courtesy of his Brothers, who were pleas'd to



to dye out of kindness to him. He had substantial Creditors to deal with, who brought him the Sum in lawful Money, as soon as they heard of his Arrival. This made him not return the sooner, the Wonders he had heard of *Salamanca* prevailing with him to make some stay there, to see whether the effect were answerable to Fame. Having satisfy'd his Curiosity, he set out from thence doubly enrich'd, carrying away abundance of good Books, tho' perhaps it was rather out of Ostentation than to make any good use of them; like many others in this Age, who have great numbers of good Books, and well bound, but never read, serving only for show; like Hangings, or Pictures.

Being come back to *Madrid*, he lock'd up his Ducats in a curious Cabinet, with his Rings and Jewels, resolving they should not see the Sun, but lie bury'd till he had some sufficient occasion to show them the World again. The two first nights after his return home, were dedicated to Repose, and he diverted himself in turning over his new Books; but when that short term was expir'd, growing weary of that long confinement, and fancying he forfeited the Liberties and Franchises of his natural Inclination, he resolv'd to go take the Air the next night, and that earlier than usual, that he might have more leisure to walk the Streets of *Madrid*.

However, he could not put his design in execution, by reason of the Visits he receiv'd

*He returns to Madrid no wiser.*

*The Miraculous Knight.*

ceiv'd from his Friends, who being inform'd of his return, came to welcome him. The forwardest in this point of Civility was a Gentleman call'd the Miraculous Knight, because, tho' he had no Estate or Income, he made a very good Figure in the Court, keeping a handsome Retinue, and dressing as well as any Man; which made many suspect that he had some under-hand way of cheating, or stealing; but they did him wrong, as will appear in the sequel of this Story. *Don Diego* gave him an Account of the success of his Voyage, and to confirm what he said, open'd his Cabinet before him, and show'd him his small Treasure, I mean his Ducats and Jewels; for he was so full, that his satisfaction overflow'd. After much common Discourse of what had happen'd at *Madrid* during *Don Diego's* Absence, the Miraculous Knight took leave of him; and tho' he would fain have stay'd him to supper, the Knight excus'd himself with much Ceremony.

*A fresh  
Ramble.*

When he was gone our Adventurer receiv'd two or three Visits more, which kept him at home till near Midnight, much against his Will, because they were People for whom he had no great Value, and of very indifferent Conversation; but such things must be often born with in this World. At length they departed; *Don Diego* took a light Supper, as if he had been upon earnest Business, and about one of the Clock set out from his House, yet somewhat uneasy in his mind, for having  
been

been so open hearted with the Miraculous Knight, fearing lest he, or some other by his Instigation, should plot against his Ducats, and contrive to ruin the Satisfaction he had plac'd in them. Being disturb'd with these thoughts, he turn'd back to go home again, designing to remove his Cabinet out of the lower Room up Stairs, as believing it safer there; and passing by a Church-yard which was near his House, he heard a doleful Voice intermix'd with many Groans, which seem'd to come from the Charnel-house, where the Bones of the Dead were laid up, which made his Hair stand up an end, his Eyes to stare, and his Ears to give more attention. He stop'd short and heard the Groans redouble; whereupon he began to consider that it was one of the most heroick Adventures that could befall an Errant Night-walker, and that if he did not attempt to see the end of it, he should ever after have the worse conceit of his Courage.

He call'd to mind the Adventure in the *An Ad-* Apple-street, which was only a Represen-*venture in* tation by persons disguis'd, but concluded *a Charnel-* that this being the real Habitation of the *house.* Dead, there could be no deceit. He drew near and perceiv'd a small glimmering through a cranny in a Board, and going round it found a Door out of which there came more light. Being about to go in boldly, he trod on a dead Man's dry Rib, that snapp'd under his Foot, at which noise a manly Voice ask'd him, *Who is there?* At the



the same time out came a handsome Man, with a Sword in the one Hand and a Dark-Lanthorn in the other, so that there was no seeing him that held it. *Don Diego* perceiving the glittering of the Sword drew his, and immediately the Man that made towards him cry'd out. *Don Diego* my dear Friend. He knew him by his Voice, but not by his Person by reason of the shade of the Lanthorn, and perceiv'd it was the Miraculous Knight, who had been to visit him that Evening.

*A Lady  
deliver'd  
there of a  
Child.*

*Don Diego* amaz'd to meet him in that manner, ask'd what he did there? *Alas!* *Don Diego* said he, you come at a time when I am full of trouble; but in short, I must tell you, I have been marry'd almost these two years, to a young Lady of Quality, and yet no Creature knows of it but only two Friends and the Priest that marry'd us. This young Lady has ever since continu'd at her Father's House, without being the least suspected by any Body, either at home or abroad. Immediately after I left you, she sent for me and told me, that her time was up, the Pains began to come fast upon her; that fearing her Father's Severity, who would certainly murder her, if he discover'd her Offence, she desir'd me to take her away from his House, and convey her to some place where she might be deliver'd with less dread. Being altogether surpriz'd at this Accident, and considering your House was clear, you not being marry'd, I was going to put my self into your Protection, and to commit my Secret and this young Lady's Honour to your Discretion. But as we were passing by this Church-yard

yard, I conducting her with this *Lanthorn*, the *Throws* came so fast upon her, that she could go no farther ; and I was forc'd as fast as I could, to bring her into this *Charnel-house*, which by good luck I found open.

The Knight was just come to these last words when the Woman gave notice of her being there, crying out, *Jesus, Jesus*, and then fetching up a long Sigh, *God be prais'd* said she, *it is over*. The Knight run hastily to her and so did *Don Diego*, and found she was deliver'd of a beautiful Child, born under most inauspicious circumstances, had they been superstitious, as entring into Life in the very Mansion of Death. It was a strange Spectacle to see the poor Lady stretch'd out upon so many dry Bones, and the Infant born amidst the Dead. The Father took up the little Babe, and wrapping it up in his Cloak, recommended the Mother to *Don Diego*, and went away with the Child to a Midwife's he had in fee several days before for that purpose, and order'd her to provide a Nurse.

*Don Diego* was left there by himself with *Don Diego* the *Lanthorn* in his Hand, comforting and encouraging the poor Lying-in Lady. There was so little Candle in the *Lanthorn*, that as soon as the Knight was gone it went out, leaving them in that dreadful Darkeness. I am in the wrong to call it dreadful, at least to our Adventurer, who most delighted in it. Whilst he was taken up about this Work of Charity, one of the notablest Thiefs in *Madrid* had got Intelligence of his

go left  
with the  
Lady; his  
House  
robb'd.

H

Ducats,

Ducats, and understanding he had left them desolate that night, he made to his House with a good Pick-lock that open'd all the Doors. Having search'd all the Rooms he met with the Cabinet the Treasure was committed to, broke it open very dexterously, and seiz'd the Bag with all the Jewels. Not so satisfy'd he open'd a Trunk, whence he took two Suits of Cloaths, and making all up into a bundle, with the Gold in the middle and the Jewels ty'd up in a Napkin, he laid it on his Back, and made away with all possible Expedition.

*His Treasure left  
at his  
Feet by the  
Thief.*

He was not gone far from *Don Diego's* House, when he spy'd the Watch going the Rounds, and before they could discover him he fled towards the Church-yard we last spoke of. The Watch hearing him run, suspected he must be some Malefactor, and made after him, but he being light of Heels got to the Charnel-house, where he dropt the bundle at the Lying-in Woman's Feet, which struck such a terror into her, not knowing what it might be, that she forgot all her Pains. *Don Diego* little thinking that he was put into possession of his own Goods, slept out with his Sword in his Hand, to know what was the occasion of the noise he had heard. The Thief hearing him walk over the dry Bones of the Dead, which crackled under his Feet, thought it had been some evil Spirit sent by Providence to punish him for his Crime; for a wicked Man fears every thing; and considering they could not find the Theft upon him,

chose



chose rather to fall into the Hands of human Devils than of the infernal.

Coming out of the Church-yard he meets the Watch, who had pursu'd him, full but, they having laid in ambush to catch him ; but the Thief being strong and skilful at his Weapon, drawing a good Back-sword he had, laid about him so successfully, that he made way through them and got safe off.

In the mean while *Don Diego* coming out to the entrance of the Church-yard, without meeting any thing, and hearing no more noise, thought it a rashness to go any farther, and an indiscretion to forsake the poor weak Woman he was entrusted with, and therefore return'd to her, whom he found full of grief, and complaining heavily against the Miraculous Knight, blaming his stay with such Words and Expressions, as testify'd they came from a Woman of Parts. *Don Diego* perceiving she was somewhat recover'd, offer'd to conduct her to a marry'd Man's House, who had been his Servant and liv'd close by there. She consented to the Proposal, he help'd her up, groping and letting her rest on his Arm, led her gently to that House, where she was courteously receiv'd, as well out of respect to him that brought her, as for the regard due to her Beauty, which charm'd all that beheld it. Had not *Don Diego's* thoughts been then wholly taken up with the care of his Ducats, I cannot tell but he might easily have given way to be in love with that Lady, for when he saw her by the

*Takes care  
of the La-  
dy.*

light, he perceiv'd enough Perfection to enamour him. A Midwife was sent for to assist her in all that remains to be done after Delivery, and in the mean while she was put into such a delicate neat Bed, as might have still'd the thoughts of a jealous Man, and lull'd him asleep. Let us leave them both there in this condition, and go see how the Miraculous Knight was spending his time, for he very well deserv'd that Name, Fortune having in him given wonderful Instances of her unaccountable Favours.

*Miraculous  
Knight  
misses his  
Lady.*

He being very sollicitous to have the Child taken care of, because it was indispos'd, and considering the Mother would be in trouble for his stay, desir'd the Nurse's Husband to take a Lanthorn and go make his excuse to *Don Diego* and the Lady he would find with him, and to beg he wou'd make provision for the unfortunate Woman, putting her into some safe place, where she might be furnish'd with what was necessary in her condition. When the Man came to the Church-yard *Don Diego* was already gone to fulfil his request, tho' he had not heard it. The Nurse's Husband coming into the Charnel-house, where the Knight had told him he should find *Don Diego* and the Mother of the Child, and seeing nothing but the Horrors of Death, was going out backwards, not daring to turn his Back upon all those dreadful Spectacles, for fear they should rise and fall upon him unawares. When he was near the

the Door of the Charnel-house, he hapned to set his Foot upon the Bundle the Thief had dropt there, as he fled from the Watch, and finding it sunk under him, cry'd out, fancying he had trod on some Corps newly brought in, till putting his Lanthorn to it, he found his mistake, and perceiv'd it was only a bundle of Cloaths. He consider'd with himself, whether he should carry it away or no ; but concluding that the Dead could lay no claim to it, he resolv'd to lay it on his Back, thinking it very strange that he should be so well clad, where all People are left naked.

I question not, Reader, but you begin to be impatient to hear whether this *Man* <sup>Don Diego taken up by the Watch.</sup> could enjoy the sweets of this good Fortune, without some allay of Sorrow, but have patience and I will put you out of pain. *Don Diego* having left the Lady in safety, and being anxious for his Treasure, hasted home to see if all were safe, and coming to his House went directly up Stairs to the Room where he had left his Cabinet, and found it broke open, which touch'd him so to the quick, that he had like to have dropt down; but recovering himself, he perceiv'd the mischief had been done, his Cabinet rifled and his Trunk open. Not knowing who to charge this upon, he concluded it was the Miraculous Knight had play'd him this foul game, whilst he staid to guard his Lady; for his long stay gave occasion to suspect he might be guilty of this foul Action. To lose no time, he return'd to the Church-yard



yard with more haste than he came, fancying that the Knight would not fail to be there to look for his Wife, the better to counterfeit Innocence. By good luck *Don Diego* came to the Charnel-house, just as the Man sent by the Knight, was going out. Our Adventurer in a rage for the Robbery, and fully concluding that was the Knight, as he had before conceited, fell upon the Man so furiously, that he dropt the Bundle, calling him Thief, and threatening to make an Example of him. At the same time an Officer of the Watch hapned to pass by, going home discontented for having spent the whole Night patrouilling about with his Companions, without lighting on any Booty. He bid them both to keep the Peace, and answer his Questions, which they immediately obey'd, for in *Spain* the meanest Officer of Justice is much respected.

The day began then to break, and the heat of *Don Diego's* Passion being somewhat over, he had leasure to observe, that the Man he had taken was not the Knight, and the unknown Person finding himself at liberty, and wisely considering, that, tho' innocent, being found with the Bundle upon him, he might be brought into trouble, he thought fit to make the best of his way, and trust to his Heels to bring him off. In short, he vanish'd in a moment, leaving *Don Diego* to answer for both. Whilst the Officer was putting himself into the posture of an Examiner, up comes the real Thief, who

who having made his escape from the Watch, had waited till it was day to come carry off the Bundle he had stole from among the Dead, with whom he had left it in trust. He discover'd at some distance two Men, which were our Adventurer, and the Officer, contending together; however, he by degrees drew near them very impudently, with Hat in hand, listning to their discourse, and at the same time squinting upon the Bundle. At last, the Officer touching *Don Diego* with his Rod, commanded him in the King's Name to follow him. The Thief seeing them in motion, took up the Bundle by silent consent of *Don Diego* and the Officer, and follow'd them, each of them thinking he had been the other's Servant.

Whilst all these things were in agitation, the Miraculous Knight was fretting with impatience, expecting the return of the Man he had sent to *Don Diego*. Being tir'd with waiting he went out to seek him, and coming to the Church-yard, found neither the Messenger, nor those he had sent him to. Thence he went on to *Don Diego's*, where he heard the dismal News of the Robbery, but Nobody could tell where he was. This was a mighty trouble to him, being at once concern'd for the misfortune befallen his Friend, and because he knew not where the Lady was that he had committed to his charge, tho' he did not question but she was in good hands, and that that he had too much Courage to forsake her.

In the mean while *Don Diego* going along with the Officer, came to the Justice's Door, and looking about for the Man that had taken up the Bundle, whom, as has been said, he took to be the Officer's Man, and the Officer concluded to be his, and not seeing him, he ask'd the Officer, where he was, threatening to make him accountable for it. The Officer resenting his words, answer'd him boldly, That he was not now in a place where he could play his knavish Pranks. This Expression put *Don Diego* into such a great heat, that he laid the Officer on several strokes with the flat of his Sword about the Head, at whose Cries the Justice came out, and having heard both Parties, and understanding *Don Diego's* Quality, he order'd him to be confin'd to his House, and two Officers to guard him.

*Carries his  
Child out  
of Ma-  
drid,  
where he  
takes the  
Thief and  
secures  
Don Die-  
go's Treas-  
ure.*

The Miraculous Knight being tyr'd with running up and down, without hearing any News of those he sought after, return'd to his Child's Nurse, whom he found unfit to suckle it. Her Husband flying from Justice, had call'd there in a mighty fright, telling her, he was oblig'd to be gone and abscond for some time, because some stolen Gods had been found upon him, and therefore he must get out of the way for fear of being thrown into Goal; and without explaining himself any farther, he scamper'd off, leaving his Wife in such a consternation that her Milk immediatly went away. This new Accident put the Miraculous Knight into such confusion, that had

he



he not been a Man of great Temper, it would have gone near to distract him. He had the charge of a Child, and was depriv'd of the means of giving it the necessary Sustenance to support Life. In this perplexity, Heaven put it into his Thoughts to send for a Hackney-Coach, into which he went with the Infant, carrying it to a Village near *Madrid*, call'd *Xetase*, designing to have it bred there very privately. The Thief who had again possess'd himself so boldly of the Bundle, before *Don Diego* and the Officer, and seem'd to follow, had drop'd them at the first turning of a Street; and to prevent being follow'd by the Track, thought it best to depart *Madrid*, to enjoy the fruit of his wicked Success with more safety, disguising the Cloaths and Jewels, with the assistance of some knavish Brokers and Goldsmiths, who make it their Business to metamorphose stolen Goods. The Lying-in Woman was infinitely afflicted, being in a manner forsaken by her Lover, and by him who had brought her into that House among People that were altogether Strangers to her, who nevertheless attended her with all possible care, in pursuance to the Orders given by *Don Diego*.

Her Father and Mother missing her, left no Stone unturn'd to hear what was become of her, but all in vain. In short, there was nothing but Trouble and Confusion among all the Parties concern'd, each had their Affliction and Sorrow, as well as the other.

The

The Miraculous Knight came to *Xetase* in the evening, where he found all he had occasion for to his heart's content; he had put the Infant into a good Nurse's hands in less than an hour, and was preparing to return to *Madrid*. As he was getting into the Coach, he heard a mighty noise in the Inn, he turn'd in again and spy'd a Man, who held another by the Collar, and tugg'd him about, as if he would have throttl'd him. *Have I got you, said he, thou Villain, thou Thief; you are the Man that robb'd me about a year ago at my House in Toledo; I am resolv'd I will cut your Throat, that your Blood may make satisfaction for my Goods you stole. This Bundle you bring is certainly some fresh Robbery you have committed at Madrid, for which it is likely several as unfortunate People as my self are now at their Wits end.*

The House was immediately fill'd with People at the Cries of this passionate Man. The Miraculous Knight broke through the Throng, came up to the Person impeach'd, examin'd him, and by his Answers, perceiv'd he was the Thief that had robb'd *Don Diego*, who, as Providence had order'd it, took up his Lodging in that Inn with a Merchant of *Toledo*, whom he had robb'd some time before. The Mayor of the Town was call'd, the Bundle open'd in his presence, and an Inventory taken of all there was in it, which was left in the Custody of the Master of the House. The Criminal was put into Goal and the Knight return'd to *Madrid* to carry *Don Diego* the good

good News, which was very acceptable to him; and in return, he carry'd the Knight to see his Lying-in Lady, who was no less over-joy'd at this Visit.

*Don Diego* was much troubl'd in Conscience for having suspected the Miraculous Knight to be guilty of so foul an Action; yet he was in some measure excusable, having grounded this Conceit on the common receiv'd Opinion, that the Knight

*Don Diego restor'd to his Treasure.*

could not live at so high a Rate without being concern'd in some base Employ; but now *Don Diego* understood that he was maintain'd by the Lady that fed his Amorous Flame, she being the only Daughter of very rich Parents; and having for four years last past supply'd him plentifully with as much as kept him handsomely at Court.

*Don Diego* being eas'd of the care of the young Lady, apply'd himself in the next place to recover what had been stol'n from him. He got an Order from Court to fetch up the Thief and the Robbery, to have him try'd at *Madrid*; where, as soon as he came, he confess'd all his Crimes, and for his Ingenuity was rewarded with a Halter.

*Don Diego* was again put in possession of his Goods, not but that his Purse paid for it, because Justice is a precious thing, and must be purchas'd at a dear Rate. The first Nurse's Husband was recall'd from the voluntary Banishment he had condemn'd himself to for fear.

*Happy conclusion of the Miraculous Knight's and Intrigue.*

In the mean while the Miraculous Knight being desirous to deliver the Lady's Father

and



and Mother from the great Pain and Trouble they were in, apply'd himself to several Persons of Note, as Prelates, Religious Men of known Piety, and Ministers of State, who being prevail'd upon by the continual submissive Intreaties of that beautiful Creature the Knight's Mistress, or rather Bride, took the matter in hand with such Zeal and Discretion, that in a few days they prevail'd on the Father and Mother, and perswaded them not only to forgive their Daughter and her Lover, but to approve of their Marriage, as if they had been really consenting to it. Love, which had been the cause of the Offence, was now the chief Pleader in this Cause, and so entirely gain'd the Hearts of both Father and Mother, that upon making the Reconciliation, they demanded the Infant to entail their Estate upon him.

All their Relations were invited to the celebration of the Nuptials, that is, the solemn Worldly part, for all the Ceremonies of the Church had been perform'd before. *Don Diego* took particular satisfaction in his Friend's good Fortune, and contracted a more intimate Friendship with him than before. On the other hand, the Knight study'd nothing more than how to find Opportunities of expressing how sensible he was of his Obligation to him, for his Care and the signal Services he had done his beloved, who also own'd herself indebted to the kindness.

It was believ'd that *Don Diego* having had so much experience of the many Troubles and Misfortunes, the Life of Man is subject to, his own having been so often in danger, would for the future have liv'd within some bounds, and endeavour'd to employ his time better than he had done till then, but the World was much deceiv'd in him. He was so highly pleas'd with the Success of his Adventures, that it embolden'd him to look out for others still more dangerous. Besides he fancy'd, that the Night Adventures, befallen to other Men, which Parents tell their Children by the Fire-side, as wonderful and prodigious Accidents, were nothing but meer Cheats and Fables to scare Fools; because those Men being frighted at the first show of danger, and wanting courage to see the utmost of it, have impos'd their wild Notions upon others for Wonders. In short, they are generally weak people that tell us Stories of Spirits and Hobgoblins; for there is no Church-yard so frightful as a fearful Man's Heart.

---

## ADVENTURE VIII.

THE Vanity which had fill'd *Don Diego's* Heart, for having come off so advantageously in so many perilous Adventures, made him despise all sorts of dangers. He thought himself now proof against any Accidents,

cidents, and believ'd that Fortune could not controule his Resolution. Upon this conceit he still sought new Perils, to give the greater proofs of his Valour, and gain the reputation of a most absolute Brave; but instead of purchasing that good Name, he was reckoned a rash Man of an extravagant Temper; for whosoever aspires to be singular, draws on him, either the envy or the scorn of others.

Don Diego's ram-  
ble by  
Waggon  
towards  
Toledo.

*Don Deigo* was inform'd, that the Travel-ling Waggon, which pass through the Sea of Dust in Summer, and of Dirt in Winter, that is betwixt *Toledo* and *Madrid*, perform'd their Journey by Night. For this reason, and that he might have the opportunity of conversing with darkness, not to delight his Eyes with seeing *Toledo* once more, tho' a Place the Sun it self beholds with Pleasure, he resolv'd to undertake that great progress, which is just twelve Leagues. He was also mov'd to it by an earnest desire he had to hear the railing and ribaldry there is betwixt the mean sort of people, who travel that way. To this effect he put on the Servant's Habit the Solicitor's Wife had before perswaded him to wear for her sake, lest being clad according to his quality, he should happen to give a check to the freedom those people use, which had disappointed him of the satisfaction he expected to receive in their Billingsgate and Nonsense. Having arm'd himself with Sword and Dagger, he left *Madrid* about eight at night.

The



The Company he had in the Waggon consisted of some Country Fellows, such as contract Friendship over a Pot of Wine; for in *Spain* they drink no Ale. *Don Diego* took his place as it fell to his lot, for no Compliments are us'd there. As soon as the Wheels were got off the Stones upon soft Ground, every one began to let his Clack loose, making a hideous noise like a Clock when the Spring breaks, and all the Wheels run off in confusion out of their ordinary course. Our Adventurer was amaz'd at this *Babylonian* confusion of Tongues, and no less at the barbarous expressions he heard; but was pleas'd, that tho' the Discourse was not rhetorical, yet to him it was new. One told how he had paid his Foy at taking leave; another how he had been treated by his Friends on that account; another that he had pick'd his Father's Lock to get Money; a fourth that he bid no Body farewell, for fear of being stop't by his Creditors. In short, it was a mad Medley of open confession of all their Exploits, and scarce three words of Sense to be made out of it.

With this pleasant Discourse they came *A Fray.* to *Illescas*, where being at the Inn Door, before any of them alighted out of the Waggon, they fell a brawling about a leather Bag, which serv'd one of the Company for a Cloak-bag, and Portmanteua, and being now missing, the Owner would have the Waggoner to be accountable for it. They all set up the cry gainst him, and from  
foul

foul Words came to Blows, so that the poor Waggoner was knock'd down before the Inn, much hurt, where the Maid of the Inn then was, who shed salt Tears upon the Body of her unfortunate Driver; but he was soon reveng'd, for he that struck him hasting to get out of the Waggon to make his escape, hung his Foot in a Rope and fell down headlong upon the Stones, where he lay for dead. The Officers of Justice, who are much of the temper of Surgeons, that wish for nothing more than Wounds and broken Bones, came in readily to keep the Peace, being as nimble with their Feet as with their Hands, when they see they have the Prey in their Nets. They presently examin'd, took Depositions, and sent some to Goal; and for the more security they seiz'd the Waggon and Mules; all which they rather do to serve their own turn, than to keep good Order, or for the Publick Good.

*Don Diego* who stood aside, as not concern'd in the Quarrel, was nevertheless taken up for being one of the Company; and had been infallibly committed to Prison, but that he happen'd to be known by some of the Country inferior Gentry, who prevail'd with the Mayor of the Town to discharge him. His Disguise was the occasion of his being put to that trouble; and therefore when a Man goes where he is not known, it is convenient he should endeavour to have his Habit recommend him, because that is the thing most taken notice  
of

of at first sight, and by which we pretend to guess at his Quality, and sometimes at his Humour. He staid seven or eight days at *Illescas*, diverting himself with the agreeable Frankness of a travelling Damsel, that was going from *Toledo* to *Madrid*, to present the lewd Courtiers with a fresh Treat. She lay in the same Inn with *Don Diego*, who falling into a Love-sick Fit, caus'd by her, she endeavour'd to apply the Cure, not by administering Potions or Cordials, but by bleeding his Purse, whence she drew some Ounces of Gold. But this Metal being the very Blood and Spirit that supports Life, a few of the first Evacuations put him into such a Condition, that he resolv'd to make use of no more of that Physician's Prescriptions, but to dismiss her, or rather discard himself. To this purpose, he hir'd a Mule, as unlucky a Jade as the other he had quit-ed; but that being us'd to the Pranks of the former, he thought the latter more tolerable.

This Mule having been hard wrought, and ill fed, had much ado to move, tho the Rider did not forget to put her in mind with his Spurs. She stumbled every step she went, which seem'd to forebode that he would not go far before he were down, and so it fell out, which might have been more fatal to him than it was, had he not been so frequently forewarn'd of what he was to expect. It was a Blessing he was so well upon his Guard against his Fall, for he must have broke his Neck, or not much short of it, being



ing like to tumble into a Quarry, had he not thrown himself off on the other side. Getting up, like a good Christian, he us'd Charity with his Neighbour, helping his Steed upon her Legs, but renounc'd riding any more. He led her for a good League to an Inn, to which he came just with the dawn of the Day, having set out of *Illescas* about Midnight, and travelling all the rest of the Night, in Compliance with his old Humour. Here he made a plentiful Breakfast, or rather a Supper, for he inverted Times and Seasons, Breakfasting when others Supp'd, then he went to Bed and slept, as those do who have nothing to trouble their Mind, nor Indisposition in their Bodies.

*A Messenger  
inquir-  
ing for  
Robbers.*

About four in the Evening he was wak'd out of his Sleep by a Post-Boy's Horn, who came along with a Messenger, sent by order of Council, and reckon'd a most sharp-sighted Fellow at knowing a Thief, tho' it is likely he was not so well skill'd as imagin'd, since he knew not himself; but it is the surest way to set a Thief to catch a Thief. This Man was come Post from *Madrid*, in pursuit of a parcel of cunning Knaves, well skill'd at making other Mens Goods their own; who had now given a sufficient Proof of their Abilities, at the cost of one of the richest Persons of Quality about the Court. He alighted at this Inn, search'd it narrowly, and then examin'd the Host, and all his Guests very severely, *Don Diego* was rais'd to be present at this Examination,

mination, and being in a Disguise, had paid for all, but that the Messenger happen'd to know him.

Having made a thorough Search and En-*The preci-*  
quiry in the Inn, he was very much con-*ous Corps*  
cern'd that he could hear no News of the  
Criminals, nor so much as find any Body to  
bring into Trouble, for those Men desire  
no more than to find a Subject fitly dis-  
pos'd, and they know how to give it a  
Form. Not knowing whether he had bet-  
ter go on, or turn back, he stood at the Inn  
Gate, enquiring of all Comers and Goers,  
*Don Diego* bearing him Company, and shew-  
ing him much Complaisance, in requital  
for the Favour he had shew'd him. Just as  
the Day was shutting in, they discover'd at  
a distance, a Funeral coming towards them,  
attended by four Religious, and four Lay-  
men in Mourners Habits. These came  
about a Bier, carry'd by two lusty Mules,  
on which was a Coffin cover'd with rich  
black Bayes. The four religious Men, who  
came foremost, stopp'd as soon as they  
came into the Hamlet, telling the others,  
they must rest a little, and say there a short  
Prayer for the Dead, that they might pre-  
serve the Living. The Officer blessing him-  
self when they came up to him, ask'd, whe-  
ther they had not met such and such Peo-  
ple, so and so habited, who had committed  
a notable Robbery at *Madrid*. *We have seen*  
*no Body*, reply'd one of the religious Men,  
*but here is a Robbery committed by a famous Fe-*  
*male Thief, she alone was concern'd it. Where is*  
*that*

that Robbery, answer'd the Officer full of concern, and who is that Female Robber? *Alas Sir*, said the religious Man, the Robbery is in the Coffin, uncovering the Bier, and she that has committed it is Death. This is a noble Body, and as precious as Gold. Then taking the Officer by the Hand, and dragging him roughly towards the Coffin, for he was very strong. Come Sir, said he, come and see this unaccountable Robbery; come and see what Mortals are subject to. The Officer, who was not us'd to converse with the Inhabitants of the other World, not liking that sort of Invitation, answer'd him in a very angry tone. Pray let me go Father, I am not come hither to call in question the Actions of Death; besides, I have no Stomach to look into a Coffin; the finest Creature in the World stinks within four and twenty hours after it is dead; and tho you compare that Body to Gold, I do not think it is as incorruptible as that precious Metal, which alone has that privilege by Nature. This said, he mounted a Horseback and went his way.

*Merry  
Compani-  
ons.*

*Don Diego* continu'd in the Inn with this Funeral Retinue. The Drivers unladed their Mules under a great Portal, they were carry'd into the Stable, and a Table covered near the Coffin, which they watch'd very carefully, and there they supp'd, inviting our Adventurer to keep them Company, because they saw he was alone. He sat down among them without any ceremony, and they soon fell to down-right drinking of Healths upon Healths, which must have prov'd



prov'd everlasting, had they receiv'd any addition by their frequent hearty Draughts.

The Hostess somewhat surpriz'd, as well as *Don Diego*, to see those mourning Companions, so little mortify'd whilst they were attending Death, very innocently said to them. *Cheer up, Gentlemen, cheer up, make much of your selves and be merry, for I dare say there are others that lament for that poor Body you bring, God give it rest.* He that sat at the upper end of the Table and dealt about the Cups as he thought fit, answer'd her, *You have spoke such a Sentence, Sweet-heart, as I little expected would drop from that barren Mouth. It is very certain, the House from which this rich Body came, for it is no poor one, as you call it, is now under very extraordinary Affliction, and what grieves them the more, is, to consider that this Person was taken away suddenly, to their eternal Sorrow: He died in my Arms, and my Hands bury'd him. Pray to God that we may carry him safe to the Place appointed, and be not scandaliz'd to see us take a little refreshment; the trouble of attending him a Foot, requires good nourishment.* This said, he drank the Hostess's Health, and clapping a great Glass of Wine into her Hand, desir'd she wou'd pledge him; for Men call the complying with their Extravagancies, doing them reason. Amidst this multitude of Healths, one of the Mourners found his indisposition, his Head proving too weak for the fumes of the Wine he had drank. He began to stammer and talk an unknown Tongue, and at last dropt down in a Trance,

that made him look like the departed Person, for he fell into a profound Sleep, the perfect Image of Death.

It was about ten at night, when such of the Company as were most in their Senses, thinking it time to depart, because they would not lie there all night, laid the Bier upon the Mules, which had been as well fed as their Masters, and pay'd the Hostess very generously, who gave them a thousand blessings, and made as many Prayers for the departed. They desir'd her to take care of the Man that was asleep, who would follow them when he awak'd; and considering that the Mourner's Habit he had on, was of no use for him to stay there, they stripp'd him of it, seeming desirous to hire another Man in his stead, to compleat their number.

*Don Diego* prompted by his Hellish curiosity, for we may well give such a Name to that which pretends to dive into those things it is no way concern'd with, and being very desirous to be particularly inform'd whither that Funeral was going, and who the dead Person was, offer'd them to fill up that vacant place and put on the mourning Robe. They having found him to be a good Companion at the Supper, took another view of him, observing that he had the looks of a Man of Courage and a good Guard, and therefore receiv'd him with open Arms, instead of the other that lay entranc'd under the power of *Bacchus*, and so they set out of the Inn merrily.

No sooner were they out of the Village, <sup>The Com-</sup> but they left the High-way, striking a-<sup>pany</sup> cross the Country, at which our new <sup>attending</sup> Mourner was not a little surpriz'd, not <sup>the Corps,</sup> knowing whether they did it through in-<sup>fight about</sup> advertancy or designedly, but durst not ask. They travell'd in this manner about two hours, till they came to a very uncouth Mountain, all Rocks and Woods, the habitation of Wolves, wild Boars, and other savage Creatures. When they were got far into the Mountain, they halted, and one of the Gang, a very ill-look'd Fellow, in a very haughty tone, said, So far good Brethren, it is now time to divide this Body. Well said, answer'd the rest, you are in the right, this is a convenient Place to divide it. Our Adventurer was never so startled in his Life as at the hearing of this Proposal, not able to imagine, to what purpose they would use that Body so barbarously. He drew a little aside, and presently perceiv'd they were all falling at variance about sharing the Limbs of the dead Body. From Words they came to Blows, drawing out short Hangers and Pistols they had under their long Robes, as well the Religious as the Seculars, which *Don Diego* had not discover'd before. They grew to such a heat, that after much clattering of their Swords, and many Wounds given, they fir'd their Pistols, which put the Mules into such a Fright, that they fell a snorting, braying, and running as fast as their Legs could carry them. *Don Diego* run  
I 4 after



after to stop them, but they were so swift, that before he could overtake them, they were got into a hollow Way, and so narrow, that it was impossible to pass by and come before them; so that he was forc'd to follow them with much trouble; for besides, that it was dark, there was scarce any sign of a Road, so that he stumbled at every Step, and very often fell down upon tufts of Briars and Brambles, which would have torn his Legs, but that he had Boots on. However, still hoping to get out from among those Bushes, he travell'd about a League, with the horrors of death always before his Eyes, and thinking on the strange and sudden conversion of those religious Men into Soldiers, wearing Swords and Pistols about them; instead of Beads and Breviaries. He was amaz'd at their Wickedness and Barbarity, in designing to cut in pieces a Body, which if of the quality they represented it, deserv'd to be preserv'd entire; for this he thought was a practice altogether unusual among Christians, who allow of the opening of Bodies to embalm them, but not of quartering them like Cattle.

*Comes  
with them  
to a Coun-  
try Curat's.*

Whilst he was taken up with these thoughts, he found himself near a Shepherd's Cottage, where Providence order'd it, that the Mules stopp'd of themselves, which if they had not, they would have fallen into a precipice with the dead Body. The Shepherds alarm'd by the barking of their Dogs, came out of their Cottage with light, and were somewhat startled, seeing this dismal

Funeral

Funeral Pomp. Then *Don Diego* muffled up in his Mourning Weed, in as few Words as he could, inform'd them that he had lost his Way in the dark, and was carrying a dead Body, enquiring whether there was not some Village hard by, where he might rest him till day. Those good people being willing charitably to assist that wandering Mourner, conducted him to the Village, where he found a Reverend Curate, who had formerly had his swing in the World, and was now by the Frowns, or rather the Kindness of Fortune, brought to this Place, where he spent his days happily in his Studies and Peace. He lodg'd the living in his own House, and the dead Body in the Church, and it was very good luck to meet with such an Host as had Lodging both for the living and the dead. The Sexton and others belonging to the Church were call'd, who carry'd the Coffin and the travelling Corps into the Chapel belonging to the Patron of the Church, who was Lord of the Village. *Don Diego* took leave of the Shepherds that had conducted him, and contented them both with good Words and Bounty, a sort of payment not common, and us'd but by very few. Being left alone with the good Curate, he gave him a relation of his strange Adventure, and his Host having given him a Glass of Wine and some preserv'd Quinces, conducted him to a Bed so good and so neat, that it added much to the Inclination he had before to sleep; so that though he had thought to  
have

have lain there only the remaining part of the Night, he stuck by it so long, that when he got up he could go no farther a Journey than from the Bed to the Table, living that day like a true Courtier. The good Priest was very well inclin'd to make much of *Don Diego*, who, as has been said, was a very pleasant Companion, and therefore he desir'd him to stay there till the next day, to see whether any Body would come to enquire after the Corps. *Don Diego* lik'd his proposal, and consented to it. After dinner the Curate, to divert our Adventurer, carry'd him out a walking about the Village, which was large and pleasantly seated; and sitting by a delightful Spring they fell into discourse of what News were then freshest, by which *Don Diego* perceiv'd that the Curate had not been bred among Peasants. This Observation, together with his own Natural Curiosity to enquire after every thing, mov'd him to desire the Priest to tell how him he came to settle his Abode in that Country-dwelling. The other being of a complaisant Temper, to comply with his Guest's Request, address'd himself to him as follows.

*The Curate's Story.*

I was born at *Sevil*; the only kindness Fortune would have me indebted to her for, that I might not call my self altogether unfortunate; but since it is below  
the



the Character of a brave Soul to blame the Stars, let us proceed. My Father was of noble Extraction, and more famous for his Virtue than for Wealth. He caus'd me to be instructed in Human and Divine Learning, that he might leave me a never failing Inheritance; and my Genius suiting with the Employment my Father had chosen for me, I outstripp'd most of my Fellow-Students, and soon took my Degree of Doctor of the Civil Law. The Fame of this lity I was thought to be endow'd with, being spread abroad throughout the City, made many ambitious to marry me into their Families. I had some beautiful Maids, with good Fortunes, propos'd to me, sufficient Baits to allure Sensuality and Covetousness; but having as yet no inclination to confine my self to the Bounds of Matrimony, I could not approve of any of the Proposals made to me; so that having rejected so much Wealth, and so many Beauties, as might have mov'd the most insensible to Pleasure and Avarice, and having so often withstood the persuasions of all those that endeavour'd to engage me in Matrimony, it was generally concluded that I had some secret Aversion to Women; but the Charms and Perfections of a certain Lady banish'd the Notion conceiv'd of my being a Woman-hater. Her personal Beauty, and excellent Wit, were irresistible Weapons, and indissoluble Spels, that conquer'd and enslav'd all such as could gain admittance to, and be look'd upon by

by her. Among the many that aspir'd to this Honour, she admitted of my Addressee, and not many days after, with the joint Consent of her Friends and mine, the Knot of perfect Union betwixt us was ty'd in the Church. I liv'd with her two years in a happy condition; and considering the mutability of worldly Affairs, I may say that was a long time; but I must not dwell upon those Thoughts, the remembrance of them would but refresh the Wounds which the loss of that Felicity has made in my Heart.

This dear better half of me had a Brother, whose youthful Gallantries grew into such scandalous Extravagancies, that he became odious to all the Inhabitants of *Sevil*. He often fell into the Hands of Justice, and went through the disgrace of a Goal, whence my Care, or rather my Purse, still deliver'd him; for it is certain Money is the surest Friend upon all Occasions. A scandalous disorderly course of Life was become so habitual to him, that instead of being check'd or restrain'd by the consideration of such shameful Punishments undergone, since Virtue had no power over him, he still gave himself up inordinately to Vice. Perceiving that whatsoever course of Mildness, or Severity I took, it was impossible for me to overcome his vicious Inclinations; I forbid him my House, and order'd all my Servants to keep him out if he came; but my Orders were in vain. A Law-giver must proportion the

the Power the Subjects have to obey, to the Laws he enacts, for if they cannot be observ'd, they make the Law-giver contemptible, and are sometimes the cause of disturbing the publick Peace, and the source of many Troubles. This was my case; and when I call to mind these things, I cannot forbear shedding Tears. I should be asham'd to expose my Weakness before you, were I not convinc'd that you will think me excusable, when you have heard the cause.

My Wife lov'd this young Man, as Nature oblig'd her, and as her only Brother, so that his Debauchery and leud Life no way diminish'd her Affection, and therefore she countenanc'd his coming into my House, and suffer'd him to visit her in my absence. He had Spies that follow'd me continually, and carefully gave him notice of my return, that he might be gone, or at least hide himself before I came home. But when ill Fate pursues us, it overtakes us in those very ways we take to avoid it, and our Flight only serves to be the sooner taken. They us'd to hide him in my Chamber, in a corner behind the Bed where my Wife and I lay; and this Contrivance having often prov'd successful, they still made use of it whensoever they had occasion. It happen'd that going home one day about the evening, and entring that Chamber without thinking any thing, the young Man having been fail'd by his Spies, was surpriz'd, and thinking to hide himself hastily,



stily, his Foot hitch'd in a Table, and he fell flat on the Ground. I hearing the Fall, without seeing who it was, for day was shut in, ran in swiftly and laid hold of him, as he was rising to get into his hiding place. Unhappy haste! I clapt my hand unfortunately on a Dagger he wore by his side, and thinking he had been a Thief, stabb'd him three times with it, and he dropt down. At the same time I was sensible of my mistake by his Voice; and being struck with horror at this misfortune, let him go and drew back. He having still strength enough, got up with his Sword in his hand to revenge himself, and pushing at randome in the dark, thrust my Wife, who was come running in upon the noise, through the Body, and then dropt down dead. If he design'd that Thrust to kill me, he well knew where to give me my mortal Wound, since I liv'd more in his Sister's Life than in my own. By this time my Servants came all in with lights, to increase the grief and horror of seeing one that held me so dear, die in my Arms. As soon as she was dead, my Sorrow prevail'd so far upon me, that to make some amends for my inconsiderate Offence, I went to deliver my self up into the hands of Justice, like one in despair, accusing my self of the murder of my Brother-in-Law and Wife. I was cast into Prison till the business came to a Tryal; but my Affliction swell'd to such an unlimited excess, that it distracted me, so that from the  
com-

common Goal I was remov'd to the Mad-house; where, for a long time, I was the ridiculous diversion of my Enemies, who came to see me for the satisfaction of making me their scorn. However, thro' God's Mercy I recover'd of that Distemper, tho it seem'd incurable. I was then set at liberty, having sustain'd a considerable loss in my Estate, which had been consum'd both in suing out my Pardon, and defraying the Charges of the Law, amounting to a considerable Sum.

At that time an Uncle of mine, Three score and ten years of Age, who was Curate here, fell sick of a Hectick Fever, and being willing I should succeed in his place, as knowing I was well enough dispos'd for this Profession, he obtain'd of his Holiness to take off the Irregularity I had incurr'd; after which I receiv'd Holy Orders and so became capable of holding this Benefice, which he resign'd up to me. This is the occasion of my coming to settle in such a solitary Country Mansion, so agreeable to my Temper, where my only care is to fulfil the Duty of my Function to the best of my Power. What spare hours I have are spent in reading of good Books, the better to enable my self to instruct those Souls committed to my Charge and Direction. Thus do I spend my days, expecting till it shall please God to call me to give an Account of my Actions.

The Sun only gilded the tops of the Mountains when he ended his Discourse, *A Con-*  
*test about*  
which *the Corps.*

which oblig'd both the Hearer and the Relater to leave the Spring, and repair towards the Village, *Don Diego* by the way, admiring that reverend Curate's strange Fortune, and commending his Resolution of spending the rest of his Days in that solitary place. Thus discoursing together of the Happiness of a Country Life, they came to the Curate's Church, which they found open; and that being unusual at such a time of day, the Curate went in and found several persons there in Mourning, who had just brought the Body of the Patron of the Church and Lord of the Village, lately dead, and were in deep contest with the Vicar and Sexton, because they had laid a Coffin and strange Corps in the Chappel, which was reserv'd only for that Family. The Curate discreetly pacify'd those People, and *Don Diego* coming in at the same time, concern'd that his dead Body could find rest no where, and that they were for turning it out, desir'd those Gentlemen to allow him the term of eight days, in which time he offer'd to make out that his Corps belong'd to the person they had then brought, and in case of failure, he promis'd to remove it. His request was granted upon the condition by him propos'd. I know not whether it was an enthusiastick Fit of Prophecy or Madness that made him talk so, for they say that Madmen speak prophetically sometimes; the event will decide it. The truth is, he told the Curate he had made use of that Stratagem, believing



ving that those People would be gone the next day, and then they two might consult where to bury that stray Corps that was left upon his Hands, and on which he would bestow that last charitable act of Christian Piety.

All the People of the Village were concern'd at their Lord's Death, which they said was through too much grief conceiv'd on account of a Robbery committed upon him, to the value of twenty five Thousand Ducats in ready Money and Jewels. This being a Robbery in which several persons must have a Hand, all that were any ways concern'd, in hopes of being Heirs to the Family, took special care for their own ends, to have all possible search made after the Robbers; so that having sent out Officers and other People several ways, some of them at the entrance of a Wood, found a Man whom they took upon suspicion, as well on account of his ill look, as because upon Examination he gave no good Account of himself. They presently search'd him upon the spot, and found about him sufficient circumstantial Proofs for a farther Tryal; for in his Pockets they found Hooks, Pick-locks, Pincers and Wimbles. They that took him carry'd him to the next Village, which hapned to be the same where *Don Diego* was, and being put to the Rack, he soon own'd as much as they desir'd, and discover'd strange Secrets.

K

He

One of  
those that  
attended  
the Corps  
apprehen-  
ded.

He confess'd he was the eighth Person concern'd in the mighty Robbery committed at *Madrid*, of a Cabinet full of Jewels and Gold, of a very great value. That for the better removing it out of *Madrid* without danger, they had contriv'd to disguise themselves, some in the Habit of religious Men, and others in the Apparel of Mourners that attend at Funerals; then to put their Booty into a Coffin, upon a Bier carry'd by two Mules, all cover'd with black Bayes, and to pretend it was a dead Corps they were attending to the place of Burial. That this Contrivance had succeeded well enough, carrying them off at their ease, and even in sight of such as might be concern'd in the loss. That he the Deponent falling asleep through weariness at *Xetase*, where the whole Gang refresh'd themselves, they had left him behind and taken off his Mourner's garb; but that when he awak'd he run after them, knowing whither they were to go, to get his part of the Booty. That before he could come up with them, his Companions had fallen out about dividing the Robbery, and had fought so furiously at Sword and Pistol, which they had under their Habits, that he found two dead upon the spot, and the rest mortally wounded. One had lost an Arm, another was Ham-strung, a third had his Head cloven, a fourth half his Face slic'd off. In short, they were all so mortify'd, that every one had left some of his Flesh, and much Blood on the Field of Battel. That besides he left

left them half mad, and cursing one another bitterly, because, whilst they were in their fury, murdering one another, a stranger taken instead of the Deponent, had drove away the Mules with the Theft, so that they knew not what was become of it, and he was then going to hear some news of the Mules.

By this ample confession the Examiner plainly perceiv'd this was the Robbery committed on the Lord of the Village, for grief whereof he was dead. He run immediately to the Curate, and told him all this wonderful news in the Presence of *Don Diego*, at which both he and his Guest were so surpriz'd and astonish'd, that for some time they could move nothing but their Eyes and Hands, so much were they overjoy'd at this strange Adventure. Being recover'd from this Transport, they went together to the Church and to the Chappel, where the two Coffins were, the one of the Lord, and the other of his Treasure, which Providence had order'd he should follow when dead, as well as living, since his Heart was in it. They presently open'd it in the Presence of several Witnesses, every one admiring how ingeniously those Thieves had distributed their Prize, consisting in three sorts of things of value, Silver, Gold and precious Stones.

Then *Don Diego* plainly understood the Riddle of the false religious Man, when he told the Officer who met them at *Xetase*, that it was a precious Body, as noble as



Gold and Silver from Head to Foot, &c. He might also boast that he once in his Life had the Gift of Prophecy, when he said before that his dead Corps was near akin to the Patron of the Church, which he sufficiently made out, and might have added that it was the Relation he lov'd best, since he dy'd for love of it. The news was immediately sent to the Gentleman that was Heir to the Party deceas'd, who came with the Messenger, to take possession of that Treasure. He being willing to shew Mercy to the Thief that was taken, as the cause of his recovering so much Wealth, order'd the Goaler to contrive that the Malefactor might escape, as if it had been by want of care in securing him, which was accordingly put in execution.

All the Gentleman now wanted was to satisfy the earnest desire he had of being acquainted with our Adventurer, that he might make him a Present, or at least to return him thanks for that through his means and the good Fortune that attended him, the Robbery was conducted to such a place of safety; but *Don Diego*, who had a generous Soul, desiring no acknowledgment of this sort, shunn'd all occasions of meeting that Gentleman, who pay'd all the Charges very nobly, and gave the two Mules to the Curate, who durst not refuse the present coming from his Lord, tho' they were none of his. This done, he return'd to *Madrid*, taking along with him the precious Corps, to be bury'd in another Tomb.

*Don*

Don Diego was satisfy'd with his Intention of going to *Toledo* without proceeding any farther, and at the request of that good Man the Curate, stay'd a week longer with him, passing the time in Discourse of Man's sovereign good, and the Peace and Tranquillity of such as are free from worldly Passions, and the true Blessings of this Life. When our Adventurer took his leave, he was forc'd to admit of half the Present the Lord had made the Curate, that is, of one of the Mules, in regard he had been the cause of that Bounty. *Don Diego* whose Heart was haughty, could scarce be prevail'd on to take it, but was constrain'd at length to submit rather out of Complaisance than Covetousness. They embrac'd, and parted with sincere Affection, *Don Diego* promising to write to him often, and to send to him the News of the Court, as the most agreeable and diverting Present to those that have known the World, and are acquainted with the things that are spoken of. The hopes of this Correspondence alleviated the Curate's trouble for this Separation; and the desire of returning to *Madrid* made our Adventurer try, whether his Mule had any share of Heels.

Don Diego returns to Madrid.

K 3

A D.

## ADVENTURE IX.

Don Diego  
goes with  
his Gang.

IT had been happy for *Don Diego* to have made a longer stay with that reverend Church-man; his pleasing and virtuous Conversation might in time produce some change in his extravagant manners. The Company of good People often excites us to follow their Example; but his libertine Temper was not to be contain'd within the Bounds of Modesty, nor be satisfy'd with orderly Society, tho' he behav'd himself well enough when he was in it; for besides some little Learning he had, his excellent Memory, and his good Discourse, and polite Language, made his Conversation agreeable. However, he had such a natural aversion for decent Society, that he shun'd all Persons pretending to it, and only lov'd to have to do with wild young Fellows like himself, or rather meer Sprights or Hobgoblins, who had no other Employment but ranging the Streets at night, to disturb those that desir'd to take their rest. As soon as he return'd to *Madrid*, he sent to acquaint all his Gang, desiring them to meet at a certain usual place of rendezvouze, to renew their acquaintance, and drink a Glass together. Eight of this mad Gang, who lov'd to grope out their Fortune in the dark, met at the place appointed, where they sup'd together by way of Club, that every Man might be at his full liberty,



liberty, not oblig'd to another, and have no occasion to make any Compliment at parting.

When they had perform'd the Solemnity of his Welcome-home, and offer'd Sacrifice to *Bacchus* and *Comus*, the two Deities they particularly honour'd, they all fally'd out in a Body with their Guitarres to serenade their Mistresses, and sonn'd a Reveille to some that had rather have devoted their Eyes to *Morpheus* than their Ears to *Orpheus*. Among these was an Apothecary, whom they made their Sport, and had in him subject enough for Laughter, in lieu of another person, whose Rest they had combin'd to disturb; but understanding that he was then out of Town, they vented their Extravagancy upon this wretched Glister-pipe, only because they unexpectedly found themselves by his Shop, and *Don Diego* remember'd he ow'd him a good turn. He had liv'd very near our Adventurer, when he fell sick, after the Death of *Leander* and *Sirena's* becoming a religious; and because he made use of another Apothecary, this Man out of Envy to his Brother Tradesman, or to be reveng'd on *Don Diego*, never ceas'd rattling his Mortar, and made more noise with flourishing his Pestle and chiming on the sides of the Mortar, than with pounding his Powders; and the shrillness of the sound gave sufficient cause to suspect that there was nothing, or but very little in it; so that the sick Man being very much disturb'd with this ringing, sent

K 4

several

several times to intreat him to make less noise; but he answer'd, that he might do what he pleas'd in his own House, since he paid for it; that he must work for his living; that if he wanted a Dinner, *Don Diego* would not give it him, and much more to this purpose, no less insolent than foolish; so that *Don Diego* was fain to make use of all his Interest, Friends, and Money, to make him remove from thence, as he did at last, because he was but a quarterly Tenant, and yet he had not this satisfaction till towards the end of his Sickness, and after he had endur'd very much by him. So that not thinking himself sufficiently reveng'd of him for his Impertinency, being then accidentally upon the spot, he had a fancy to play him some Prank.

Our brave Adventurer, being at this time highly inspir'd by the fumes of *Bacchus*, whence most of those wonderful conceits proceed, which we commonly attribute to *Appollo*, he desir'd his Companions to halt. Then advancing eight or ten paces, he fell a knocking furiously at the Apothecary's Door, who was going to Bed, and had the following Dialogue with him.

*Apothecary.*

Who is there? Who is it that knocks at my Gate so audaciously and so late? Sure there are some Lunaticks, or Night-Magistrates; for no others durst do so at such an unreasonable hour. How now!

*Don*

*Don Diego.*

Pray, Sir, do me the favour to tell me whereabouts lives a certain Apothecary and half Doctor, whose Name is Master Robert.

*The Dialogue with the Apothecary.*

*Apothecary.*

Master Robert? He is certainly a whole Doctor; and as for you, Sir, he lives here, in this very Place, and is the same that is talking to you in Person, be brief, speak what you would have with me, for I have more mind to sleep than to talk.

*Don Deigo.*

Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart. Is it possible you are the very Man. Pray good Sir; let me intreat you, do not deceive me, I am in more haste than you imagine, and I must needs speak with himself. Alas, poor Gentlemen; he'll dye this bout, if he has not help immediatly. Pray good, Sir, open the Door for God's sake.

*Apothecary.*

*Nescio vos*, I do not open my Door at unreasonable hours, but tell me what it is you want; deliver your self with more clarity, for I do not hear half your Locutions, tho if I did, I should not understand one half.

*Don*



*The Night Adventurer.**Don Diego.*

O good Lord! Why must he dye then without help. I perceive you have not prepar'd that Medecine, the Phisician said he had prescrib'd and left the Bill here:

*Apothecary.*

God-a-mercy, thanks to my Stars, now I begin to comprehend. Is it for the *Neapolitan* Gentleman that is troubled with the pain in his Stomach.

*Don Deigo.*

The very same, by the Lord *Harry*.

*Apothecary.*

Why is he in such danger? My Servant told me the Phyfician had not order'd it till *Thursday*, which is not till after to morrow.

*Don Diigo.*

For *Thursday*! Lord Sir, what do you talk of? your Man is mistaken, and the poor Gentleman will pay for it, at the expence of his Life and health.

*Apothecary.*

*Apothecary.*

My Friend be not impatient, and do not fret, I will put on my Cloaths with much celerity and dilligence, and assure your self, the composition will be ready in less than a quarter of an hour, which will be time enough to ease the Distemper, if God so pleases.

*Don Diego.*

Make hast then in the Name of God ; but not with so much precipitation as to mistake *Quid pro quo*, you know the Gentleman is a Person that will requite your trouble. Adieu Sir, I am going to tell them you are coming after me.

*Apothecary*

Go, go, no Man questions my Ability besides your self ; but I pardon your ignorance.

*Don Diego* making as if he were going home very hastily, and trampling hard on the Stons to be heard, went off five or six paces, and then returning softly, drew near the Shop, and heard the Apothecary calling his Man and saying. *Hey Boy, where is that laxative Potion I made the day before yesterday, for the Patient that dy'd as I was carrying of it ; that same may be good for this Man, the Disease is almost the same, you need only pour it out into*

*The choice  
Medicine*

*a little Mortar, and there make an infusion of a little Granus simplicissimus, and a Dram of Cerebrofion, then fiat mixtio, &c. Quick, quick, let us have done.*

*Don Diego* hearing this discourse, was fain to quit the Place for fear of spoiling his Design, for he could no longer forbear bursting out into laughter. He return'd to his Companions, who had been listning to his Dialogue, admiring what sudden fancy it was that took him, without speaking a word to them, to go beat up the Apothecary and banter him, wondering at his readiness to lay hold of the Apothecary's own words to put the trick upon him. *Don Diego* told them what Orders the Apothecary had given his Man, about the Composition of the Medecine, and the terms of Art he us'd, at which they blest'd themselves a thousand times and bestow'd as many curses on him.

To see the event of the Jest, they resolv'd to watch his coming out at the corner of the Street, that they might follow him, and know the unfortunate Person the Potion was design'd for, to be sacrific'd to their Frolick. They had not watch'd above half a quarter of an Hour before they saw that Executioner come out of his House, with the Viol of the poisonous Potion in his hand and a dish to drink out of, charging his Man to take care of the House. They follow'd him close at his Heeles for a considerable way and saw him go into the *Neapolitan Gentleman's*



man's House, he had spoke of; after knocking a long time, before they heard him. That Gentleman was of a very weakly disposition, above sixty years of Age, and wholly in the hands of the Doctors and Apothecaries; but tho' sickly, he was worse in conceit than in reality, which was a great trouble to those that had him in cure. He was of a melancholy temper, which had so far the predominancy over him, that it led him into superstition, so that he did not stick to seek ease by Charms, and Spels. His Friends desiring to divert him from so great a crime, prevail'd with him to have one more consult of two able Physicians besides his own, where it was resolv'd that he should take a Purge three days after, which was on the *Thursday* following. The Patient was so eager to be cur'd, that he follow'd all their Prescriptions; and the implicate Faith he had in the Medicines, hoping in them to find Ease from his Misery, made him relish the most loathsome and unsavory Potions, as if they had been *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. And being extreamly nice in observing all Rules prescrib'd by the Physician, and in taking the Medicines exactly at the Hours appointed, he kept a *Valet de Chambre*, in whose Care and Fidelity he confided, and who had no other Business but to take the Doctor's Bills, and carry them to the Apothecary, so that the other Servants had nothing to do to concern themselves in it. This Man perceiving that the last Consultation of Physicians gave  
his

his Master some small Respite, and that he was to take nothing in three days, made use of that time to go visit a young Maid he was in love with; and it fell out unluckily, that the Apothecary brought his choice Medicine, just after this Nursing Servant was gone abroad; so that the other Servants, and the Patient himself, believ'd the Physician had thought fit to give him some Potion before-hand to prepare his Body for Purging, and that the Servant had gone to acquaint the Apothecary with it. So the courteous *Neapolitan*, without inquiring any farther, took the Cup, and pour'd down the Drench.

All this while our Adventurer and his Gang were in the Street, full of different Thoughts. Some laugh'd at the Action, whilst others were much concern'd, as foreseeing the ill Consequences that might happen; insomuch, that the wisest of them prevail'd upon the rest to withdraw, and rest satisfy'd for that time, referring it to the next day to enquire after the Success of that Hellish Purge, which vented *Don Diego's* Revenge upon the Life of an innocent Person. As they went out of the Street, they observ'd their Number was not compleat, there being but seven left of eight that were at the Apothecary's-House, which somewhat perplex'd them; but one of them, who was better acquainted with the absent Parties Secrets, told them they need not be concern'd, for he was gone to a Place where there was no need of a Guard.

The

*The Night Adventurer.*

143

123

The Reader, for his better Information, *The Apothecary's Daughter's Amour,* is to observe, that Master Robert, our famous Apothecary, had a Daughter, so beautiful, that she might vie with the most celebrated Ladies in *Madrid*. The Knowledge of these Favours Heaven had bestowed on her, made her so vain and conceited, that she valu'd her self much above her Quality; for tho' but of mean Parentage, yet she had a haughty Spirit, and aspir'd to some great Fortune. She scorn'd the Addresses of such as were not above her Rank, tho' they were very rich, and only delighted in being courted by Gentlemen, still retaining such an absolute Command over her Passions, that without wronging her, none of all her Admirers could boast, that he had gain'd the least upon her Inclination. She maintain'd her self in this Freedom a long time; but at last *Riodan*, that Companion of *Don Diego's*, who had slipt away from the rest of the Company, being overcome by her Perfections, was so dexterous, or rather so fortunate, that he gain'd Admittance to *Dorothy*, so this Beauty was call'd, by the means of Master Robert's Maid, whom he had gain'd, by the Presents he continually made her. The truth is, he was so well qualify'd, speaking after the manner of the World, as might excuse the amorous Frolicks a Maid might be guilty of for his sake.

This Man being one of the Persons invited to the meeting made to welcome our Adventurer, was in Complaisance oblig'd to



to go a walking with them after Supper, as he did, but with a Resolution to leave that insipid Diversion, and slip away from the Company, to repair to that which was much more delightful to him. This was the beautiful *Dorothy*, whom that Maid he so bountifully rewarded, had put him in hopes of enjoying that very Night; so that seeing them make towards that quarter of the Town, where his Business lay, he follow'd them with the better Will. He was overjoy'd when *Don Diego* fell upon that Frolick against his Mistress's Father, and accordingly gave the greatest Commendations of any in the Gang, to our Adventurer, for his Wit and Contrivance. In short, it look'd as if that Whimsy had been put into his Head, on purpose to favour his good Fortune, and the Medicine he ask'd for so earnestly, design'd to cool his amorous Flame.

Her Lover  
steals  
to her.

He seeing the Apothecary go abroad, let his Companions follow him, and staid behind upon the Watch, expecting the Signal the Maid was to give; for to add to his good Fortune, the Assignment made him, was just at the very time the Master went out, as if he had contributed towards completing of *Riodan's* Felicity. He was scarce got to the corner of the Street, before the Confident, by the consent of the amorous *Dorothy*, came to the Door, and taking *Riodan* by the Hand, led him, as if he had been blind and dumb, into her Mistress's Chamber, observing strict Silence,

lence, for fear of awaking her Mother. There *Riodan* found a Candle burning and *Dorothy* sitting at the Feet of her Bed, half undrest. At his first coming in, she pretended to be surpriz'd, fell a ratng her Maid, and starting up designedly, let fall her Nightrail, which cover'd her Breast, and show'd her Lover Wonders of Beauty, tho' she pretended to clap her Hands before her to hide them. *Riodan* was not so much a Stranger to these Affairs but he could see through her Artifice, but she did it with so good a Grace that it charm'd him. He drew near in most respectful manner, endeavouring to excuse his boldness, and oblige her to grant him some Favour, but she acting much Coyness and Reserv'dness, desir'd him to be gone the same way he came, telling him, her Honour was too dear to her to part with at so easy a rate, and that whatever he thought of her, he must expect nothing of her but in a lawful way.

*Riodan* seeming to approve of her virtuous Resolution, made her all the most obliging Compliments that could be imagin'd, for he had a ready Wit, and was very well spoken; offering to give her what Assurances she could desire of the Sincerity of his Affection, and if promise of Marriage would satisfy, he was ready to make it. *Dorothy*, being well dispos'd towards him, and wanting only a good pretence to give way to her Inclination, took him at his word, and laid Paper before him

L

to

to perform what he had said. The Maid at the same time set a great, heavy, leaden Standish on the Table, which seem'd to prognosticate the heavy Burden he was going to lay on his Shoulders. He readily took the Pen, and with his own Hand writ the Sentence of his Condemnation, and being just ready to sign it, he look'd upon *Dorothy*, who smil'd for joy to see him so forward, but as he turn'd his Head towards her, he laid his Hand on the Standish, which unluckily fell down on a great brass Mortar that stood by the Leg of the Table.

*They run  
away to-  
gether.*

This was a Stab that pierc'd *Dorothy's* Heart, giving a sound like the Clapper of a great Bell, which wak'd her Mother, and made her sit up in her Bed to observe whence it came. Seeing a light in her Daughter's Chamber, she call'd to her, and at the same time got out of her Bed with much difficulty, for she was disabled with Age. *Dorothy* fearing she should see *Riodan*, was thrusting him out of the Room just as her Mother was coming in, which put the old Woman into such a fright, that she dropt down, crying, *Help, Help*. Her Daughter disturb'd at this Accident, and fearing her Father's return, whom she dreaded more than Death, immediately resolv'd to quit the House, and relying on *Riodan's* Fidelity and Discretion, to put herself into his Custody, and run all Hazards with him.

The



The Maid, who had carry'd on the Intrigue between them, fled in their Company, leaving her Mistress on the Ground, crying out till she was hoarse for help, which was all she could do. At length she awak'd all the Neighbours, and among the rest a Crony of her Husband's, who was the first that came in representing *Adam* and *Mars*, quite naked, with his Sword in one Hand and his Target in the other. He search'd and peep'd into all the Corners, Holes and Crannies of the House, but all the Pains he took, only serv'd to fright the Cats and tear the Cobwebs.

*Dorothy's* Father having drench'd the *Neapolitan* Gentleman with his cursed Potion, came home and found all in confusion, his Wife half dead, and his Friends standing about endeavouring to comfort her. Being told the cause of these strange Alarms, it touch'd him so near, that he stood a while as if he had been senseless and void of Motion. Let us leave them a while to recover themselves in the Arms of their Kindred and Friends, and go see what was the effect of the extravagant Purge, compos'd by the malicious Ingenuity of *Don Diego*, and so innocently taken by the poor *Neapolitan* Gentleman.

It hapned that the Medicine being stale, made up of decay'd Drugs, and administered before the Body was any way prepar'd for it, besides that the Patient's Stomach was loaded with the Supper he had eaten at night, it put the poor Gentleman

*The effects  
of the Po-  
tions*

into such Anguish, as if he had live Dogs within him, tearing his Bowels. He cry'd out incessantly for Mercy, and sometimes added, *O my God, this false Dog has murder'd me.* He continu'd all the remaining part of the Night in that grievous Anguish, and about eight in the Morning in came his Valet de Chambre, who was to look to him in his Sicknefs. He found his Master groaning in most dismal manner, and all the Servants condoling him; and enquiring into the cause of it, the whole blame was laid at his Door, for having sent the Apothecary, who put him into that Condition. He swore and protested he knew not what they said, that certainly this Misfortune had happen'd either through the Malice or Ignorance of the Apothecary, who always condemn'd the Physicians, saying, they did not prescribe proper Medicines for the Patient, and that it was likely he had prepar'd this Medicine of his own Head, without the Advice of the Physician; fancying he might work some Wonder, in hopes of a considerable Reward. This Notion was thought to be well groundd, and whilst they were discoursing of it, in came the Physician, who often visited this Patient because he gave better Fees than others. They ask'd, whether he had given any new Prescription for the sick Man; he answer'd, he had not, felt his Pulse, and being told what had happen'd, was in a strange Consternation. He presently gave the Gentleman something to carry off the Poyson he had

had in his Body, and by degrees eas'd him of his pains. This done, he went with the Valet de Chambre and acquainted the Colledge of Physicians with the Apothecary's offence, who complain'd to the Magistrates, representing to them how much the Publick was concern'd, whereupon they instantly issu'd out a Warrant for apprehending of the unfortunate Apothecary. Let us now go back and see what condition he is in.

When the first violent pangs of his Affliction were over, he began to take Heart, and resolv'd to use the utmost means for retrieving of his Honour, and revenging the affront he had receiv'd. After seriously reflecting on the whole Affair, he concluded that *Agrimont* had done him this wrong; this was the Name of the *Neapolitan* Gentleman's Valet de Chambre; and that the better to compass his design, he had sent him word to make hast and carry the Medicine, to get him out of his House, whereas it ought not to have been administer'd that day. He call'd to mind that he had often heard him commend his Daughter, declaring he had a great mind to offer her his Service; besides that he was not at his Master's when he gave him the Medecine, contrary to the duty of his place, and the care he always had at other times; so that upon all concurring circumstances, he could no longer doubt but it was *Agrimont* who had done him this wrong.

Upon this conceit away he went to a Lawyer, to whom he told the whole mat-



*The Apo-  
thecary  
apprehend-  
ed.*

ter, and what strong presumptions he had against *Agrimont*, and it being natural for those people to make a mighty crime of a small conjecture, and to conclude those guilty against whom there is but a slight suspicion; this Lawyer represented the Story so lively with his bloody Pen, and interspers'd it with so much shew of scandal, that upon view of it, the Judge issued out his Warrant for apprehending of the Party accus'd, to answer the crime laid to his charge. Master *Robert* follow'd his business so close and bestow'd his Money so freely in the pursuit, that before many hours were past he had serv'd his Warrant. He employ'd several Officers after *Agrimont*, and had him seiz'd with a great deal of noise and disturbance, tho' he could not imagine the cause of this hard usage. However, he had his revenge at the same time, for the Physician, who had inform'd against him, took no less care to see his Warrant serv'd, and he knowing as little as *Agrimont* why he was secur'd, imagin'd they took him for another, he made his Protestations, and threaten'd to sue all that were concern'd against him, but it all avail'd nothing, for he was clapt into Goal. His Friends came to see him, and told him the cause of his Confinement, and at whose Suite he was Imprison'd, whence he concluded it was only a piece of revenge of the *Neapolitan's* to clear his Valet de Chambre and get him out of Prison. The poor Glisterpipe broken with so many disasters in his old Age, and having such a power-

powerful Adversary to contend with, was cast down and fell into a burning Fever, which had like to have turn'd his Brain as it wasted his Body.

In the mean while *Agrimont* finding himself accus'd of House-breaking and Ravishing a Virgin of Reputation, was in as fair a way to run mad as his Adversary. His Master was much concern'd at his troubles, which went the nearer to his Heart, because he knew not how to live without him. He spar'd no Money to get him at liberty, and to punish the Apothecary at the same time. In short, for four days they were in strange confusion and trouble, during which time, madness and death were struggling whether should lay hold of their Persons; but at last, all these Riddles were expounded by one of those that were the Contrivers of them.

The amorous *Paris*, Ravisher of the beautiful *Dorothy*, was with her at *Toledo*, All set right. where he had generously perform'd the promise he left behind him unsign'd, when the unfortunate fall of the *Standish* hapen'd, he had given his Hand and Heart to *Dorothy* as her Husband; and having notice sent him by a Friend he confided in at *Madrid*, how many were in trouble upon his Account, he writ to Master *Robert*, calling him Father-in-law, and gave him an Account of the happy success of his Rape, and how great a value he had for his Daughter, whose Beauty and Discretion made him love her more than himself, and honour her as if she had

been a Princess; and to conclude, that in a very few days he hop'd to bring her to his presence, to beg his pardon, and at the same time his approbation of what she had done.

The Apothecary was so overjoy'd with this Letter, that as the grief for the loss of his Daughter had like to have been the death of him, so was he now in no less danger of losing his Life, through excess of Pleasure for having found her. He presently discharg'd *Agrimont*, stopp'd all proceedings against him, offering to pay all Costs and Charges, and to make him such amends for his Reputation as he should require. This done, *Agrimont* came out of Prison; but Master *Robert* still continu'd to be responsible, as a false Cook for the dangerous Mess he dish'd the *Neapolitan* Gentleman. Yet after much examination his simplicity was made to appear, and there having been too many Witnesses to *Don Diego's* Action, he was soon discover'd to be the Contriver of all that disorder, *Riodan* came to Town in the interim, and having been a Party concern'd in all the offence, made use of all his Interest, and laid out much Money to clear his Father-in-law, and at the same time put a stop to the Proceedings against *Don Diego*.

He soon got off the Apothecary, by virtue of a little Ointment of *Peru*, where-with he greas'd the Physician that prosecuted him; but he found more difficulty in delivering our Adventurer from the hands of Justice, for it was a hard matter  
to



to excuse him, after so many Follies and Extravagancies as he had been accus'd of, to the disturbance of several Persons. So that all the favour he could obtain, thro' the Mediation of powerful Intercessors and the much greater Authority of many double Pistoles bestow'd among the Officers, was to confine him to be at home at seven of the Clock in Winter, and at eight in Summer, with a strict Prohibition not to go abroad before day, under pain of being look'd upon and punish'd as a Night-walker, common Felon, and disturber of the publick Peace.

Thus our Adventurer was compell'd to endeavour to grow wiser, and to obey this decree for fear of farther shame; and this Order being yet but of a fresh date, he hitherto observes it exactly; but it is to be fear'd he will not be long kept within Bounds, but that he will be led away by his Natural Inclination, and inveterate ill Habits, which may perhaps afford Matter for a second Volume of his Life and wonderful Exploits.

T H E

---

The Pleasant  
**HISTORY**  
 OF THE  
 LIFE and ACTIONS  
 OF  
**PAUL,**

*The Spanish Sharper ;*

The Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds.

---

**BOOK I.**

---

**CHAP. I.**

*Gives an Account of his Birth and Country.*

**I** Was born at *Segovia*, my Father's Name was *Clement Paul*, a Native of the same Town ; I hope his Soul is in Heaven.  
 I

I need not speak of his Virtues, for those are known, but by Trade he was a Barber, tho' so high minded that he took it for an Affront to be call'd by that Name, chusing rather the Name of a Tanner of Jaws, or a Hair Cutter. They say he came of a good Stock, and his Actions show'd it. He was marry'd to *Aldonza Saturno de Rebollo*, Daughter to *Octavio de Rebollo Codillo*, and Grand-child to *Lepido Ziuraconte*. The Town foully suspected that she was of a Jewish Race, though she strongly urg'd the Names of her Progenitors to prove she descended from those three great Men that form'd the Triumvirate at *Rome*. She was very handsome, and so famous, that all the Ballad Rhimers of her time made Verses of her, which were sung about the Streets. She run through many Troubles, when first marry'd, and long after, for there were scandalous Tongues in the Neighbourhood that did not stick to say, that my Father was willing to wear the Horns, provided they were tipp'd with Gold. It was prov'd upon him, that whilst he was lathering the Beards of those he was to Trim, a small Brother of mine, about seven years of Age rifled their Pockets. The poor Child dy'd of a whipping he had in the Goal. My Father was much concern'd at the loss, because he was such a hopeful forward Boy. He was himself a while in Prison for some small Trifles of this Nature; but I am told he came off so honourably,



rably, that at his first walking abroad one went behind flapping the Flies off his Back, all the Mob of the Town follow'd huzzaring and saluting him with Turnep-tops and rotten Oranges, and the Ladies stood at their Windows to see him pass by ; for my Father always made a good Figure, either a-foot or a Horseback ; I do not speak it out of Vanity, for every Body knows I am not guilty of it.

*His Mother.*

My Mother, good Woman, had her share of Troubles. An old Woman that bred me, commending her one day, said, She was of such a taking Behaviour, that she bewitch'd all she had to do with ; but they say, she talk'd something concerning her being too familiar with a great He-Goat, which had like to have brought her to the Stake, to try whether she had any thing of the Nature of the Salamander, and could live in Fire. It was reported that she had an excellent hand at soldering crack'd Maidenheads, and disguising of grey Hairs. Some gave her the Name of a Pleasure-Broker, others of a Reconciler ; but the ruder sort, in coarse Language, call'd her down right Bawd, and universal Money-Catcher. It would make any Body in love with her to see with what a pleasant smiling Countenance she took this from all Persons. I shall not spend much time in relating what a penitential Life she led ; but she had a Room, into which no Body went besides herself, and sometimes I was admitted on account of my tender innocent

cent years, it was all beset with dead Mens Skulls, which she said were to put her in mind of Mortality, tho' others in spight to her pretended they were to put Tricks upon the living. Her Bed was corded with Halters, Malefactors had been hang'd in; and she us'd to say to me, D'ye see these things? I show them as Remembrances to those I have a kindness for, that they may take heed how they live and avoid coming to that end; so that there may not be the least Circumstance to convict them by.

My Parents had much bickering about me, each of them contending to have me brought up to their Trade; but I, who from my Infancy had more Gentleman-like Thoughts, apply'd my self to neither. My Father us'd to say to me, *My Child, this Business of Stealing is no mechanick Trade, but a liberal Art.* Then pausing, and fetching a sigh, he went on, *There is no living in this World without stealing. Why do you think the Constables and other Officers hate us as they do; why do they sometimes banish, sometimes whip us at the Cart's Tail, and at last hang us up like Flitches of Bacon; (I cannot refrain from Tears when I think of it, for the good old Man wept like a Child, remembering how often they had flogg'd him) the reason is because they would have no other Thieves among them but themselves and their Gang; but a sharp Wit brings us out of all dangers. In my younger days I ply'd altogether in the Churches, not out of any religious Zeal, and had been long ago Carted, but that I never told Tales tho' they put*  
*me*

me to the Rack; for I never confess'd but when our holy Mother the Church commands us. With this Business, and my Trade, I have made a Shift to maintain your Mother as decently as I could. You maintain me! answer'd my Mother, in a great Rage, for she was vex'd I would not learn to be a Wizard, it was I that maintain'd you, I brought you out of Prison by my Art, and kept you whilst there with my Money. You may thank the Potions I gave you for not confessing, and not your own Courage. My good Pots did the Feat, and were it not for fear I should be heard in the Streets, I would tell all the Story how I got in at the Chimney, and brought you out at the top of the House. Her Passion was so high that she would not have given over here, had not the String of a pair of Beads broke, which were all dead Mens Teeth she kept for private Uses. I told them very positively I would apply my self to Virtue, and go on in the good way I had propos'd, and therefore desir'd them to put me to School, for nothing was to be done without reading and writing, They approv'd of what I said, tho' they both mutter'd at it a while betwixt them. My Mother fell to stringing her dead Mens Teeth, and my Father went away, as he said, to trim one, I know not whether he meant his Beard or his Purse. I was left alone, praising God, that he had given me such ingenious Parents, and so zealous for my Advancement.



## C H A P. II.

*How I went to School, and what happen'd  
to me there.*

T H E next day my Primer was bought and my Schoolmaster bespoke, I went to School, and he receiv'd me with a pleasant Countenance, telling me, I had the looks of a sharp Lad, and witty. That he might not seem to be mistaken in his Judgment, I took care to learn my Lesson well that morning. My Master made me sit next to him, and appointed me a Monitor every day, because I came first, and went away last, staying behind to run on some Errands of my Mistress, so we call'd the Master's Wife, and thus I gain'd all their Affections. They favour'd me so much, that all the other Boys were envious. I made it my business to keep Company with Gentlemens Sons, above all others, but particularly with a Son of *Don Alonso Coronel de Zunniga*, I us'd to eat my Afternoons Luncheon with him, went to his House every Holy-day, and waited on him upon other days. The other Boys, either because I took no notice of them, or that they thought I aim'd too high, were continually giving of me Nick-names, relating to my Father's Trade. Some call'd me *Mr. Scrape*, others *Mr. Tickle-beard*. One, to excuse his Envy, would say, he hated me

me, because my Mother had suck'd two little Sisters of his in the Night ; another, that my Father had been sent for to his House to fright away the Vermin, for nothing was safe where he came. Some, as I pass'd by, cry'd out, *Cat* ; others, *Pus, Pus*, to signify my clawing Descent. Another would say, I threw two rotten Oranges at his Mother when she was carted. Yet for all their back-biting, I praise God, my shoulders were broad enough to bear it ; and tho' I was out of Countenance, yet I took no notice, but put all up, till one day a Boy had the impudence to call me, *Son of a Whore and Witch* ; he spoke it so plain, that tho' I had been glad it had been better wrapp'd up, I took up a Stone and broke his Head. Away I went running as fast as I could to my Mother to hide me, telling her all the Story. She said, *It was very well done of you, and like your self ; but you were in the wrong that you did not ask him, who told him so.* Hearing what she said, and having always had aspiring Thoughts, I turn'd to her, and said, *Mother, all that troubles me is, that some of the Standers-by told me I had no cause to be disturb'd at it ; and I did not ask them, whether they meant, because he was so young that said it.* I pray'd her to tell me, whether I could have given him the Lye with a safe Conscience, or whether I was begot in a huddle by a great many, or was the true Son of my Father. She smil'd and answer'd, *God a mercy Lad, are you so cunning already, you'll be no Fool, you have*

have sense enough; you did very well in breaking his Head, for such things are not to be said, tho' never so true. This struck me to the Heart, and I was so very much out of Countenance, that I resolv'd as soon as possible to lay hold of all I could, and leave my Father's House. However I dissimbled, my Father went and cur'd the Boy, all was made up and I went to School again. My Master receiv'd me in an angry manner, till being told the occasion of the Quarrel, his Passion was asswag'd, considering the provocation given me. *Don Alonso de Zunniga's* Son and I were very great all this while, because he had a natural Affection for me, and besides I us'd to change Tops and Gigs with him, if mine were better than his; I gave him any thing I had to eat, and never ask'd for what he had; I bought him Pictures, I taught him to wrestle, play'd at leap Frog with him, and was so obliging in all respects, that the young Gentleman's Parents observing how fond he was of my Company, would send for me almost every day to dine and sup, and sometimes to stay all Night with him.

It hapen'd one day about *Christmas*, as we *Sly Ignorance* were going to School, that a Counsellor, call'd *Poncio de Aguirre* pass'd by, little *Don Diego* seeing him, bid me call him *Pontius Pilate*, and run away when I had done. To please my Friend I did so, and the Man was so affronted at it, that he scour'd after me as hard as he could with a Knife in his

M hand



Hand to stab me; so that I was forc'd to take sanctuary in my Master's House, crying out with might and main. The Man was in as soon as I, my Master sav'd me, that he might not do me any mischief, promising to whip me, and was as good as his word, tho' my Mistress, in consideration of the great Service I did her, interceded for me. He bid me untruss, and every Lash he gave me, cry'd, *Will you ever call Pontius Pilate again?* I answer'd, *No Sir*, every time he put the Question, and it was such a Warning to me, that dreading the Name of *Pontius Pilate*, the next day when we were order'd to say our Prayers, according to custom, comming to the Belief, pray observe the innocent cunning, instead of saying, he suffer'd under *Pontius Pilate*, believing I was never more to name *Pilate*, I said, *He suffer'd under Pontius de Aguirre*. My Master burst out a laughing at my Simplicity, and to see how I dreaded the lashing, and embracing me, gave me a Note under his Hand, to forgive the two first Whippings I should deserve; which I took as a great favour of Fortune and Kindness in him.

*A great  
Disaster.*

To be brief, Twelftide came, and our Master, to divert the Boys, and make Sport, order'd that there should be a King among us, and we cast Lots for that Honour among twelve he had appointed for it. I was the lucky person it fell upon, and spoke to my Father and Mother to provide me fine Cloaths. When the day came,  
abroad

abroad I went upon a starv'd poor Jade of a Horse, that fell down upon his Knees at every Step, his Back look'd like a Saw, his Neck like a Camel's but somewhat longer, his Head like a Pig, only it had but one Eye, and that Moon-blind ; all this plainly shew'd the Knavery of his Keeper, who made him do Penance, and fast, cheating him of his Provender. Thus I went swinging from side to side, like a jointed Baby, with all the rest of the Boys after me, trickt up as fine as so many Puppets, till we came into the Market-place, the very naming of it scares me ; and comming to the Herb-women's Stalls, the Lord deliver us from them, my Horse, being half starv'd, snapp'd up a small Cabbage, which no sooner touch'd his Teeth, but it was down his Throat, tho' by reason of the length of his Neck, it came not into his Belly in a long time after. The Herb-Woman, like the rest of them, was an impudent Jade, set up the Cry, the others of the Trade flock'd about her, and among them abundance of the Scoundrels of the Market ; all these fell a pelting the poor King with Carrot and Turnep-tops, rotten Oranges, and all the Offal of the Market. Considering the Enemies Forces were all Foot, and therefore I ought not to charge them a Horseback, I would have alighted ; but my Horse receiv'd such a Shot in the Head, that as he went to rear, his strength failing him, we both came down into the Kennel. You may imagine what a con-

M 2

dition

dition I was in. By this time my Subjects the Boys, had arm'd themselves with Stones, and charging the Herb-women, broke two of their Heads. For my part, after my fall into the Kennel, I was good for little, unless it were to drive all from me with stink and nastiness. The Officers coming up seiz'd some of the Herb-women and of the Boys, searching them for their Weapons, which they took away, for some had drawn Daggers they wore for the greater show, and short Swords. They came to me, and seeing no Weapon about me, because I had taken them off and put them into a House to be clean'd, with my Hat and Cloak, one of them as'd me for my Arms, I answer'd in that filthy condition, that I had none but what were offensive to the Nose alone. I cannot but acquaint you, good Reader, by the by, that when they began to pelt me with the rotten Oranges, Turnep-tops, &c. my Hat being stuck with Feathers, as they do the Bauds in *Spain* when they cart them, I fancy'd they mistook me for my Mother, and thought they threw at her, as they had done several times before. This foolish Notion being got into my young Head, I began to cry out, *Good Women, tho' I wear Feathers in my Cap, I am none of Aldonza Saturna de Rebollo, She is my Mother.* As if they could not perceive that by my Shape and Face; however, the fright I was in may excuse my Ignorance, especially considering the Misfortune came so suddenly upon me. To  
return



return to the Officer; he would willingly have carry'd me to Prison, but did not, because he could not find a clean place to lay hold of me, for I was all over Mire. Some went one way and some another, and I went directly home from the Market-place, giving all I met by the way a most hellish Perfume. As soon as I got home I told my Father and Mother all the Story, who were in such a passion to see me in that nasty pickle, that they would have beat me. I excus'd my self the best I could, laying all the blame on the Skeleton Jade they had provided for me to ride; and finding nothing would appease them, left the House and went away to see my Friend *Don Diego*, whom I found at home, with a broken Head, and his Parents fully resolv'd for this reason, that he should go to School no more. There I was inform'd that my Steed finding himself in distress, summon'd up all the strength he had to salute his Enemies with his Heels, but was so weak that he put out both his Hips with the effort, and lay in the Dirt expiring. Considering that all the Sport was spoil'd, the Mob alarm'd, my Parents in a rage, my Friend's Head broken, and my Horse dead, I resolv'd to go no more to School, nor to my Father's House, but to stay and wait upon *Don Diego*, or rather to bear him Company, which his Parents were well pleas'd with, because their Son was so taken with me. I writ to my Father and Mother, telling them I had no need to go to School any longer,

longer, for tho' I could not write very well, that was no fault, because it was more becoming me who design'd to be a Gentleman, to write an ill Hand; and therefore from that time I renounc'd the School to save them Charges and their House, that they might have no trouble with me. I acquainted them where and in what Post I was in, and that I should see them no more till they gave me leave.

## C H A P. III.

*How I went to a Boarding-School to wait upon Don Diego Coronel.*

*Description of the Master.*

**D**ON ALONSO resolv'd to send his Son to a Boarding-School; both to wean him from his tender keeping at home, and at the same time to ease himself of that care. He was inform'd there was a Master of Arts in *Segovia*, whose Name was *Cabra*, that made it his business to breed up Gentlemens Sons. Thither he sent his, and me to wait on him. The first *Sunday* after *Lent* we were brought into the House of *Famine*, for it is impossible to express the Penury of the place. The Master was a perfect Skeleton, a meer shotten Herring, or like a long slender Cane with a little Head upon it, and red hair'd;

hair'd; so that there needs no more to be said to such as know the Proverb, *That neither Cat nor Dog of that Colour are good.* His Eyes almost sunk into his Pole, as if he had look'd through a prospective Glass, or the deep Windows in a Linnen Draper's Shop; his Nose turning up and somewhat flat, for the Bridge was almost carry'd away with an Inundation of a cold Rheum, for he never had the Pox because it costs Money; his Beard had lost its colour for fear of the Mouth, which being so near, seem'd to threaten to eat it for meer Hunger; his Teeth had many of them forsaken him for want of Employment, or else were banish'd for being idle Livers; his Neck as long as a Crane's, with the Gullet sticking out so far, as if it had been compell'd by necessity to start out for Sustenance; his Arms wither'd; his Hands like a bundle of Twigs, each of them taken downwards looking like a Fork, or a pair of Compasses with long slender Legs. He walk'd leisurely, and whensoever he happen'd to move any thing faster, his Bones rattl'd like a pair of Snappers. His Voice was weak and hollow; his Beard bushy and long, for he never trimm'd to save Charges, tho' he pretended it was so odious to him to feel the Barber's Hands all over his Face, that he could rather dye than endure it. One of the Boys always cut his Hair. In fair Weather he wore a thread-bare Cap an Inch thick in Grease and Dirt, made of a thing that was once Cloth, and lin'd in



Scurf and Dandruf. His Cassock some said was miraculous, for no Man knew what colour it was of; some seeing no sign of Hair on it, concluded it was made of Frogs Skins, others said it was a meer Shaddow, or a Phantome; near at hand it look'd somewhat black, and at a distance blueish. He wore no Girdle, Cuffs, nor Band, so that his long Hair and scanty, short Cassock, made him look like the Messenger of Death. Each Shoe might have serv'd for an ordinary Coffin. As for his Chamber, there was not so much as a Cobweb in it, the Spiders being all starv'd to Death. He put Spells upon the Mice, for fear they should gnaw some Scraps of Bread he kept. His Bed was on the Floor, and he always lay upon one Side, for fear of wearing out the Sheets; in short, he was the superlative degree of Avarice, and the very neplus of Want. Into this Prodigy's Hands I fell, and liv'd under him with *Don Diego*. The night we came he show'd us our Room, and made us a short Speech, which was no longer out of meer good Husbandry. He told us how we were to behave our selves, and the next Morning we were employ'd till Dinner-time; thither we went, the Masters din'd first, and the Servants waited. The Dining-room was as big as a half Peck, five Gentlemen eat in it at one Table: I look'd about for the Cats, and seeing none, ask'd a Servant who was an old Stander, and in his Leanness bore the Mark of the Boarding-School, how it came they

they

they had none. The Tears stood in his Eyes, and he said. *What do you talk of Cats? Pray who told you that Cats lov'd Penance and Mortification? Your fat Sides show you are a new Commer.* This to me was the beginning of Sorrow, but I was worse scar'd when I observ'd that all those who were before us in the House, look'd like so many Pictures of death. Master *Cabra* said Grace and fate down, and they eat a Meal which had neither begin-*The Dyer,*ning nor end. They brought the Broth in Wooden Dishes, but it was so clear that a Man might have seen to the bottom had it been ten Fathom to it. I observ'd how eagerly they all div'd down after a poor single Pea that was in every Dish. Every sip he gave, *Cabra* cry'd, *By my troth there is no dainty like the Olla, or boil'd Meat and Broth. Let the World say what it will, all the rest is meer Gluttony and Extravagancy.* As soon as the words were out of his Mouth, he farted out all the Porrenger of Broth, saying, *This is good for the Health and sharpens the Wit.* A curse on thee and thy Wit, thought I, and at the same time saw a Servant like a walking Ghost, and no more substantial, bring in a Dish of Meat, which look'd as if he had pick'd it off his Bones. Among it was one poor stray Turnip, at whose sight the Master said, *What have we Turnips to day, no Partridge is, in my opinion, to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to see you eat.* He gave every one such a wretched Bit of Mutton, that I believe it all stuck to their Nails and between their  
Teeth

Teeth, so that no part of it ever descended down into their Stomachs or Bellies. *Cabra* look'd on and said, *Eat heartily, for it is a pleasure to me to see what good Stomachs you have.* Pray do but think what a comfort this was for them that were pining with hunger. When Dinner was over, there remain'd some scraps of Bread on the Table, and a few bits of Skin and Bones in the Dish, and the Master said, *Let this be left for the Servants, they must dine too, it is not for us to gormandize all.* A vengeance on thee, and may what thou hast eaten choak thee, thou wretched Miser, thought I, what a consternation have you put my Guts into. He gave thanks and said, *Now let us give way to the Servants, and do you go use some exercise till two of the Clock, lest your Dinner do you harm.* I could no longer forbear laughing for my Life, but burst out into a loud Fit. He was very angry, and bid me learn to behave my self modestly, ripping up two or three old mouldy Sentences, and so went his way. We sate down, and I seeing such short commons, and hearing my Guts roar for Provender, being cunning and stronger than the rest, clapt both Hands in the Dish, as others did, and whipp'd down two scraps of Bread out of three, there were left, and one Skin. The others began to mutter and making a noise, in came *Cabra*, saying, *Eat lovingly together like Brethren, since God provides for you, do not fall out, for there is enough for you all.* This said, he return'd to Sun himself and left us to our selves. I declare it, there



there was one of these Servants, his Name *Surre*, a *Biscayner*, who had so absolutely forgot the way and method of eating, that he put a small bit of Crust, which fell to his share, to his Eyes twice, and knew not the third time how to carry it to his Mouth. I ask'd for drink, the rest who had scarce broke their fast never thinking of it, and they gave me a Dish with some Water, which I had no sooner laid to my lips but the sharp-gutted Lad I spoke of snatch'd it away, as if I had been *Tantalus*, and that the flitting River he stands in up to the Chin. I got up from the Table in most sorrowful manner, perceiving I was in a House, where they drank to the Guts, but would not permit them to pledge. I had occasion to untruss, tho' I had not din'd, and ask'd an old Stander, for the Necessary House,; he answer'd, he knew not where any was, *There is no such thing*, said he, *in this House, you may ease your self any where this one time, for you will never have occasion again as long as you stay. I have been here two Months and never did any such thing, after the first day, when I parted with the Supper I had eaten at home.* It is impossible to express my trouble and concern; and considering how little was like to go into my Belly, I durst not, tho' hard press'd, to let go what was there already.

Thus we past on till night. *Don Diego* <sup>The Supper.</sup> ask'd me how he should do to perswade his Guts that they had din'd, for they would not believe it. That House was an Hospital

tal of dizzy Heads, proceeding from empty Stomachs, as others are of Surfeits. Supper time came, for Afternoonings were never heard of there, it was much shorter than the Dinner, and not Mutton, but a little roasted Goat, sure the Devil could never have contriv'd worse. Our starveling Master *Cabra* said, *It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light Suppers, that the Stomach may not be overburthen'd; and then he quoted some curs'd Physician that was long since in Hell.* He extoll'd spare Dyet, alledging that it prevented uneasy Dreams; tho' he knew that in his House it was impossible to dream of any thing but eating. Our Masters and we suppd, but in reality none of us suppd. We went to Bed, and neither *Don Deigo* nor I could sleep one wink all that night; for he lay contriving how to complain to his Father that he might remove him, and I advising him so to do, and at last I said to him. *Pray Sir, are you sure we are alive, for to tell you the truth, I have a strong fancy that we were slain in the Battle with the Herb-women, and are now Souls suffering in Purgatory, in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your Father's fetching us away, without he has our Souls pray'd out of this Place of punishment.* Having spent the whole night in this discourse, we got a little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise, six a Clock struck, *Cabra* call'd, and we all went to School; but when I went to dress me, my Doublet was two Handfuls too big, and my Breeches, which before were close, now hung so loose as if they had been

none

*Hunger  
describ'd.*

none of my own. My very Teeth were already all firr'd, and look'd as yellow as Amber, such a wonderful change had one day wrought. When we came to School, I was order'd to decline some Nouns, and was so wonderful hungry, that I eat half my words, for want of more substantial Diet. Any Man will easily believe this, who does but hear what *Cabra's* Man told me, which was, that at his first coming he saw two great Flanders Geldings brought into the House, and two days after, they went out perfect Racers, so light, that the very Wind would carry them away; that he saw Mastive Dogs come in, and in less than three hours they went out converted into Grey-hounds. That one *Lent*, he saw abundance of Men, some thrusting their Heads, some their Feet, and some their whole Bodies into the Porch, and this continu'd a long time, very many People flocking from all Parts to do so; and that he asking one day what could be the meaning of it, *Cabra* was very angry, but one in the Crowd answer'd, some of those People are troubled with Chilblains, others with the Itch, and others with Lice, all which Distempers and Vermin dy'd as soon as they came into that House, so that they never felt them no more. He assur'd me this was very true, and I who was acquainted with the House believe it, which I am fain to take notice of, lest what I say should be look'd upon as an Hyperbole.

To



To return to the School, he set us our Lesson, and we conn'd it and so we went on in the same course of Life I have here deliver'd, only that our Master added Bacon in the boiling of his Pot, because going abroad one day, he was told that to boil Meat without Bacon, betoken'd a scandalous race descended either from *Moors* or *Jews*. For this reason he provided a small tin Case all full of holes, like a Nutmeg Grater, which he open'd and put in a bit of Bacon that fill'd it, then shutting the Box close, hung it with a string in the Pot, that some relish of it might come through the holes, and the Bacon remain for the next day. Afterwards he thought this too great an expence, and therefore for the future, only dipp'd the Bacon into the Pot. It is easy to guess what a Life we led with this sort of Diet and Usage. *Don Diego* and I were in such a miserable condition, that since we could find no relief as to eating, after a month was expir'd, we contriv'd at least, not to rise so early in the morning, and therefore resolv'd to pretend we were sick but not Feverish, because that Cheat we thought would be easily discover'd. The Head or Tooth-ach were inconsiderable Distempers; at last we said we had the Gripes, and were sick for want of going to stool in three days, believing that rather than be at a penny Charges, our Master would apply no Remedy. The Devil order'd worse than we expected, for *Cabra* had an old Receipt, which descended to him by

Paul and  
his Master  
pretend to  
be sick.

Inhe-

Inheritance from his Father, who was an Apothecary. As soon as he was told our Distemper, he prepar'd a Glisten, and sending for an old Aunt of his, threescore and ten years of Age, that serv'd him for a Nurse upon occasion, order'd her to give each of us a Potion backwards. She began with *Don Diego*, the poor wretch shrunk up, and the old Jade being blind, and her Hands shaking, instead of giving it him inwardly, let it fly betwixt his Shirt and his Back up to his very Pole; so that became an outward Ornament, which should have serv'd for a lining within. The young Man cry'd out, in came *Cabra* and seeing what had happen'd, order'd I should be serv'd next, and they would come again to *Don Diego*. I was dressing my self very hastily, but all would not do, for *Cabra* and others held me, whilst the old Woman gave it me, but I to requite her kindness return'd it all into her Face. *Cabra* was in a rage with me, and said he would turn me out of his House, for he plainly saw it was all a Cheat, but I was not so fortunate. We complain'd to *Don Alonso*, and *Cabra* made him believe we did it out of Idleness, because we would not mind our Book. Thus all our Hopes and Intreaties came to nothing, our Master took the old Woman into the House to dress the Meat and look after the Boarders, turning away his Man, because he spy'd some crumbs of Bread on his Coat upon a *Friday* Morning. Only God knows how we were plagu'd with the old Woman. She was so  
deaf

*Their Cure*

deaf that she heard nothing, but understood by Signs, tho' she was half blind, and such an everlasting Prayer, that one day the String of her Beads broke over the Pot as it was boiling, and our Broath came to Table sanctify'd. Some said these are certainly black *Ethiopian* Pease, others cry'd they were in mourning, and wonder'd what Relation of theirs was dead. Our Master happen'd to bite one of them, and it pleas'd God he broke his Teeth.

*Death of  
a Boarder.*

On *Fridays* the old Woman would dress us some Eggs, but so full of her reverend grey Hairs, that they appear'd no less Aged than herself. It was a common practise with her to dip the Fire Shovel into the Pot instead of the Ladle, and to serve up Porrengers of Broth stuff'd with Coles, Vermin, Chips, and the Hurds of Flax she us'd to Spin, all which she threw in to fill up and cram the Guts. In this misery we continu'd till the next Lent, at the beginning of which one of our Companions fell sick. *Cabra*, to save Charges, delay'd sending for a Physician, till the Patient was just giving up the Ghost, and desir'd to prepare for another World; then he call'd a young Quack, who felt his Pulse and said, Hunger had been beforehand with him and prevented his killing that Man. They gave him the Sacrament, and the dying Man, who had not spoke in four and twenty hours, seeing it, cry'd out, O my Saviour nothing but the seeing of you in this House could have perswaded me but it was Hell. These were his



his last words, the poor Lad dy'd and was bury'd poorly, because he was a Stranger. This struck a Terror into all that liv'd in the House, the dismal Story flew all about the Town, and came at last to *Don Alonso Coronel's* Ears; who having no other Son, began to be convinc'd of *Cabra's* Inhumanity and to give more credit to the words of two meer shadows, for we were no better at that time. He came to take us from the Boarding School, and ask'd for us, tho' we stood before him, so that finding us in such a deplorable conditon he gave our Pinch-gut Master some hard words. We were carry'd away in two Chairs, taking leave of our famish'd Companions, who follow'd us as far as they could with their Eyes and Wishes, lamenting and bewailing as those do who remain Slaves at *Argier* when their other Associates are ransom'd.

---

C H A P. IV.

*Don Diego and his Man rescu'd from the Jaws of Famine and recover'd, are sent to the University of Alcala; their pleasant Adventure by the way.*

W H E N we came to *Don Alonso's* House they laid us very gently into two Beds, for fear of rattling our Bones, they were so bare with Starving, then with magnifying

N

nifying Glasses, they began to search all about our Faces for our Eyes, and were a long time before they could find out mine, because I had suffer'd most, being treated like a Servant, and consequently mine was superlative hunger. Physicians were call'd, who order'd the Dust should be wip'd off our Mouths with Fox-tails, as if we had been Paintings, and indeed we look'd like the Picture of Death; and that we should be nourish'd with good Broths and light Meats, for fear of overloading our weak Stomachs. Who can be able to express the rejoycing there was in our Guts the first good Soup that we tasted, and afterwards when we came to eat some Fowl? All these things were to them unknown Novelties. The Doctors gave order, that for nine days, no Body should talk in our Chamber, because our Stomachs were so empty, that the least word return'd an Echo in them. These and such like precautions us'd, caus'd our Spirits to return to us in some measure; but our Jaws were so tann'd and shrivell'd up that there was no stretching of them, and therefore care was taken that they should be every day gently forc'd out, and as it were, set upon the Last with the bottom of a Pestle. In a few days we got up to try our Limbs, but still we look'd like the Shaddows of other Men, and so lean and pale, as if we were lineally descended from the Fathers in the Desert. We spent the whole day in praising God for having deliver'd us out of the  
Clutches

Clutches of the most Inhuman *Cabra*, and offer'd up our earnest Prayers that no Christian might ever fall into that miserable Thralldom. If ever, when we were eating, we happen'd to think of the miserable Boarding School Table, it made us so hungry, that we devour'd twice as much as at any other time. We us'd to tell *Don Alonso*, how, when *Cabra* sat down to Table, he would inveigh against Gluttony, tho' he never knew any thing of it in his Life; and he laugh'd heartily when we inform'd him, that in speaking of the Commandment, *Thou shalt not kill*, he made it extend to Partridges and Capons, and such other Dainties as never came within his Doors; and even to killing of hunger, which he certainly counted a heinous Sin, and therefore had an aversion against all eating. We were three whole Months upon our recovery, and at the end thereof, *Don Alonso* began to think of sending his Son to *Alcala* to finish his Humanity. He ask'd me whether I would go, and I thinking I could never be far enough from that Inhuman Monster of Misery and Famine, offer'd to serve his Son faithfully, as experience should shew. He provided him another Servant in the nature of a Steward to look to him, and give an account of the Money he sent for his Expences <sup>*Journey*</sup> to *Alcala*, by Bill upon one *Julian Merluzza*. We put all our Equipage into a Cart belonging to one *Deigo Monge*, it consisted of a small Bed for our Master, and a Truckle-bed to run under it, for me and the Steward, whose



*Cheat the  
first night  
on the Way*

Name was *Aranda*, five Quilts, four pair of Sheets, eight Pillows, four Hangings, a Trunk of Linnen, and other Furniture for a House. We went our selves into a Coach in the Evening, a little before Night-fall; and about Mid-night come to the ever accurs'd lone Inn of *Viveros*. The Innkeeper was of Moorish race, and a down-right Thief, and all my Life I never saw Cat and Dog so peaceable as that day. He receiv'd us very lovingly, because he and the Carters went snacks, for we travell'd so slowly, that they were there before us. He came to the Coach-side, gave me his Hand to alight, and ask'd me, *Whether I was going to the University*; I told him *I was*. He put me into the House where two Sharpers were with some Wenches, a Curate praying by them, an old covetous Shop-keeper endeavouring to spare his Supper, and two scoundrel shabby Schollars, contriving how to fill their Bellies free cost. My Master, as being the last comer, and but a Boy, said, *Landlord, get what you have in the House for me and two Servants. We are all your Servants Sir*, said the Sharpers, *and will wait on you. Here, Landlord, take notice this Gentleman will satisfy you, fetch out all you have in the Larder*. This said, one of them stepp'd up to *Don Diego*, and taking off his Cloak, lay'd it by, saying, *Pray Sir, sit down and rest you*. This puff'd me up so full of vanity, that the Inn was too little to hold me. One of the Damsels said, *What a curious shap'd Gentleman it is, is he going to his Studies? Are you his Servant Sir? I fancy-*  
ing

ing that every word they said was sincere, answered, *That I and the other were both his Servants.* They ask'd me his Name, and it was scarce out of my Mouth before one of the Schollars went up to him with Tears in his Eyes and embracing him, as if he had been his Brother, said, *O my dear Don Diego, who would have thought, ten years ago, to have seen you thus, Unhappy Man, I am in such a condition that you will not know me.* My Master and I were both amaz'd and swore we had never seen him in our days. The Scholar's Companion star'd *Don Diego* in the Face, and said to his Friend, *Is this the Gentleman of whose Father you told me so many Stories ; it is extraordinary fortunate that we have met him and know him, he is grown very tall, God bless him.* With this he began to bless himself, and seem'd so overjoy'd, that any Man would have thought we had been brought up together. *Don Diego* made him many Compliments, and as he was asking him his Name, out came the Inn-keeper and laid the Cloth, and understanding the banter, said, *Let that alone and talk of it after Supper, for the Meat will be cold.* One of the Sharpers stepp'd up and set Stools for every body, and an arm Chair for *Don Diego*, the other of them brought in a Dish. The Scholars said, *Do you sup Sir,* and whilst they dress what the House affords for us, we will wait on you at Table. God forbid, answer'd *Don Diego*, pray Gentlemen sit down if you please. The Sharpers, tho' he did not speak to them, readily answer'd, *Presently*

*good Sir, all is not ready yet.* When I saw some invited and the others invite themselves, my Heart was in my Mouth, and I dreaded what came to pass; for the Scholars laying hold of the Sallad, which was a good Dish-ful, and looking upon my Master, said, it would be unreasonable that these Ladies should be left supperless, where a Gentleman of such Quality is. *Pray Sir, give them leave to take a bit.* My Master, like a true Cully, invited them to partake. They sate down, and between the Schollars and them, there was but one single Lettice, of all the Sallad, left in a trice; which last bit *Don Diego* had, and as the damn'd Student gave it him, he said, *Sir, you had a Grandfather, who was my Father's Uncle, that sounded at the sight of a Lettice, he was a Man of such an odd Disposition.* This said, he tumbl'd down a Brick of Bread, and his Companion did the like. The Damsels had made a great hole in a good Loaf; but yet the poor Curate eat more than all of them with his Eyes and Wishes. The Sharper bringing in a whole Side of Kid roasted, and a Dish of Pigeons and Bacon boyl'd, took their places at the Table, saying to the Priest, *Why Father, what makes you stand there? Draw near and reach a bit, for Don Diego treats us all.* No sooner were the words spoken, but he sate down. When my Master perceiv'd that they had all intruded upon him, he began to be much concern'd. They divided the Spoil, giving *Don Diego* some few Bones to pick,



pick, the rest the Curate and the others devour'd. The Sharpers said, *Pray Sir, do not eat too much supper, lest it does you harm;* and the cursed Schollar answer'd, *Besides Sir, you must begin to practise to be abstemious, considering the Life you are to lead at Alcala.* I and the other Servant pray'd heartily that God would put it into their Hearts to leave something; and when they had devour'd every bit, and the Curate was picking the Bones over again, one of the Sharpers turn'd about and said. *God bless us, we have left nothing for the Servants; come hither Gentlemen. Here, Landlord, give them all the House affords, take this Pistole to pay for it.* Up started immediately my Master's confounded imaginary Kinsman, I mean the Schollar, saying, *With your leave good Sir, I must tell you, I fear your Breeding is not much; 'tis a sign you are not acquainted with my Cousin, he will provide for his own Servants and for ours too, if we had any, as he has done for us. Be not in a passion, Sir, reply'd the other, we did not know so much before.* When I saw all this fly dissimulation, I began to curse them, and thought I should never have done. The Cloth was taken away, and they all desir'd *Don Diego* to go to Bed; he would have paid for the Supper, and they answer'd, *In the Morning will be time enough.* They stay'd a while chatting together, my Master ask'd the Schollar his Name, and he answer'd, *Don something Coronel.* The Devil confound the deceitful Dog, wheresoever he is. Then

*A scurvy  
Trick put  
upon a  
per-Traveller.*

perceiving that the griping Shop-keeper was asleep, he said, *Will you have a little Sport, Sir, to make you laugh? Let us put some Trick upon this old Fellow, who has eaten but one Pear upon the Road, and is as rich as a Jew.* The Sharpers cry'd, *God a Mercy, Master Licentiate, do so, it is but reason.* With this Approbation he drew near the poor sleeping old Fellow, and slipt a Wallet from under his Feet, unty'd it, and took out a Box, all the Company flocking about, as if it had been lawful Prize, taken in War. He open'd it and found it full of Lozenges, all which he took out and supply'd their place with Stones, Chips, and any Rubbish that came next to hand. Then he eas'd himself atop of all that, and over the Excrement laid about a dozen of little glittering Stones there are among some fine Lime in Spain, with which they plaister the out-sides of Houses, and it glitters in the Sun like bits of Glasse. This done, he shut up the Box, and said, I have not done yet, for he has a leather Bottle, out of which he pour'd all the Wine, only some little he left in the bottom, and then stuff'd it up with Tow and Wooll and stopp'd it. The Schollar put all again into the Wallet, and a great Stone into the Hood of his travelling Coat, and then he and all the rest went to Bed, to sleep about an hour, or little more.

When it was time to set out, all the Company wak'd and got up, and still the old Man slept; they call'd him, and he could

could not get up for the weight of the Stone that was in his Hood. He look'd to see what it was, and the Inn-keeper pretended to quarrel with him, saying, *God is my Life, could you pick up nothing else to carry away Father but this Stone. I had been finely serv'd, Gentlemen, if I had not discover'd it; I value it above an hundred Crowns, because it is good for the pain in the Stomach.* The old Man swore and bann'd that he had not put it into his Hood. The Sharpers reckon'd up the Bill, which came to six Crowns; but the best Arithmetician in Christendom could never have made out that Sum. The Scholars ask'd what Service they could do us at *Alcala*; the Reckoning was paid, we breakfasted, and the old Man took up his Wallet; but for fear we should see what he had in it, and so he might be oblig'd to distribute any, he unty'd it in the dark under his great Coat, and laid hold of a bit of Lime well daub'd, which he clapt into his Mouth, and going to cranch it with a Tooth and a half he had, was like to lose 'em both. He began to spit and make Faces, what with the pain, and what with the loathsome bit he had put into his Mouth. We all went up to him, and the Curate, among the first, asking, What ail'd him? He began to curse and swear, dropt down the Wallet, and the Schollar came up to him, saying, *Go behind me Satan, here is the Cross.* The other open'd a Breviary, and would perswade him he was possesst, till at last he told what ail'd him, and begg'd they would  
give



give him leave to wash his Mouth with some Wine he had in his Leather-bottle. They let him go, he open'd his Bottle, and pouring into a small dish, out came a little Wine so hairy and full of Tow, that there was no drinking, or enduring the sight of it. Then the old Man fell a raving beyond measure, but seeing all the Company burst their sides with laughing, he was fain to grow Calm, and get up into the Waggon with the Sharpers and Wenches. The Curate and Schollars mounted on Asses, and we went into the Coach. We were scarce gone from the door before they all began to banter and ridicule us, declaring the Trick they had put upon us. The Inn-keeper cry'd, *Good Master Fresh-water Schollar, a few of these handfels will make you old and wise.* The cursed Schollar said, *Pray Cousin, the next time scratch when it itches, and not afterwards.* In short, every one had his saying; but we thought best to take no notice, tho' God knows we were quite out of Countenance. At length we got to *Alcala* and alighted at an Inn, where we spent all that day, for we came in at nine in the Morning, in reckoning up the Particulars of our last Supper, but could never make the account.

## C H A P. V.

*Our entrance into Alcala, the Reception we had, paying for our Freedom, and what Tricks they put upon me, as being a new Comer.*

TOWARDS the Evening before it was <sup>The House</sup> dark, we left the Inn to go to the <sup>at Alcala.</sup> House that had been hir'd for us, which was without St. James's Gate, in a Court full of abundance of Schollars; but in our House there were only three Families of us. The Owner or Landlord of it was one of those who believe in God out of complaisance, or only in outward show, such as they vulgarly call'd *Morisco's*, because descended from the *Moors*, for there are abundance of this sort of People, and of those that have great Noses, and cannot endure the scent of Bacon. Yet I do not by this mean to reflect upon the People of Quality, which are there very numerous and unspotted in Blood. The Landlord receiv'd me with a worse Countenance than if I had been an Inquisitor; I know not whether he did it to make us respect him the more, or whether it was the Nature of the Beast, for it is no wonder they should be ill Natur'd who are of such bad Principles. We brought in our Goods, made the Beds, and rested that Night. When it was day, all the Schollars in the House came

*Garnish at  
the Uni-  
versity.*

*Filthy  
Fest.*

came in their Shirts to demand Entrance Money of my Master. He being an utter Stranger to that Affair, ask'd me, What it was they would be at? whilst I at the same time, for fear of what might happen, thrust my self between two Quilts, with only half my head out, like a Tortoise. They demanded a couple of Crowns, which were given them, and they set up a hellish Cry, singing, *Long live our Companion, and let him be admitted into our Friendship; Let him enjoy all the Privileges of a Freeman, and be allow'd to have the Itch, to be greasy, and as hungry as we are.* This said, pray observe the Priviledges, they all tumbled down the Stairs, we drest our selves and set out for the Schools. My Master was conducted by some Collegians, his Father's Friends, and so took his place in the School; but I being to go to another place went all alone, and began to quake for fear. I had scarce set my Foot into the great Court, before they all fac'd me, and began to cry, *A Novice.* The better to colour the matter I fell a laughing, as if I had not regarded it; but it avail'd me not, for eight or nine of them standing about me began to grin and laugh out. I blush'd, would to God I had not, for immediately one that was next me clapt his hand to his Nose, and stepping aside, said, *This Lazarus is not rais'd from the dead, he stinks so.* Then they all stood off stopping their Noses. I thinking to escape that way held my Nose too, and said, *You are in the right, Gentlemen, here is a great stink.* They all burst out a laughing,



laughing, and getting farther off, gather'd about an hundred strong. They began to hawk and give the alarm with their Throats, and by their coughing and opening and shutting of their Mouths, I perceiv'd they were preparing a Volley of Glaunders for me. By this time a brawny bumkin Schollar, who had got a Cold, saluted me with a dreadful one, saying, *Thus I begin.* Seeing my self beyond all hope of Redress, I cry'd out, I vow to God you shall ——— I would have spoke out the rest, but there fell such a loathsome shower upon me, that I could not utter a word more. I had cover'd my Face with my Cloak, and stood such a fair mark that they all shot at me, and no doubt but it was worth while to see how they took their aim. By this time I was dawb'd all over from Head to Foot; but a fly Dog, observing that I was cover'd, and had nothing on my Face, came running towards me, crying out, as if he had been in a Passion, *Enough, do not murder him.* I thinking by their usage that they had really design'd it, uncover'd my self to see how the case stood, and that very moment the Villain, who made all that noise, shot a Glander just betwixt my two Eyes. Consider what an anguish I was in, the Hellhounds gave such a shout, that it quite amaz'd me; and I concluded, from their cleansing of their Stomacks upon me, that to save the charge of Apothecaries and Doctors, they took the advantage of new Comers to purge themselves. After all this, they would have neck'd me as they do

do Rabbits to kill them; but there was no touching me, without carrying off some part of their loathsome Bounty, which hung all about my wretched Cloak, then turn'd grey with Filth, tho' it came in black. They left me looking all over like an old Man's spitting Sheet; I went home, tho' I scarce knew the way, and it was good luck that this happen'd in the morning, for I met but two or three Boys, who, I believe, were good natur'd, for they only threw half a dozen dirty Clouts at me and went their ways. I got into the House, and the Moorish Landlord seeing me, fell a laughing, and made shew as if he would have spit upon me, which I dreading, cry'd out, *Hold, Landlord, for I am not the Picture of Christ.* Would to God I had never said it, for he laid me on several Pounds with the Weights he had in his hand. Having got this good help, besides all the rest, tho' half reveng'd, I went up, and was a long time before I could find out where to take hold of my Cloak or Cassock. At last, I took them off, hang'd them up in a Gallery, and laid me down upon the Bed.

*Another  
misfor-  
tune.*

My Master coming in found me asleep, and not knowing of my loathsome Disaster was in a Passion, and fell a tugging me by the Hair so furiously, that had I not wak'd immediately he had made me bald before my time. I started up, crying out, and complaining, and he still more passionate, said, Is this the Service I am to expect from you, *Paul!* I must turn a new Card.

This

This went to my Heart, and I answer'd, *You are a great Comfort to me, Sir, in my Afflictions; do but see what a condition that Cloak and Cassock are in, which have serv'd for Handkerchiefs to the filthiest Noses, and spitting Sheets to the foulest Throats that ever poison'd clean Linnen.*

This said I fell a weeping, which he perceiving, believ'd me, look'd for the Cassock, and seeing it, took pity on me and said, *Paul look out sharp, and take care of yourself, for you have no Father or Mother to take your part here.* I told him all that had befallen me, and he order'd me to strip and go to my Chamber, where four Servants of the other Lodgers in the House lay. I went to Bed and slept, and being refresh'd with that and a good Supper, I found myself as well as if nothing had happen'd to me. But when Misfortunes begin to fall, there is such a Series of them link'd together, as if they would never have an end. The other Servants came to Bed, who all saluted and ask'd me, Whether I was sick, and what made me so soon a Bed? I told them the whole Story, and immediately, as if they had been Innocence it self, they began to bless themselves, and said,

*Was there ever such Wickedness acted? This* Schollars  
*would not be tolerated among Infidels. Another* play ano-  
*cry'd, The Proctors are in the Fault, that they* ther scur-  
*do not take care to prevent it. Shall you know* vy Prank.  
*them again?* I answer'd, I should not, and thank'd them for the kindness they seem'd to show me. This discourse held till they stripp'd, went to Bed, put out the Candle,  
and



and I fell asleep, as if I had been with my Mother and Brothers. It was about twelve a Clock I believe, when one of them wak'd me, roaring out in dismal manner, *Help, help, they kill me, Thieves.* At the same time there was a noise in his Bed of talking, and lashes. I held up my head, and said, *What is the matter there?* As soon as ever I uncover'd my self, they laid me on the Back with mighty Cat of Nine-Tails. I cry'd out, would have got up; the other complain'd as much as I, but they only flogg'd me. I call'd out to God for Vengeance, but the lashes fell so thick upon me, they having pull'd all the Cloaths off me, that I had no other Refuge but to creep under the Bed. I did so, and immediately the other three, who seem'd to sleep began all to roar out, and I hearing the lashes still, concluded that some Stranger scourg'd us all. In the mean while the Hell-hound that was next me skipp'd into my Bed, and laid his Tail in it, covering it over, and then got into his own Bed. This done the lashes ceas'd, and all four of them got up, crying out amain, It is a great Villany, and not to be endur'd. Still I lay under my Bed, whining like a Dog that is pinch'd in a door, and shrinking my self all up, as if I had been drawn together by the Cramp. The others made as if they had shut the door; then I crept out, got into my Bed again, and asking, whether any of them was hurt, they all complain'd bitterly. I lay down, cover'd my self up  
to

warm and fell asleep again; and happening to tumble about in my sleep, when I wak'd I found my self all daub'd up to my very Neck. They all got up, and I pleaded the Flogging for an excuse to lie a Bed. The Devil himself could not turn me from one side. I was full of Confusion, considering, whether the Fright and Disorder had occasion'd my committing that beastliness, or whether I did it in my sleep. In short, I was innocent and guilty at the same time, and knew not what excuse to make for my self. My Chamber-Fellows drew near to me complaining, and sily ask'd me, How I did; I answer'd, I was very ill; for I had been cruelly lash'd; and enquir'd of them, What the meaning of it could be? They reply'd, *We will answer for it, whosoever it was shall not carry it to Heaven, nor Hell; for the Cunning Man will tell us all; but waving that, let us see whether you are not hurt, for you made a piteous Complaint.* So saying, they went about to take off the Bed-cloaths to expose me. By this time my Master came in, saying, *Shall I never make any good of you, Paul? It is eight of the Clock and you are a Bed still. Rise you shameless Scoundrel.* The Knaves, the better to impose upon me, told *Don Diego* the whole Story, and desir'd him to let me rest; but one of them added, *If you will not believe me, Sir, let us see Brother;* and then he laid hold of the Bed-cloaths to uncover me. I held fast with Teeth and Hands, for fear of discovering the filthy Secret; and when they

O

found

found that way would not do, one of them cry'd, *Ads bobs, what a stink is here ; Don Diego* said so too, because it was Matter of Fact ; and then they all began to look about the Room, whether there was ever a Close-stool, or other Filth, saying there was no enduring of the place ; and one of them added, *We shall have a fine time of it to study in this Room.* They look'd into the Beds, and remov'd them all to see under, and then said, *Doubtless there is something under Paul's Bed, let us remove him into one of ours and look there.* I perceiving this was like to be unavoidable, and that they were just going to lay hands on me, pretended I had a Fit of the Falling-Sickness, lay'd about me on all hands, and made strange Faces. They understanding the Cheat, took the faster hold of me, crying, *What a pity it is.* Don Diego held and pull'd by my middle Finger, accounted a help in that Distemper ; and so at length between them all five they rais'd me up, and when they laid open the Sheets, all smear'd and daub'd from the Head to the Feet, they burst out into such a loud Laughter, that the Room eccho'd. *Poor Lad,* cry'd the impudent Scoundrels, whilst I pretended to be in a swoon ; *pull him hard, Sir, by that middle Finger,* and my Master thinking he did me some signal Service, tugg'd till he put it out of Joint. The others propos'd cramping my Thighs, to fetch me to my self, saying, *Alas poor Lad, no doubt but he besoul'd himself just now when the Fit came upon him.*



him. It is impossible to express the Anguish I was in, what with shame, what with my Finger that was disjointed, and what with the dread of being cramp'd. At length, fearing they would really put that Villany in execution, for they had already clapp'd Cords about my Thighs, I made as if I came to my self; yet was I not so quick, but that the Rogues being knavishly bent, had whipp'd the Cords about my Thighs, and tugg'd so hard that they sunk them an inch into my Flesh. Then they left me, crying, *Bless us, what a puny Creature you are.* I cry'd for meer Vexation, and they archly said, *Hold your peace, your betraying your self is the least concern, your health is all.* This done, they wash'd me, lay'd me in the Bed again, and went their way. Being left alone I lay and consider'd that what I had endur'd in one day at *Alcala*, was worse than all my Sufferings under *Cabra* at the Boarding-School. At noon I dress'd me, clean'd my Cloak and Cassock the best I could, washing it like an old Clout, and waited for my Master, who when he came, ask'd me, *How I did.* All the Family din'd, and so did I, tho' I eat but little, having but an indifferent Stomack at that time, and after dinner we all met to chat in an open Gallery. The other Servants, when they had sufficiently banter'd me, discover'd the Trick they had put upon me, laugh'd heartily; I was was worse out of Countenance than before, and said to my self, *Look out sharp,*

Paul, *stand upon your guard*. I resolv'd to begin a new Course of Life; we were all made Friends, and from that day forwards liv'd as lovingly in the House together, as if we had been all one Mother's Children, and no Man disturb'd me any more at the Schools, or publick Places.

---

## C H A P. VI.

*Of the wicked old House-keeper, and the first knavish Pranks I play'd at Alcala.*

Paul's Resolution.

W H E N you are at Rome do as they do at Rome, says the Proverb, and it is well said. I took it so seriously into consideration, that I fully resolv'd to play the Knave among Knaves, and to outdo them all if possible. I know not whether I succeeded as I design'd, but I am sure I us'd all my endeavours. In the first place, I made a Law that it should be no less than death for any Pigs to come into our House, or for any of our old House-keeper's Chickens to run out of the Yard into our Room. It happen'd one day that two of the cleverest Porkers that ever my Eyes beheld slipp'd into our Dominions; I was then at play with the other Servants, and hearing them grunt, said to one of my Companions, *Go see who it is that grunts in our House*; he went, and brought word they were

Steals two Swine.

were two Swine. No sooner had I heard these words, but I went out in a passion, saying, *It was a great deal of Impudence in them to grunt in other People's Houses.* Then clapping the Door too, in the same heat of Blood I run my Sword into the Throats of them both, and then we cut off their Heads. To prevent their cry being heard abroad, we all set up our Throats roaring as loud as possible we could, as if we had been singing, and so they gave up the Ghosts among us. We paunch'd them, sav'd the Blood, and by the help of our Straw Beds, half sing'd them in the Yard; so that when our Masters come home, all was over, tho' after an indifferent manner; only the Puddings were not yet made, which was not for want of expedition, for we had left half the filth in the Guts merely to save loss of time. *Don Diego* and our Steward were told the Story, and flew into such a passion against me, that the other Lodgers, who were ready to burst with laughing, thought fit to take my part. *Don Diego* ask'd me what I could say for myself, if the thing should be found out and I should be taken up for it. I answer'd I would plead hunger, which is the common Sanctuary of all Schollars; and if that was not enough, I would urge, That seeing them come into the House without knocking, as if they had been at home, I thought they had been our own. They all laugh'd at my Pleas, and *Don Deigo* said, *By my troth Paul, you begin to understand your Trade.* It was very well worth observing the difference



*The old  
House-keeper.*

between my Master and me, he so sober and religious, and I so arch and knavish, so that the one was a foile to the other, and serv'd to set off either his Vertue or Vice. Our old House-keeper was pleas'd to the very Heart, for we both play'd our parts, and had conspir'd against the Larder. I was Caterer, and a meer *Judas* in my employment, and ever since have retain'd an inclination to nimming and stealing. The Meat always wasted in the old Jade's keeping, and she never dress'd Weather Mutton when she could get Ewe or Goat; besides, she pick'd the Bones off the Flesh before she boil'd them, so that the Dishes serv'd up, look'd as if the Cattle had dy'd of a Consumption, and the Broth was so clear, that, had it been consolidated, it might have pas'd for Crystal; only now and then for change, that the Soup might look a little fat, she clapp'd in a few Candles ends. When I was by, she would say to my Master, *In troth, Sir, Paul is the best Servant in Spain, bating his unluckiness; but that may well enough be born with, because he is honest. He buys the best the Market affords.* I gave the same Character to her, and so we put upon the whole House. If there was any store of Coles, Bacon, or Oyl lay'd in, we stole half of it, and sometime after would say, Pray Gentleman retrench your expences a little, for if you go on at this rate you had need have a Mint of Money. The Coals or the Oyl is spent, but no wonder at the rate that you use it. You had best order

der

der more to be brought in, Sir, give *Paul* the Money, and you will have a better Account of it. Money was accordingly given me, and we sold them the other half we had stole, and half of what we bought, and that was in full.

If ever I happen'd to buy any thing in the *Their* Market at the real value, then the old *Cheats.* House-keeper and I would pretend to fall out and quarrel, and she seeming to be in a passion, would say, *Do not tell me, Paul, that this is a pennyworth of Sallad.* Then I would seem to cry, and make a great deal of noise, went to complain to my Master, and perswaded him to send the Steward to enquire, that the old Woman might be convinc'd, who still scolded on designedly. The Steward went and found as I said, by which means both Master and Steward were impos'd upon, and had the better opinion of me for my honesty, and of the House-keeper for her care. *Don Diego* being thus fix'd in his good opinion of me, us'd to say to her. *Would to God Paul were otherwise as virtuous as he is honest; I see plainly he is as trusty as you represent him.* Thus we held them in ignorance, and suck'd them like Horse-leeches. I don't at all doubt, Reader, but you wonder howmuch we might cheat them of at the years end; the sum was certainly considerable, yet I suppose we were not oblig'd to make restitution, for the old Woman never miss'd going to Church daily, yet I never saw any disposition in her to restore the least part, nor did I perceive any scruple

ple of conscience she made of it, tho' she was so great a Saint. She always wore a pair of Beads about her Neck, so big that the Wood of them might have serv'd to roast a Sirloin of Beef. It was all hung with Crosses, Medals, Pictures and other Trinkets, on all which she said she pray'd every night for her Benefactors. She had a Catalogue of an hundred and odd Saints that were her Patrons, and in truth she had need of no less help to bear her out of all her Wickedness. Her Chamber was over my Masters, where she was longer at Prayers than a Phanatical Preacher is in his Sermon; and all in Latin, such as it was, for neither Mortals on Earth, nor Angels in Heaven could understand it, which she did to appear the more innocent and simple; but we were ready to split our sides with laughing. Besides these, she had many other excellent qualifications, for she was an extraordinary Messenger of Love, and contriver of Pleasure, which is the same as a Baud; but her excuse to me was, that it came to her by descent, as the Kings of *France* had the gift of curing the King's-Evil. You will imagine perhaps that we always liv'd in unity, but who does not know, that the two best Friends, if they are covetous and live together, will endeavour to cheat one another; and I took care to let slip no opportunity.

Paul puts  
a trick up-  
on her.

The old Woman kept Hens in the yard, and had about a dozen or fourteen well grown Chickens, which made my Teeth water to be at them, for they were fit to be



be serv'd up to any Gentleman's Table. It happen'd one day, that she going to feed them, as the common custom is in Spain, call'd them together, crying *Pio, Pio, Pio*. This she repeated very often, and I being upon the catch, cry'd out as loud as she, *As God shall save me Nurse, I wish I had seen you kill a Man, or Clip and Coin, for then I might have kept your counsel, rather than do as you have done, and now I must be forc'd to discover it. The Lord have Mercy upon us both.* She seeing me act all that concern and disorder, was somewhat startled, and said, *Why what have I done, Paul; if you are in jest do not perplex me any longer. What do you mean by jesting, said I, a Curse on it, I cannot possibly avoid giving information to the Inquisition, else I shall be excommunicated. The Inquisition, quoth she, trembling like a Leaf on a Tree, Why have I committed any Crime against Religion? Why there's the case, answer'd I, don't you think to dally with the Inquisitors; you had better own you were in the wrong, that you spoke like a Fool, eat your Words, and not deny the Blasphemy and Irreverence.* She reply'd in a great consternation, *But tell me Paul, will they punish me if I recant. No, said I, for then they will only absolve you. Then I recant, quoth she but do you tell me what it is I am to recant, for I know nothing of it, as I hope for Mercy. Bless me, reply'd I, Is it possible you should be so dull, as not to reflect that, but I don't know how to express it, the disrespect was so great that I am afraid to repeat it. Don't you remember you call'd the Chickens Pio, Pio, and Pius is the*  
*Name*

*Name of several Popes, who are Christ's Vicars upon Earth, and Heads of the Church? Now do you consider whether that be any trifling Sin. She stood as if she had been Thunderstruck, and after a while cry'd, 'Tis true, I said so Paul, but may I be curs'd if I did it with any ill design, I recant; do you consider whether some means may not be found to avoid informing against me; for I shall dye if they get me into the Inquisition. Provided you will take your Oath, answer'd, on the Holy Altar, that you did it not with any ill intent; I may, upon that assurance, forbear impeaching you; but then you must give me those two Chickens that fed when you were calling them by that most sanctify'd name of the Popes, that I may carry them to an Officer of the Inquisition, for him to burn them, for they are desil'd; and in the next place you must swear positively never to be guilty of the like again: This you must do now and to morrow I'll swear. For the better fixing of this notion in her head I went on, The worst of it is, Tabitha, for that was her Name, that I shall be in danger, for the Inquisitor will ask whether I am not the person, and may put me to trouble. Do you e'n carry them your self, for I am afraid. For the Lord's sake, cry'd she, Paul, take pitty on me, and do you carry them, there is no danger of your coming to any harm. I made her court me a long while, and at last, tho it was the thing I aim'd at, I suffer'd my self to be perswaded. I took the Chickens, hid them in my Chamber, made show as if I went abroad, and came in again, saying, It has fallen out better than I expected, the cunning Officer would fain have*  
*come*

come after me to see the Woman, but I gave him the slip curiously, and did my business. She hugg'd and kiss'd me, and gave me another Chicken for my pains, which I carry'd to his Companions, had them all dress'd at the Cooks, and eat them with my fellow Servants. Don Diego and the House-keeper came to hear of the trick, and all the Family made excellent sport with it. The old Woman had like to have fretted herself to death for meer vexation, and was a thousand times in the mind for revenge to discover all my Cheats, but that she was as deep in the Dirt as I was in the Mire. Being thus at variance with the old Woman, and no way now left to put upon her, I contriv'd new ways to play my pranks, and fell to that the Schollars call snatching and Shoplifting, at which sport I had many pleasant Adventures.

One night, about nine of the Clock, at which time there are but few People abroad, passing through the great Street I spy'd a Confectioner's Shop open, and in it a Frail of Raisins upon the Counter. I whipp'd in, took hold of it and set a running, the Confectioner scour'd after me, and so did several Neighbours and Servants. Being loaded, I perceiv'd, that tho' I had the Start, they would overtake me, and therefore turning the Corner of a Street, I clapt the Frail upon the Ground, fate down upon it, and wrapping my Cloak about my Leg, began to cry out, holding it with both Hands. *God forgive him, he has*  
*trod*



*trod upon, and cripp'l'd me. They heard what I said, and when they came up, I began to cry, For the Lord's sake pity the Lame, I pray God you may never be lame. They came to me panting and out of Breath, and said, Friend, did you see a Man run this way? He is before you, answer'd I, for he trod upon me. With this they started again and vanish'd; I was left alone, carry'd my Frail home, and told the Story, which they would not believe, tho' they highly applauded the Ingenuity, for which reason I invited them to see me steal a Box of Sweetmeats another Night. They came, and observing that all the Boxes were so far within the Shop that there was no reaching them, concluded the thing was impracticable, especially because the Confectioner having heard what had happen'd to the other, was upon his Guard. However, I went on, and drawing my Sword, which was a stiff Tuck, about a dozen Paces short of the Shop, run on, and when I came up to the Door, I cry'd out, You are a dead Man, and made a strong Pass just before the Confectioner's Breast, who dropt down calling for help, and my Sword run clear through a Box of Sweetmeats, which I drew out with it, and carry'd it off. They were all amaz'd at the Contrivance, and ready to burst with laughing to hear the Confectioner, bid the People search him, for he was certainly wounded, and knew the other was a Man he had a falling out with; but when he turn'd about, the other Boxes being disorder'd by the*

*And a  
Box of  
Sweet-  
meats.*

the pulling out of that one, he discover'd the Cheat, and fell a blessing himself, as if he would never have done. The truth of it is, I never eat any thing that pleas'd me so well. My Companions us'd to say, I could maintain the Family with what I lifted, which is only a modest term for stealing. Being then but a Boy, and hearing my self commended for these knavish Pranks, it encourag'd me to commit more. I us'd to bring home my Girdle hung all round with little Pichers, which I stole from Nuns, begging some Water to drink of them, and when they turn'd it out in their Wheel, I went off with the Mugs, they being shut up and not able to help themselves; so that it became a Fashion not to give out any thing without a Pledge for the Vessel.

After this I promis'd *Don Diego* and his Companions, that I would one night disarm the Round. The night was appointed, and we set out upon the Exploit. I went for-  
*A strange Contrivance to disarm the Watch.*  
 most with another Servant of our Family, and as soon as I discover'd the Watch, went up as if I had been in a great fright, saying *Is it the Round?* They answer'd, It was; then I, *Is the Governour here?* They reply'd, he was. Then I knelt down and said, Sir, *it is in your Power to do me Right, to revenge my Wrong, and to do the Publick a great piece of Service; be pleas'd to bear a word or two I have to communicate in private, if you desire to secure some notorious Criminals.* He step'd aside, and some of his Officers were laying hand

hand on their Swords, and others taking out their Rods of Authority, whilst I said, Sir, I am come from Sevil, in pursuit of six of the most notorious Malefactors in the World; they are all Thieves and Murderers, and among them is one that kill'd my Mother and a Brother of mine, without any Provocation, but to exercise his Barbarity. This is prov'd upon him, and they all come, as I heard them say; with a French Spy, and by what I can farther guess from their words, he is sent (then I lower'd my Voice) by Antony Perez. At these words the Governour gave a Skip and; cry'd, Where are they? They are, Sir, said I, in a Baudy-house, do not stay good Sir, the Souls of my Mother and Brother will requite you with their Prayers, and the King will reward you. He said very earnestly, Good God! let us lose no time, follow me all of you, and give me a Target. I took him aside again, and added, Sir, the whole business will be spoil'd if you do so, the only way to do it, is for them all to go in without Swords, and one by one, for they are above in the Rooms and have Pistols, and as soon as they see any come in with Swords, knowing that none can wear them but Officers of Justice, they will be sure to fire. It is better only to go in with your Daggers, and then you may secure them behind, for we are enough of us. The Governour being eager to secure them at any rate, approv'd of my Contrivance. By this time we were come near the place, and the Governour thus instructed by me, order'd them all to hide their Swords in a Field there is just before the House under the Grass. They did so, and went on. I had  
readaly



already instructed my Companion, that as soon as ever they laid them down, he should seize them and make the best of his way home. He did so, and when they were all going into the House I stay'd out the last, and as soon as they were enter'd, being follow'd by several People, they pick'd up by the way, I gave them the slip and turn'd short into a narrow Lane that comes out near *la Victoria*, running all the way as swift as a Greyhound. When the Round was all in the House and found none there but Schollars and Scoundrels, which is all one, they began to look about for, and not finding me, suspected it was some Trick put upon them. Being thus disappointed, they went to take their Swords, but there was no sign of them. It is impossible to express what pains the Governour, attended by the Vice-chancellor of the University took that night. They search'd all the whole Town to the very Beds, and when they came to ours, I was in Bed with a Night-cap on and close cover'd, for fear of being known, a Candle lighted in one Hand, and a Crucifix in the other, with a sham Priest praying by me, and all the rest of my Companions on their Knees about the Bed. The Vice-chancellor with all his Officers came in, and seeing that Spectacle went out again, supposing no such Frank could have been play'd by any there. They made no search, but the Vice-chancellor pray'd by me, and ask'd whether I was speechless; they answer'd I was; and so

*The History of PAUL, Book I.*

so away they went in despair of making any Discovery. The Vice-chancellor swore he would deliver up the Offender if he could find him, and the Governour vow'd he would hang him, tho' he were the Son of a Grandee of *Spain*. I got up, and this Prank makes Sport at *Alcala* to this very day. To avoid being tedious I omit giving an Account of my robbing in the open Market, as if it had been on a Mountain; not a Box or Case escap'd me, but I had it home, and kept the House in Fuel all the year; and as for the Apple-women, nothing was ever safe in their Stalls or Standings, for I had declar'd perpetual War against them, on account of the Affront put upon me when I was King at *Segovia*. I pass by the Contributions I rais'd on the Fields of Beans, Vineyards and Orchards, all about that part of the Country. These and the like Practises gain'd me the Reputation of a sharp, unlucky Fellow among all People. The young Gentlemen were so fond of me, that I had scarce leisure to wait upon *Don Diego*, whom I honour'd as he deserv'd, for the great Kindness he bore me.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

*How I receiv'd News of my Father's Death, parted from Don Diego, and what course of Life I resolv'd on for the future.*

A T length *Don Diego* receiv'd a Letter <sup>Paul's Fa-</sup> from his Father, and with it one <sup>ther</sup> for me from an Uncle of mine, whose <sup>hang'd.</sup> Name was *Alonso Ramplon*, a Man of a virtuous Disposition, and very well known in *Segovia*, as being the Finisher of the Law, and for four years last past, the Execution of all its Determinations went through his Hands; in short, to speak plain, he was the Executioner or Hangman; but such a clever Fellow at his Business, that it would not vex a Man to be hang'd by him, he did it so neatly. This worthy Person writ to me from *Segovia* to *Alcala*, as follows.

The Letter.

*My dear Child Paul,*

F O R the great Affection he bore me, made him give me that Name. The great Affairs of this Employment, in which it has pleas'd his Majesty to place me, have been the occasion of my not writing to you before; for if there be any thing to find fault with in the King's Service, it is the great Trouble and Attendance it requires; which however, is in some  
P measure



measure requited by the Honour of being his Servants. It troubles me to be forc'd to send you disagreeable News; but your Father dy'd eight days ago, with as much Bravery and Resolution as ever Man did; I speak of my own Knowledge, as having truss'd him up my self. The Cart became him as well as if it had been a Chariot, and all that saw the Rope about his Neck, concluded him as clever a Fellow as e're was hang'd. He look'd up all the way he went at the Windows very much unconcern'd, courteously bowing to all the Tradesmen that left their Shops to gaze at him, and turn'd up his Whiskers several times. He desir'd the Priests that went to prepare him for Death, not to be too eager, but to rest and take a breathing-time, extolling any remarkable Expressions they us'd. Being come to the tripple Tree, he presently set his Foot on the Ladder and went up it nimbly, not creeping on all four as others do, and perceiving that one of the Rounds of it was crack'd through, he turn'd to the Officers attending, and bid them get it mended for the next that came, because all Men had not his Spirit. I cannot express how much his Person and Carriage was applauded. At the top of the Ladder he sate down, set his Cloaths handsomly about him, took the Rope and clapt the Noose to his Ear, and then perceiving the Jesuit was going to preach to him, he turn'd to him and said, Father, I accept of the Will for the Deed, let us have a few Staves of a Psalm, and have done quickly, for I hate to be tedious. This was done accordingly; he charg'd me to put on his Cap a little to one side and to wipe his Slaver, which I did; and then he swang, without shrinking up his Legs, or making ugly Faces;

Faces ; but kept such Sedateness in his Countenance, that it was a Pleasure to behold him. I quarter'd him out, and left the several Parts on the high ways ; God knows what a trouble it is to me to see him there daily treating the Crows and Ravens ; but I suppose the Pastry-Cooks hereabouts will soon ease us of that sad Spectacle, burying him in their Minc'd Pyes. I cannot give you a much better Account of your Mother ; for tho' still living, she is Prisoner in the Inquisition at Toledo, because she would not let the Dead rest in their Graves. They give out that every night she us'd to salute a great He-Goat, kissing him under the Tail. In her House were found as many Arms, Legs and Heads, as would have stock'd a Charnel-house ; and she reckon'd it one of her smallest Abilities to counterfeit Virgins, and solder crack'd Maidenheads. They say she would fly up a Chimney, and ride faster upon a Broom-staff, than another can on the best Andalusian Horse ; I am sorry she disgraces us all, and me more particularly, as being the King's Officer, and such Kindred does not become my Post. Dear Child, here are some Goods of your Father's that have been conceal'd, to the value of four hundred Ducats : I am your Uncle, and all I have is yours. Upon sight herereof, you may come away hither, for your Knowledge in Latin and Rhetorick, will qualify you to make an excellent Hangman. Let me have your Answer speedily, and till then God keep you, &c.

I must confess, I was much troubled at this fresh Disgrace, and yet in some measure I was glad of it, for the scandalous Lives of Parents, make their greatest Mis-

fortunes a Comfort to their Children. I went away hastily to *Don Diego*, who was then reading his Father's Letter, in which he order'd him to leave the University and return home, but not to take me with him, because of the Account he had receiv'd of my Unluckiness. He told me he must be gone, and how his Father commanded him to part with me, which he was sorry for; and I was so much more. He added, he would recommend me to another Gentleman, his Friend, to serve him. I smil'd, and answer'd, *Sir, the case is alter'd, I have other Designs in my Head, and aim at greater Matters, so that I must take another course; for tho', hitherto I was at the Foot of the Ladder, in order to mount, you must understand that my Father has got up to the Top of it.* With this I told him how bravely he had dy'd, at his full stretch; how he was carv'd out, and serv'd up as a Feast to the Birds of the Air. That my good Uncle the Executioner, had sent me the whole Account, and acquainted me with my Mammie's Confinement; for I could be plain with him, because he knew all my Pedigree. He seem'd to be much concern'd, and ask'd how I intended to bestow my self. I inform'd him with all my Resolutions, and so the very next day he went away for *Segovia* very melancholly, and I stay'd in the House without taking the least notice of my Misfortune. I burnt the Letter for fear it might be dropt and some Body read it, and began to provide for my Journey to *Segovia*, de-  
singing



signing to take Possession of what was my due, and know my Kindred, that I might shun them.

C H A P. VIII.

*My Journey from Alcala to Segovia, and what hapen'd by the way till I came to Rejas, where I lay that Night.*

A T length the day came, when I left <sup>*Cheats at Alcala.*</sup> the sweetest Life I have ever known since. I cannot express how much it troubled me to leave so many Friends and dear Acquaintance, for they were very numerous. I sold what little I had got underhand, to bear my Charges on the way; and with some Tricks and Sights of Hand, made up about Forty Crowns, hir'd a Mule and left my Lodging, where I had nothing to leave behind. The Lord alone knows what a Hue and Cry there was after me; the Shoemaker roar'd for the Shoes he had trusted me with; the old House-keeper scolded for her Wages; the Landlord fretted for his Rent. One cry'd, my Heart always misgave that I should be so serv'd; another said, they were much in the right, who told me that this Fellow was a Cheat.

In short, I was so generally belov'd, that I left half the Town in Tears for me when I came away, and the other half laughing

*The Pro-  
jector.*

at those that bemoan'd themselves. I diverted my self with these Thoughts along the Road, when having pass'd through the Town of *Torote*, I overtook a Man riding on a He-Mule with a Pannel. He talk'd to himself very hastily, and was so wrapt in Imagination, that he did not perceive me tho' I was close by his side. I saluted him and he return'd the Courtesy. Then I ask'd which way he was travelling, and after a few such Questions and Answers had past between us, began to discourse about the *Turks* coming down, and the King's Forces. Then he began to lay a Scheme for recovering of the Holy Land, and the taking of *Argiers*; by which Discourse I perceiv'd that he was a politick projecting Madman. We went on with our Dialogue, as became two Scoundrels, and skipping from one Subject to another, fell at last upon *Flanders*. There I hit his Vein, for he fetch'd up a deep Sigh and said, *That Country has cost me more than it has done the King; for I have been upon a Project about it these fourteen years, which were it not impracticable as it is, would have set all right there long ago. What can that be,* answer'd I, *which is so convenient and useful, and yet at the same time impracticable, and not to be put in execution. Who told you,* reply'd he very hastily, *that it cannot be put in execution? It can be executed, for its being impracticable is another matter; and were it not for fear of being troublesome I would tell you what it is; but it will all out, for I de-*

*sign*

*sign very suddenly to print it, with some other small Works of mine, among which I propose to the King two several methods for recovering Ostend* I intreated him to acquaint me with them, and he pulling some Papers out of his Pocket, show'd me a Draught of the Enemy's Works, and of ours, and said, Sir, you plainly see that all the difficulty lies in this Inlet of the Sea; now my contrivance is to suck it dry with Sponges, and so to remove that Obstacle. This wild notion made me burst into a loud Fit of Laughter, and he looking me earnestly in the Face, went on. *I never show'd it to any body but has done the same as you do, for they are all mightily pleas'd with it. Truly, reply'd I, it is an extraordinary pleasure and satisfaction to me to be acquainted with a design so new and reasonable; but, Sir, be pleas'd to consider, that when you have once suck'd up the Water that is in it, the Sea will throw in more. The Sea will do no such thing,* answer'd he, *for I have examin'd it very nicely, besides that, I have found out an Invention to sink the Sea twelve Fathom all about there. I durst not make any Objection, for fear he should say he had a Project to draw down the Sky to us. In all my days I never met with such a Madman; he told me, that Juanelo, a famous Engineer, who brought Water from the River Tagus up a vast Hill to serve the City Toledo, had done nothing; for he was now contriving to bring the whole River up to that City, a much easier way; and when he came to explain the Method, it was to be by a Spel; pray do but mind*



whether ever such Follies were heard of in the World; but he went on and added, *Yet I do not design to put this in execution, unless the King will first settle a good Estate upon me, and Knight me, for I am capable enough of that honour, because I have good Testimonials of my Gentility.* This rambling wild Discourse lasted us to *Torrejon*, where he stay'd to see a Kinswoman. I went on very well pleas'd, and laughing heartily at the Projects he spent his time in.

I had not gone far before I spy'd at a distance, a Mule loose, and a Man by her a-foot, who looking into a Book drew some Lines, and measur'd them with a pair of Compasses. He leap'd and skipp'd about from side to side, and now and then laying one Finger upon the other, made several extravagant Motions. I must confess, that stopping at a good distance some time to observe him; I at first concluded he was a Conjuror, and was almost afraid to go on. At last I resolv'd to venture, and drawing near he spy'd me, shut his Book, and going to mount, his Foot slipp'd out of the Stirrup and he fell. I help'd him up, and he said, *I took not the due Proportion in rising to make the half Circumference of mounting.* I did not understand what he meant, but presently guess'd what he was, for a more extravagant distracted Man was never born of a Woman. He ask'd, whether I was going to *Madrid* in a direct Line, or took a circumflex Road. Tho' I did not understand him, yet I answer'd, that by circum-

flex.

flex. Next he ask'd me, whose Sword that was I had by my side; and having answer'd, it was mine; he view'd it, and said; *That Bar ought to be longer, to ward off the Cuts that are made upon the Center of the Thrusts:* And thus he went on sputtering out such a parcel of cramp words that I was fain to ask him, what his Profession was. He told me, he was a solid Master of the Noble Science of Defence, and would make it good upon any Ground in *Spain*. I could not forbear laughing, and answer'd, By my Troth, Sir, I rather took you for a Conjuror, when I saw you describing Circles, and making such antick Motions in the Field. The reason of that, reply'd he, was because there occur'd to me a Thrust in *Quart*, fetching the greater compass, to engage my Adversary's Sword, and killing before he can say his Soul is his own, that he may not discover who did it; and I was then reducing of it to *Mathematical Rules*. Is it possible, said I, that the *Mathematicks* should be concern'd in that *Affair*? Not only the *Mathematicks*, quoth he, but *Divinity*, *Philosophy*, *Musick*, and *Physick*. I do not question it, as to the last, said I, since that *Art* aims at killing. Do not make a jest of it, continu'd he, for I will now teach you an excellent Guard, and at the same time you shall lay on the great Cuts, which shall contain the spiral Lines of the Sword. I do not understand one word of all you say, answer'd I. And he again, Why here you have them in this Book, which is call'd, *The Wonders of the Sword*. It is an excellent one, and contains  
pro-

*prodigious things; and to convince you of it, at Rejas, where we shall lie to Night, you shall see me perform wonders with two Spits; and you need not question but that whosoever reads this Book will kill as many as he pleases. Either that Book teaches Men how to make Plagues, reply'd I, or it was writ by some Doctor of Physick. What do you mean by a Doctor, reply'd he, it is an extraordinary wise Man, and I could find in my heart to say more.*

We held on this ridiculous discourse till we came to *Rejas*, and went into an Inn; but as we were alighting he call'd out to me as loud as he could, to be sure first to form an obtuse Angle with my Legs, and then reducing them to parallel Lines, to come perpendicularly to the Ground. The Landlord seeing me laugh, did so too, and ask'd me, *Whether that Gentleman was an Indian, that he spoke such an unknown Tongue.* I thought I should have dy'd with laughing between them; but he presently went up to the Host, and said, *Pray, Sir, lend me a couple of Spits to make two or three Angles, and I'll restore them immediately.* Lord bless me, Sir, answer'd the Host, *give me the Angles and my Wife will roast them in a trice, tho' they are a sort of Birds I never heard the names of before.* They are no Birds, reply'd the other, and turning to me, added, *Pray, Sir, do but observe the effects of Ignorance. Let me have the Spits, for I want them only to fence with, and perhaps you will see me do that to day which may be worth more to you than all you have got in your Life.* In fine, the Spits were  
in



in use, and we were fain to take up with two long Ladles. Never was any thing so ridiculous seen in this World. He gave a skip, and said, *This Sally gains me more Ground, and puts by my Adversary's Sword; now I make my advantage of the remiss Motion to kill in the natural way; this should be a Cut and this a Thrust.* He came not within a Mile of me, but danc'd round with his Ladle; now I standing still all the while, all his Motions look'd as if he were fencing with a Pot that is boiling over the Fire. Then he went on, saying, *In short, this is the true Art, not like the drunken Follies of Fencing-Masters, who understand nothing but drinking.* The words were scarce out of his Mouth before a great He *Mulatto* stepp'd out of the next Room, with a pair of Whiskers like two Brushes, a Hat as big as an Umbrello, a Buff-doublet under a loose Coat, bandy Legg'd, hook Nos'd, and with two or three scandalous Scars cross his Face, a Dagger that might have serv'd *Goliath*, and a hanging Look, and said, *I am an approv'd Master, and have my Certificate about me, and by this Light I'll make an Example of any Man that dare presume to reflect upon so many brave Fellows as profess the Noble Science.* Seeing we were like to be in a Broil, I stepp'd in and said, *He had not spoke to him, and therefore he had no occasion to be affronted. Draw your Sword, if you have ever a one, added he, and let us try who has most Skill, without playing the fool with Ladles.* My poor wretched Companion open'd his Book, and cry'd aloud,  
*Here*

*Here it is as I say in the Book, and it is printed by Authority, and I will maintain with the Ladle that all it contains is true; or else without the Ladle, either here or upon any other Ground; and if any Body does not believe it, let us measure it.* This said, he pull'd out his Compasses, and went on, *This is an obtuse Angle.* The Fencing Master drew his Dagger, and reply'd, *I neither know who is Angle, nor who is Obtuse, nor did I ever hear such words before; but I'll cut you in pieces with this Dagger in my hand.* He ran at the poor Devil, who fled from him amain, skipping about the House, and crying, *He cannot hurt me, for I have gain'd upon his Sword.* The Landlord and I parted them with the help of other People that came in, tho I was scarce able to stand for laughing. The honest Madman was put into his Chamber and I with him. We supp'd, and all the House went to Bed. About two of the Clock he got up in his Shirt and begun to ramble about the Room, skipping and sputtering a deal of nonsense in Mathematical Terms. He wak'd me, and not so satisfy'd, went down to the Landlord to give him a light, saying, He had found a fix'd object for the cross pass upon the Bow. The Landlord wish'd him at the Devil for waking of him but still the other tormented him, till he call'd him a Madman, and then he came up and told me, if I would rise I should see the curious fence he had found against the Turks and their Cimeters, and added he would go show it to the King immediately, because  
it

*A Comical  
Folly.*

it was very advantageous to *Christendom*. By this time it was day, we all got up, pay'd our shot, we reconcil'd the Madman and the fencing Master, went away, saying, That what my Companion alledg'd was good in it self, but it made more Men mad than skilful at their Weapon, because not one in an Hundred understood the least part of it.

---

C H A P. IX.

*The pleasant Discourse I had with a Poet, on the Road till I came to Madrid.*

I Held on my Journey to *Madrid*, and my mad Companion took his leave to go another Road; when he had gone a little way he turn'd back very hastily, and calling on me as loud as he could, tho we were in the Field where none could hear us, he wisper'd in my Ear. *Pray, Sir, let me conjure you as you hope to live, not to discover any of the mighty Secrets I have acquainted you with, relating to the Art of Fencing, but keep them to your self, since you are a Man of a sound Judgment.* I promis'd so to do, he went his way again, and I fell a laughing at the comical Secret. I travell'd about a League without meeting any body, and was considering with my self how difficult a matter it was for me to tread the Paths of Virtue and Honour, since it was requisite, in the first



Poet Nin-  
ny

first place, that I should hide the scandal of my Parents, and then have so much worth my self, as to conceal me from their shame. I was so fond of these as I suppos'd noble Thoughts, that I congratulated my self for them, and said, *It will be much more honourable in me, who had none to learn Virtue from, than in those who had it hereditary from their Predecessors.* These Thoughts had fill'd my Head when I overtook a very old Clergyman riding on a Mule towards *Madrid*. We fell into discourse, and he as'd me whence I came, I told him from *Alcala*. *God's Curse*, said he, *on such base People, since there was not one Man of sence to be found among them.* I ask'd him, how could that be said of such a Town, where there were so many learned Men. He answer'd in a great passion. Learned ! I'll tell you how Learned Sir ! I have for these fourteen years last past made all the Songs and Ballads, and the Verses for the Beadles at Christmas, in the Village of *Majalaonda* where I am Reader ; and those you call Learned Men, when I put up some of my works among the rest at the publick Act, took no notice of mine. And that you may be sensible, good Sir, of the wrong they did me I will read them to you ; and accordingly he began as follows.

*Come Shepherds, let us Dance and Play  
On great Saint Corpus Christi's day.  
For he comes down to give us thanks,  
For all our kind and loving Pranks.*

Went

*When we have drank and made all even,  
He Flyes back again to Heaven.  
What he does there I cannot say,  
Since here with us he will not stay  
Come Shepherds, let us dance and Play, &c.*

}

Having read his admir'd Piece, which was too long to remember any more of it, he proceeded, Now, Sir, could the very Inventer of Doggrel himself have said any thing finer than this? Do but consider what a deal of mystery there is in that words Shepherds, it cost me above a Month's hard study. I could no longer contain my self within Bounds, for I was ready to burst, and so breaking out into a loud Fit of Laughter, I said, It is most wonderful; but I observe you call great Saint Corpus Christi, whereas Corpus Christi is not the name of a Saint, but a Festival instituted in Honour of the blessed Sacrament. That's a pretty fancy, reply'd he scornfully, I'll shew you him in the Calender, and he is canoniz'd and I'll lay my Head on it. I could not contend any more with him for Laughing at his unaccountable ignorance, but told him, his Verses deserv'd to be highly rewarded, for I had never seen any thing more comical in my Life. No said he, then pray hear a little of a small Book I have writ in Honour of the eleven Thousand Virgins, I have compos'd fifty Stanza's of eight Verses each to every one of them; a most excellent Piece For fear of being pester'd with so many Millions of his Lines, I desir'd him to shew me any thing that was not godly; and then he began to recite a Comedy, which had as many Acts as there

their are days in a year. He told me he writ it in two days, and that was the foul Draught; and might be about half a Ream of Paper. The Name of it was *Noah's Ark*, the whole represented by Cocks and Mice, Affes, Foxes and wild Boars, like *Æsop's Fables*. I extoll'd both the Plot and the Conduct, and he answer'd. *I ought not to commend it because it is my own, but the like was never made in the World; besides that it is altogether new, and if I can but get it acted, there will be nothing so fine. All the difficulty lies in that, for if it were not, could any thing be so sublime and lofty; however, I have contriv'd to have it all acted by Parrots, Jackdaws, Magpies Sterlings and all other sorts of Birds as speak, and to bring in Monkeys for the Farce. That indeed will be very extraordinary,* answered I. *All this is nothing,* reply'd the old Man, *to what I have done for the sake of a Woman I love; here are nine Hundred and one Sonnets, and twelve Roundo's, as if he had been reckoning up Pounds, Shillings and pence, made in praise of my Mistriss's Legs. I ask'd him, whether he had ever seen them; he reply'd, He had not in verbo sacerdotis, but that all his Conceits were by way of Prophecy. Tho' it was a diversion to hear his nonsense, I must confess I dreaded such a multitude of barbarous Verses, and therefore endeavour'd to turn off the discourse another way, telling him, I saw Hares, then cry'd he, I'll begin with one in which I compare her Legs to that Creature. Still to bring him off that subject I went on, Don't you see that Star, Sir, which appears by*  
day



day light. As soon as I have done with this, reply'd he, I will read you the thirtieth Sonnet, where I call her a Star, for you talk as if you were acquainted with my fancies. It was such a vexation to me to find I could name nothing but what he had writ some nonsense upon, that I was all joy when I perceiv'd we drew near *Madrid*, believing he would then give over for shame; but it prov'd quite contrary, for as soon as we came into the Street he began to raise his voice to show what he was. I intreated him to forbear, lest if the Boys should once get the scent of a Poet, all the rotten Oranges and Cabbage stumps in the Town should come after us; in regard that the Poets were declar'd Madmen, in a Proclamation set out against them, by one that had been of the Profession but recanted, and took up in time. This put him in a great consternation, and he begg'd me to read it to him, if I had it. I promis'd him so to do when we came to our Lodging, and accordingly we went to one where he us'd to alight, and found at least a dozen blind Ballad-Singers at the Door. Some knew him by the Scent, and others by his Voice, and all of them gave him a Volley of Welcomes. He embrac'd them all, and then some began to ask him for Verses on the day of Judgment in a lofty bombastical Stile that might provoke Action; others would have commemorations for the departed; and so the rest every one according to his fancy, and giving him eight royals a Man earnest. He dismiss'd them,

Q

and

*Blind  
Beggars  
Ballad  
Singers.*

and said to me, I shall make above three hundred Royals of the Blindmen, and therefore with your leave, Sir, I'll withdraw for a while now, to compose some Lines, and after Dinner we will hear the Proclamation read, if you please. Wretched Life ! For none are more miserable than those Madmen that get their Bread by such as are as mad as they.

---

### CHAP X.

*What happen'd to me at Madrid, my Adventures with a Soldier and a Hermit, and coming to my Uncles.*

THE Poet withdrew a while to study Profaness and Nonsense, for the blind Ballad Singers, till it was Dinner time, which being over, they desir'd to have the Proclamation read, and having nothing else to do at that time, I drew it out and comply'd with their desires. I have inserted it here, because I reckon it ingenious and pat to the purposes mention'd in it. Take it as follows.

## A PROCLAMATION,

*Against Addle-headed, Numskul and Water-Poets.*

The old Versifier laugh'd out very heartily when he heard this Title, and said, *I might have had business cut out till to morrow; I thought this had concern'd me, and it is only against Numskul Poets.* I was mightily pleas'd with his Conceit, as if he had been a *Horace* or a *Virgil*: I skipp'd over the Preamble, and began with the first Article, which was as follows.

**I**N regard that this sort of Vermin, call'd Poets, are our Neighbours and Christians, tho' wicked One's, and considering they spend all their Days in worshiping of Eyes, Mouths, Noses, and old Ribbons and Slippers, besides many other abominable Sins they are guilty of; we think fit to direct and ordain, that all common half-penny Poets be confin'd together against *Easter*, as lewd Women are wont to be, and that care be taken to convince them of their evil practices, and to convert them; and to this purpose we do appoint Monasteries of repenting Poets.

*Item*, Observing the excessive heats and droughts in the Dog-days, caus'd by the abundance of Suns and other brighter Stars, created and produc'd by those high flying Poets, we enjoyn perpetual Silence, as to



all Heavenly Beings, and appoint two Months vacation for the Muses, as well as for the Law, that they may have some time to recruit and recover the continual charge they are at.

*Item,* For as much as this infernal Sect of Men, condemn'd to eternal Flights, as Murderers of good Words, and Ravishers of Sentences, have infected the Women with the Plague of Poetry; we declare that we look upon this mischief done them, as a sufficient revenge for the damage we receiv'd from their Sex at the beginning of the World; and to supply the present wants and necessities the World now labours under, we do farther ordain, that all the Songs, and other Verses, made by Poets in praise of Women, be burnt like old Lace, to take out the Gold and Silver they put into their Lady's Hair, and Skins, and that all the Oriental Pearls, Rubies and Precious Stones, be pick'd out of them, since they are so full of those rich Metals and Jewels.

*The Poet  
enrag'd at  
the Pro-  
clamation*

Here the old Poëtafter was quite out of Patience, and starting up in a fume, cry'd, *They had e'en as good rob us of all we have.* Pray, Sir, let us have no more of it, for I design to reverse that Judgment and remove the Cause; not to Chancery, for that would be a wrong to my Coat and Dignity, but to the Spiritual Court, where I will spend all I am worth. It would be very pleasant that I, who am a Church-man, should put up that wrong. I will make it appear  
that

*an Ecclesiastical Poet's Verses are not liable to that Proclamation, and to lose no time, I will go and prove it in open Court immediatly. I could have laugh'd heartily at him, but for the more expedition, because it grew late, I said to him, Sir, this Proclamation is made only for diversion, and is of no force nor binding, as having no lawfull Authority. A vengeance on it, reply'd the old Man, in a great heat, you should have told me so much before, Sir, and might have sav'd me all this trouble. Do you consider what a thing it is for a Man to have a stock of eight Hundred Thousand Songs and Ballads by him, and to hear such a Decree? Proceed, Sir, and God forgive you for putting me into such a fright. Then I went on thus.*

*Item, For that very many, since they left their ancient Idolatry of Heathen Gods and Goddeses, still retaining some Pagan Superstitions, are turn'd Shepherds, which is the cause that the Cattle are wither'd up with drinking nothing but their Tears, and parch'd with the Fire that continually burns in their Souls, and so charm'd with their Musick, that they forget to feed; we do ordain, That they quit that Employment, and that such as love Solitude have Hermitages appointed them, and the rest to be Coachmen and Watermen, because those are Callings given to much Mirth and Ribaldry,*

*It was some Scoundrel, Cuckoldy, Sodomitical, The Poet's Whoreson, cry'd the mad Rhimer, that con-2d fright.*

triv'd this Proclamation, and if I knew the Dog I would write such a Satyr upon him, as should fret his Soul, and all that read it. What a pretty Figure a smooth-fac'd Man as I am would make in a Hermitage? And would it be fit for a Person dignify'd as Reader to turn Coachman? Enough, Sir, those Jest's are not to be born with. I told you before, said I, that this is all a Jest, and as such you may hear it. This said, I proceeded.

Item, To prevent all wrongs, we do appoint that for the future, no Verses be imported from France, or Italy, or other Foreign Ports, whence our Poets steal, and pretend to make them their own; and that whatsoever Poet shall be found guilty of this Offence, be oblig'd to wear good Cloaths, and to keep himself clean and sweet for a Week at least.

Our Poet was very well pleas'd with this Decree, for he wore a Cassock that was grey with Age, and so ragged that it was a wonder he could go about without dropping in pieces, his Gown and other Accoutrements were only fit to manure the Ground, which made me smile, and I told him,

It farther ordain'd, That all Women who fell in Love with meer Poets, should be reputed as desperate Persons, who hang or drown themselves, and as such never be bury'd in hallow'd Ground.

And



And considering the mighty Crop of Roundelays, Sonnets, Songs and Ballads these over-rank years have produc'd, we do ordain, That all Parcels of them which have escap'd the Grocers and Tobacconists, as unworthy those Employes, be sent to the Necessary Houses, without any Appeal allow'd them.

To conclude, I came to the last Article which runs thus. However, taking it into our pitiful Consideration, that there are three sorts of Persons in the Nation, so very miserable that they cannot live without this sort of Poets, which are Players, Blind-men and Ballad-fingers; we do ordain, That there may be some Journeymen of this Profession, provided they be licens'd by the Aldermen Poets of their Wards; with this Limitation, that the Player's Poets shall not use any Devils or Conjurers in their Farces, nor conclude their Comedies in Matrimony; That the Blind-men shall not sing dismal Stories which happen'd at *Jerusalem*, or *Morocco*, nor patch up their Verses with *Eke also*, *And well a day*, and the like; and, That the Ballad-fingers shall no longer run upon *Sawny* and *Jockey*, nor quibble upon Words, nor contrive their Songs, so that altering but the Names they may serve upon all occasions. To conclude, We command all Poets in general to discard *Jupiter*, *Venus*, *Apollo*, and all the herd of Heathen Gods and Goddesses, on pain of having none but them to pray by them on their death Bed.

*The Poet's  
Vindica-  
tion of  
himself.*

All that heard the Proclamation read, were highly pleas'd, and begg'd Copies of it. Only the old Poetical Reader began to swear by his Bible, that it was a Satyr upon him, because of what it contain'd concerning the Blind-men, he told us, He knew what he did better than any Man, and went on saying, *Don't mistake me, I once lay in the same House with Linnan, and din'd several times with Espinel, and was in Madrid as near Lope de Vega, as to any Man in the Room, and have seen Don Alonso de Arzilla a thousand times, and have a Picture at home of the divine Figueroa, and I bought the old Breeches Padilla left off when he became a Friar, which I still wear, tho' bad enough.* These were all old Spanish famous Poets, with whom he pretended to be thus acquainted, as if the knowledge of them would have made his Nonsense the more tolerable. At the same time he show'd us the Breeches, which set all the Company into such a Fit of laughing that none of them car'd to leave the Lodging. But it was now two of the Clock, and being to travel farther, we left Madrid. I took my leave of him, tho' unwillingly enough, and travell'd on towards the Pass on the Mountains.

*The Sol-  
dier.*

It pleas'd God, to divert me from evil Thoughts, that I met with a Soldier; we fell into discourse; he ask'd me, whether I came from the Court; I told him I only pass'd through the Town. *It is fit for nothing else,* answer'd the Soldier, *it is full of base People; by the Lord, I had rather lie at a Siege*

up to the waste in Snow, expecting a kind Bullet, and half starv'd, than endure the Insolencies they offer a Man of honour. I reply'd, He should consider that at Court there were People of all sorts, that they made great account of any Person of Worth, that they valu'd. He cut me off short, saying in a great Passion, *Why I have been this half Year at Court, suing for a Colours, after twenty Campaigns, and having shed my Blood in the King's Service, as appears by these Wounds.* And at the same time he show'd me a Scar half a Quarter long on his Groin, which was as plain a Bubo as the Light of the day, and two Seams on his Heels, saying, they had been Shots; but I concluded, by some I have of the same sort, that they had been Chilblains broken. He pull'd off his Hat to show me his Face, where appear'd a long Gash from Ear to Ear, and quite a-cross his Nose, besides other smaller Cuts, that made it look like a Mathematical Draught, all of Lines. *These*, said he, *I receiv'd at Paris, serving my God and my King, for whom I have had my Countenance carv'd out and disfigur'd; and in return, I have receiv'd nothing but fair words, which are equivalent at present to foul Actions.* Let me intreat you, learned Sir, to read these Papers, for by Heavens, a more remarkable Man, I vow to God, never went into the Field; and he spoke truth, for he had marks enough to be known by. With this, he began to pull out Tin Cases, and to show me a multitude of Papers, which I believe belong'd to another, whose Name he



he had borrow'd. I read them, and spoke abundance in his Praise, pretending that *Cesar* and *Alexander* the Great could not compare with him. He laid hold of what I said in a Passion, and cry'd, *To compare with me; by this Light! no more are Hannibal, or Scipio, nor others as great as they. Damn all they did, there was no Cannon in their days. The Devil take me, Pompey would be a meer Chicken now.* Pray, Sir, do you but enquire in the Low Countries about the Exploit perform'd by the Person that wanted a Tooth before, and you'll hear what they say of it. Are you the Person, Sir, said I; and he reply'd, *Why who do you think it was? Don't you see here is a Breach in my Teeth? But let us talk no more of it, for it does not become a Man to praise himself.*

The Hermit.

This discourse held us along till we overtook a Hermit, riding on an Afs, with a long Beard like a Brush, lean, and clad in Sackcloth. We saluted him as usual, with the words *Deo Gratias*, and he began to extol the Corn on the Ground, and in it the Mercies of God. The Soldier immediately flew out, and said, *Father, I have seen Pikes charg'd against me thicker than that Corn, and I vow to God I did all that Man could do at the sacking of Antwerp, that I did by the Lord!* The Hermit reprov'd him for swearing so much, and he answer'd, *It is a sign you were never a Soldier, Father, since you reprove me for exercising my Calling.* It made me laugh to hear what he made Soldiery to consist in, and perceiv'd he was some Scoundrel, who knew little of that noble Profession, but that

that infamous Part, most us'd by the Scum of those that follow it.

We came at length to the Pass on the Mountain, the Hermit praying all the way on a pair of Beads so big it was a load, and every Bead he dropp'd sounded like a stroak with a Mallet. The Soldier compar'd the Rocks to the Forts he pretended to have seen, observ'd what place was strong, and where the Cannon might be planted for Battery. I had my Eyes fix'd on them both, and was as much afraid of the Hermit's monstrous Beads, as of the Soldier's extravagant Lies. How easily, said he, would I blow up a great part of this Pass with Gun-powder, and do all Travellers good service. Thus we came to *Cerecedilla*, and went into an Inn, all three of us, after night fall, we order'd Supper, tho' it was *Friday*, and in the mean while the Hermit said, *Let us divert our selves a while, for Idleness is the Source of all Vice, let them.* *He cheats*  
*us play for Prayers.*; and so saying, he dropp'd a pack of Cards out of his sleeve. I could not but laugh at that pleasant sight, considering the great Beads; but the Soldier cry'd, *Let us lovingly play as far as an hundred Royals will go I have about me.* Being covetous, I said I would venture the like Sum, and the Hermit, rather than disoblige, consented, telling us, he had about two hundred Royals to buy Oil for the Lamp. I must confess, I thought to have suck'd up all his Oil, but may the *Turk* always succeed as I did, We play'd at *Lanskenet*,  
and

and the best of it was he pretended he did not understand the Game, and made us teach it him. He let us win for two deals, but then turn'd so sharp upon us, that he left us bare, and became our Heir before we were dead. The Dog paum'd upon us so sily it was a shame to see him, would now and then let us draw a single stake, and then double it upon us. The Soldier every Card he lost, let fly half a score Oaths, and twice as many Curses, wrapp'd up in Blasphemies. For my part, I was eating my Nails, whilst the Hermit drew my Money to him. He call'd upon all the Saints in Heaven, and in short left us all Pennileis. We would have plaid on upon some little Pawns, but when he had won my six hundred Royals, and the Soldier's hundred, he said, That was only for pastime, and we were all Brethren, and therefore he would not meddle any farther. *Do not swear*, said he, *for you see I have had good luck, because I pray'd to God.* We believ'd him, as not knowing the slight he had at packing the Cards; and the Soldier swore he would never play again, and so did I. A curse on it, cry'd the poor Ensign, for he then told me he was so, *I have been among Turks and Infidels, but was never so stripp'd.* The good Hermit laugh'd at all we said, and pull'd out his Beads again. Having never a Cross left, I desir'd him to treat me at Supper, and pay for our Lodging till we came to *Segovia*, since he had clear'd our Pockets. He promis'd so to do, de-  
vour'd



your'd threscore Eggs, the like I never beheld, and said he would go take his Rest. We all lay in a great Hall among other People, all the Rooms being taken up before. I lay down very melancholy; the Soldier call'd the Landlord and gave him charge of his Papers in the Tin Cases, and a bundle of tatter'd Shirts, and so we went to sleep. The Hermit made the sign of the Cross, and we bless'd our selves from him.

He slept, and I watch'd, contriving how to get his Money from him. The Soldier talk'd in his sleep about his hundred Royals, as if they had not been past retrieving. When it was time to rise, he call'd hastily for a Light, which was brought, and the Landlord gave the Soldier his Bundle, but forgot his Papers. The poor Ensign made the House ring, calling for his Services. The Landlord was amaz'd, and every Body pressing that he should give them, he ran out and brought three Close-stools, saying, *There is every One one, would you have any more?* Supposing we were all taken with a Loosness; for in *Spanish*, Services is a polite word for a Cloose-stool. This had like to have spoilt all, for the Soldier got up in his Shirt, with his Sword in his hand, and ran after the Landlord, swearing he would murder him; because he made a Jest of him, who had been at the Battels of *Lepanto*, Saint *Quintin*, and several others, and brought him Close-stools instead of the Papers he had given him. We all ran after to

*The Soldier's Quarrel with the Landlord.*

to hold him, and little enough, whilst the Landlord cry'd, *Sir, you ask'd me for Services, I was not bound to know that in the Language of Soldiers, they give that Name to the Certificates of their Exploits.* At length we appeas'd them, and return'd to our Room. The Hermit fearing the worst lay a Bed, pretending the fright had done him harm; however, he pay'd our Reckoning, and we set out towards the Mountain, very much disturb'd at his Carriage towards us, and much more for that we had not been able to get his Money from him.

*The Banker.*

We met a *Genoese*, I mean one of those Bankers, who help to drein *Spain* of all its Money. He was going up the Mountain, with a Servant behind him, an Umbrello over his Head, and much like a rich Usurer. We fell into discourse with him and still he turn'd it to talk of Money, for they are a People that seem born for nothing but the Purse. He presently fell upon *Bizanzon* and to argue whether it were convenient or no to put out Money to *Bizanzon*. At last the Soldier and I ask'd him, what Gentleman that was he talk'd of. He answer'd smiling, *It is a Town in Italy, where all the great Money-dealers meet, to settle the exchange and value of Coin.* By which we understood that *Bizanzon* was the great Exchange of Usurers. He entertain'd us on the Ways, telling he was undone, because a Bank was broke in which he had above sixty thousand Ducats; and swore by his Conscience to all he said, tho' I am of opinion that Conscience among

among Traders is like a Maidenhead among Whores, which they sell tho' they have none. Scarce any Trader has any Conscience, for being inform'd that it has a Sting, they leave it behind them with the Navel String when they come into the World. We held on our Conversation till we spy'd the Walls of *Segovia*, which was a great satisfaction to me, tho' the thoughts of what I had endur'd under the wicked *Cabra* at the starving Boarding School, would have given a check to my Joy. When I came to the Town, I spy'd my Father waiting upon the Road, which brought Tears to my Eyes; but I went on being much alter'd since I left the place, for I began to have a Beard and was well clad. I parted from my Company and considering who was most likely to know my Uncle besides the Gallows, I could not imagine whom to apply my self to. I went up and ask'd several People for *Alonso Ramplon* and no body could give me any tydings of him, every one said he did not know him, I was very glad to find so many honest Men in my Town. As I stood in a study I heard the common Cryer set up his Note and after him my good Uncle playing his part. There came a File of bearheaded Fellows naked to the Waste before my Uncle, and he play'd a Tune upon all their Backs going from the one to the other. I stood gazing at this sight, with a Man I had been enquiring of, and told him I was a Person of great Birth; when I saw my Uncle draw near, and he spying me, ran to embrace me, calling me

*Paul  
meets his  
Uncle.*



me Nephew. I thought I should have dy'd for shame, never look'd back to take leave of the Man I was with, but went along with my Uncle, who said to me, you may follow till I have done with these People, for we are now upon our return, and you shall dine with me to Day. I being mounted on my Mule, and thinking in that Gang I should be but one degree less expos'd than those that were whip'd, told him I would wait there, and stepp'd a little aside, so very much out of countenance, that had not the recovery of my Inheritance depended on him, I would never more have spoke to him, or been seen in that Place. He concluded his Exercise, came back, and carry'd me to his House, where I alighted and we din'd.

---

## CHAP. XI.

*The kind Entertainment I had at my Uncles, the Visits I receiv'd, how I recover'd my Inheritance, and return'd to Madrid.*

MY worthy Uncle quarter'd near the Slaughter-House, at a Waterman's House, we went in, and he said to me, *My Lodging is not a Palace, but I assure you Nephew it stands conveniently for my business.* We went up such a pair of Stairs that I long'd to be at the top, to know whether there was any difference

difference betwixt it and the Ladder at the Gallows. There we came into such a low Room, that we walk'd about as if we had been all full of Courtesy, bowing to one another. He hung up the Cata-nine-tails on a Nail, about which there were others with Halters, broad Knives, Axes, Hooks, and other Tooles belonging to the Trade. He ask'd me why I did not take off my Gown and sit down, I answer'd, I did not use to do so. I cannot express how much I was out of Countenance at my Uncles infamous Profession, who told me, It was lucky that I came, at such a time, for I should have a good Dinner, because he had invited some Friends. As we were talking, in came one of those that beg Charity at the Church Doors for Poor Families in distress, in a Purple Gown down to his Heels, and rattling his questing Box, said, *I have got as much to Day by my distressed Families as you have done by the Rogues you Flogg'd.* They made some Grimaces at one another, the Wicked Quester tuck'd up his long Robe, discovering a pair of bandy Legs, and Canvas Breeches, and began to shift about, asking, whether *Clement* was come. My Uncle told him, he was not, when at the same time in came an Oak thresher I mean a Swineherd, wrapp'd up in a Clout with a pair of Wooden Shoes on. I knew him by his Horn, he had in his Hand, which had been more Fashionable had it been upon his Head. He saluted us after his manner, and next to him in came a left Handed Squinting Mulatto, with a  
R Hat

*The Uncles Company and Apartments*

Hat that had brims like an Umbrello, and a Crown like a Sugar Loaf; his Sword as much Iron about it as would have set up a Smiths Shop; a Buff Doublet; his Face as full of Scars as if it had been made of Patches stitch'd together. He sat down saluting all the Company, and said to my Uncle, *By my troth, Alonso, Flat Nose and Snaffle have been well maul'd to day.* Up started the Quester, and cry'd, *I gave Flechilla the Executioner of Ocana four Ducats to put on the Ass apace, and play with a slender Cata-nine-tales, when I was Fly-flap'd there.* By the Lord, quoth the Mulatto, *I was too kind to the Dog Lobrezno at Murcia, for the Ass went a Snails Gallop all the way, and the Rogue laid them on so that my Back was all wheales.* My Back has his Maidenhead still, said the Swineherd. Every Dog has his day. answer'd the Quester, *I must say that for my self,* quoth my good Uncle, *that of all Whipsters I am the Man, who am true and trusty to those that bespeak me; these to day gave me five Crowns and they had a parcel of Friendly lashes with the single Cata-nine-tails.* I was so much out of Countenance to see what good Company my Uncle kept, that my blushes betray'd me, and the Mulatto perceiving it, said, *Is this reverend Gentleman the Person that suffer'd the other day, and had a certain Number of stripes given him.* I answer'd, *I was none of those that suffer'd as they had done.* With this my Uncle started up, and said, *This is my Nephew, a Graduate at Alcala, and a great Schollar.* They begg'd my pardon and made tenders of great Friendship.



I was quite mad to eat my Dinner, receive what was due, and get as far as I could from my Uncle. The Cloth was laid, and the Meat drawn up in an old Hat, as they draw up the Alms that is given in Prisons. It was dish'd up in broken Platters, and Pieces of old Crocks and Pans, being dress'd in a stinking Cellar, which was still more plague and confusion to me. They fate down, the Quester at the upper end, and the rest as it fell out. I will not tell what we eat, but only that they were all Dainties to encourage drinking. The Mulatto, in a trice, pour'd down three pints of pure Red. The Swineherd seeing the Cup stand at me, still whipt it off, pledging more Healths than we spoke Words; no Man call'd for Water, or so much as thought of it. Five good Minc'd-Pyes were serv'd up, they took off the upper Crusts, fill'd them with Wine, and then said a short Prayer for the Soul, to whom the Flesh belong'd. Then said my Uncle, *You remember, Nephew, what I writ to you about your Father, it now comes afresh into my Mind.* They all eat, but I took up with only the bottoms, and ever since then, I have retain'd the custom of saying a Prayer for the Soul departed, when I eat Minc'd-Pyes. The Pots went round without ceasing, and the Mulatto and the Quester ply'd it so hard, that a Dish of scurvy Saucidges, looking like Fingers of Blacks cut off, being set upon the Table, one of them ask'd what they meant by serving up dress'd

Charcoal. My Uncle, by this time, was in such a condition, up to the Throat in Wine, with one Eye almost out, and the other half drown'd, that laying hold of one of the Saucidges, in a hoarse and uncouth tone, he said, *By this Bread, which is God's Creature, made to his own Image and Likeness, I never eat better black Meat, Nephew.* It made me laugh with one side of my Mouth, and fret with the other, to see the Mulatto, stretching out his Hand, lay hold of the Salt, and cry, *This Pottage is hot* ; and at the same time, the Swineherd take a whole handful of Salt, and clapping it into his Mouth, say, *This is a pretty provocative for drinking.* After all this medley there came some Soup, so orderly was our Entertainment. The Quester laying hold of a Porringer with both Hands, cry'd, *God's Blessing on Cleanliness,* and instead of clapping of it to his Mouth, laid it to his Cheek, where he pour'd it down, scalding his Face, and washing himself in Grease from Head to Foot in a most shameful manner: Being in this miserable plight, he try'd to get up, but his Head being too heavy, he was fain to rest with both his Hands upon the Table, which was only a Board set upon two Tressels, so that it overturn'd and greas'd all the rest, and then he cry'd, That the Swineherd had push'd him. The Swineherd seeing the other fall upon him, scrambl'd up, and laying hold of his horn Trumpet, beat it about his Ears. They grappled and clung so close together, that  
the

the Quefter fet his Teeth in the Swineherd's Cheek, and both of them rowling on the Ground, made fuch a wambling in the Swineherd's Belly, that he caft up all he had eat and drank in the Quefter's Face. My Uncle, who was the foberest of all the Company, ask'd how fo many Clergimen had come into his Houfe. Perceiving that they all look'd through multiplying Glaffes, I parted the two Combatants, made them Friends, and help'd up the Mulatto, who lay on the Ground Maudlin drunk and weeping bitterly. I laid my Uncle on his Bed, who made a low bow to a tall wooden Candleftick he had, thinking it had been one of his Guests. Next I took away the Swineherd's Horn, but there was no filencing him after all the reft were afleep, he was ftill calling for his Horn, and faid, no Man ever could play more Tunes on it, and he would now imitate the Organs.

In fhort, I never left them till they were all faft afleep; then I went abroad, and fpent the Afternoon in feeing the Town, pafs'd by *Cabra's* Houfe, and heard he was dead, but never ask'd of what Diftemper, knowing he could die of none as long as it was poffible to ftarve. At night I return'd home, full four hours after I had gone out, and found one of the Company awake, crawling about the Room on all Four to find the Door, and complaining he had loft the Houfe: I rais'd him up, and let the reft fleep till eleven at night, when they awak'd of themfelves, ftretching and yaun-

*The  
Drunken  
Company  
part.*



ing. One of them ask'd, *What a Clock it was,* the Swineherd, who had not half laid his fumes, answer'd, *It was still the heat of the Day and the Weather very sweltry.* The Quester, as well as he could speak, ask'd for his Cloak, saying, *The distressed Families had been long neglected, the whole care of them lying upon his Hands ;* and thinking to go to the Door, he went to the Window, where seeing the Stars, he cry'd out to the others, telling them, *That the Sky was full of Stars at Noon-day, and there was a mighty Eclypse.* They all bleis'd themselves and kiss'd the Floor. Having observ'd the villany of the Quester, I was much scandaliz'd, and resolv'd to take heed of that sort of Men, The sight of all those abominable practices, made me the more impatient to be among Gentlemen and Persons of worth. I got them all away one by one, the best I could, and put my Uncle to Bed, who, tho' not fox'd, was drunk enough, and made the best shift I could my self, with my own Cloaths and some of the poor departed Soul's, that lay about the Room. Thus we past the Night, and in the Morning, I discours'd my Uncle about seeing my Inheritance and taking possession of it, telling him, I was quite tired and knew not with what. He stretch'd himself, got up, we had much talk concerning my Affairs, and I had enough to do with him, he was so uncouth and dull. At length I prevail'd with him to discover to me part of my Inheritance, tho' not all, and so he told me of three Hundred Ducats

Paul gets  
his Inheri-  
tance.

cats, my worthy Father had got by flight of Hand, and left them in custody of a virtuous Woman, that was the Receiver of all that was stole for ten Leagues round the Country. To be short, I receiv'd, and put up my Money ; which my Uncle had not yet drank out, nor consum'd, and that was very much, considering he was such a brutal Man; but the reason was, he thought it would serve me to take my Degrees, and with a little Learning I might come to be a Cardinal, which to him seem'd no difficult matter. When he understood I had the Money, he said to me, *My Child Paul, it will be your own fault if you do not thrive, and are not a good Man, since you have a good Example before you. You have got Money, and I will always be your Friend, for all I have and all I earn is yours.* I return'd him thanks for his kind Offers; we spent the day in extravagant Talk, and in returning the Visits to the aforesaid Persons. They diverted the Afternoon playing at All-Fours, the same Company, my Uncle, the Swineherd, and the Quester, this last squandering the Money of the Poor at a villanous rate. It was wonderful to see how dextrous they were at it, and still every Game there was so much wet, for the Pot stood continually ready before 'em. Night came on, the Guests went away, and my Uncle and I to Bed, for he had now got me a Quilt. When it was day, I got up before he was awake, and went away without being perceiv'd, to an Inn, locking

*Leaves his  
Uncle.*

the Door on the outside, and thrusting in the Key at a cranny. I went away as I have said to an Inn to hide my self, and wait the next opportunity to go to *Madrid*. I left him a Letter seal'd up in the Room, wherein I gave an account of my departure, and the Reasons that mov'd me so to do, desiring he would make no enquiry after me, for I would never see him more.

---

C H A P. XII.

*My departure from Segovia, and Journey to Madrid, with what happen'd to me by the way.*

*Sets out  
on an Ass.*

A Carrier was setting out that morning from the Inn for *Madrid*, he had a spare Ass, which I hir'd, and went before to expect him without the City Gate. He came accordingly; I mounted and began my Journey, and said to my self, *Farewel to thee for ever, thou Knave of an Uncle, dishonour of our Family, hellish Finisher of the Law.* I consider'd I was going to *Madrid*, the Court of *Spain*; where, to my great satisfaction, no Body knew me, and there I must trust to my Ingenuity. The first thing I resolv'd to do was to lay aside my Schollar's Habit, and cloath my self in the fashion. But let us return to my Uncle, who



who was in a great Rage at the Letter I left him, which was to this effect.

The Letter.

Mr. Alonso Ramplon,

**S**INCE it has pleas'd God to show me such signal Mercies, as to take away my good Father, and to order my Mother to be convey'd to Toledo, where I know the best that can come of her is to vanish away in smoke; all I could wish for at present, would be to see you serv'd as you serve others. I design to be singular in my Family, for I can never make more than one, unless I fall under your hands, and you carve me up as you do others. Do not enquire after me, for it behoves me to deny the Kindred that is between us. Serve God and the King.

It is impossible to express how in all likelihood he rail'd and swore at me; but let us leave him there and return to my Journey. I was mounted like *Sancho Panca*, on a itatly dapple Afs, and wish'd with all my heart that I might meet no body; when on a sudden I discover'd at a distance an underling sort of a Gentleman, with his Cloak hanging on his shoulders, his Sword by his side, close Breeches, and Boots on, altogether, to outward appearance, genteel enough, with a clean starch'd Band, and his Hat on one side, like a Ballad-Singer. I conceiv'd he was some Man of Quality that was walking, and had left his Coach

Coach behind him, and accordingly when I came up saluted him. He view'd me, and said, *It is very likely, good Sir, that you travel much more easy on that Ass, than I do with all my Equipage.* Imagining he had meant his Coach and Servants he left behind, I answer'd, *In troth, Sir, I reckon it more easy travelling than in a Coach, for tho' there is no dispute but you go very easily in that you have left behind you, yet the jolting of it is troublesome.* What Coach behind? reply'd he in a great Consternation. And turning short to look about him, the sudden motion made his Breeches drop down, for it broke one only point he had to hold them up; and tho' he saw me ready to burst with laughing, he ask'd to borrow one of me. Perceiving he had no more Shirt than would come within the wastband of his Breeches, and scarce reach to acquaint his Breech that he had any, I reply'd, *As I hope for mercy, Sir, you had best wait till your Servants come up, for I cannot possibly assist you, having but one single point to hold up my own Breeches.* If you are in jest, Sir, quoth he, holding his Breeches in his hands, *let it pass; for I do not understand what you mean by Servants.* With this he went on, and was so plain in letting me know he was poor, that before we had gone half a League together, he own'd he should never be able to get to *Madrid*, unless I would let him ride upon my Ass a while, he was so tir'd with walking with his Breeches in his hands, which mov'd me to Compassion, and I alighted.

alighted. He was so encumber'd with his Breeches, that I was fain to help him up, and was much surpriz'd at what I discover'd by my feeling, for behind, as far as was cover'd with the Cloak, the Buttocks had no other fence against the Eyes and the Air. He being sensible of the discovery I had made, very discreetly prevented what reflections I might make, saying, *All is not Gold that glitters, reverend Sir*, giving me that Title on account of my long Schollar's Robe, *no doubt but when you saw my fine starch'd Band, and the show I made, you fancy'd I was the Lord knows who. Little do you think how many fine Outsides are as bare within, as what you felt.* I assur'd him upon my word, that I had conceited much different matters from what I found. *Why then Sir*, reply'd he, *let me tell you, all you have seen as yet is nothing, for every thing about me is remarkable; and no part of me is truly clad. Such as you see me, I am a real substantial Gentleman of a good Family and known Seat on the Mountains, and could I but feed my Body as I keep my State and Gentility, I should be a happy Man. But as the World goes, good, Sir, there is no keeping up noble Blood without Bread and Meat, and God be prais'd, it runs red in every Man's Veins; nor can he be a worthy Person, who is worth nothing. I am now convinc'd of the value of a good Pedegree for being ready to starve one day, they would not give me a Chop of Mutton in the Cook's Shop for mine; and yet it is flourish'd with Gold Letters, but the Leaf Gold on Pils is more valuable, and few Men of Letters have any Gold. I have sold all to my very Burial Place*



Place, that nothing may be call'd mine when I am dead, for my Father Toribio Rodriguez Ballejo Gomez de Ampuero, who had all these Names, lost all he had by being bound for others. I have nothing now left to sell but the Title of Don, and I am so unfortunate, that I can find no body that has occasion for it, because there is scarce a Scoundrel now but usurps it. Tho' the poor Gentleman's Misfortunes were intermix'd with something that was comical, I could not but pity him, ask'd his Name, whether he was going and what to do? He answer'd with all his Father's Names, *Don Toribio Rodriguez Ballejo Gomez de Ampuero y Jordan*. Never did I hear such an empty founding jingling Name, or so like the clattering of a Bell, as beginning in *Don*, and ending in *dan*. He added he was going to *Madrid*, because a Thred-bare elder Brother, as he was, soon grew tainted and mouldy in a Country Town, and had no way to subsist, and therefore he was going to the common refuge of distressed Persons, where there is room for all, and open Houses kept for wandring Spungers. And I never want five or six Crowns in my Pocket, said he, as soon as I come thither nor a good Bed, Meat and Drink, and sometimes a forbidden Pleasure; for a good Wit at Court is like the Philosopher's Stone, which converts all it touches into Gold. This to me was the most welcome News I had ever heard, and therefore, as it were to divert the tediousness of our Journey, I desir'd him to inform me, How and by whom, he  
and

and others in his condition, could live at Court, for to me it appear'd a very difficult matter, because every one there seem'd so far from being contented with his own, that he aim'd at what belong'd to others. There are many of all sorts, reply'd my Spark; but Flattery is like a Master Key, which introduces a Man wheresoever he pleases in such great Places, and that you may not think strange of what I say, do but listen to my Adventures and Contrivances, and you will be convinc'd of the truth of it.

## C H A P. XIII.

*The Thread-bare Gentleman by the Way, according to promise, gives an account of his Life and Actions.*

**T**HE first thing you are to observe is, that *How* at Court there are always the wisest *Mumpers* and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, and *and Sharpers live.* the extreams of all other sorts. There the virtuous are conceal'd and the wicked not taken notice of; and there lives a sort of People like my self, who are not known to have any Estates real or personal, nor does it appear whence they came or how they live. Among our selves we are distinguish'd by several Names, some are call'd Gentlemen Mumpers, others Sharpers, others Pinchguts, others Barebones, and others Commonners; but in general

general we live by our wits. For the most part, we cheat our Guts of their due, for it is a very dangerous and troublesome thing to live upon others. We are meer Scare-crows at all good Tables, the Terror of Cooks Shops, and always unbidden and unwelcome Guests, living like Cameleons by the Air, and yet never contented. When we happen to Dine upon a Leek we strut and look as big as if stuff'd with Capons. Whosoever comes to Visit us never fails to find Mutton and Foul bones and parings of Fruit about the House, and the Door strew'd with Feathers and young Cunny Skins; all which we pick up over Night about the Streets, to credit us the next Day. As soon as the Friend comes in, we fall into a Passion, and cry, It is a strange thing that I can never make this Maid Sweep the Room in time. Good Sir, excuse me for I have had some Friends at Dinner, and these Servants never mind their Business, &c. Such as do not know us believe it, and think we have had an Entertainment. Next as for Dining at other Mens Houses, whensoever we have spoke but three words with a Man we take care to know where he lives, thither we are sure to make just at eating time, when we know he is at Table, we tell him, his Conversation has so charm'd us that we are not able to keep away, for he is the most taking Person in the World. If he asks, whether we have din'd, and they have not yet begun, we answer in the negative. If they invite us, we never stay to be ask'd twice, because those Ceremonies have often made us go with hungry Bellies. If they have began to eat, we say we have din'd, and then, tho' the Master of the House carves up his Fowl, or any joynt of Meat never so dexterously, that we may have



have the opportunity of chopping up a mouthful or two, we cry, By your leave Sir, pray let me have the Honour of being your Carver, for I remember, naming some Duke or Earl that is dead, God rest his Soul, us'd to take more delight in seeing me Carve than in eating. This said, we lay hold of the Knife, cut out curious bits, and say, How delicately it smells ! It would be an affront to the Cook not to taste it, what a delicate Hand she has at seasoning. With this we fall on and down goes half the Meat in the Dish for a taste. If there be Bacon we call it our delight, if Mutton the only thing we love, if but a Turnip an exquisite morsel and so every thing that comes in our way is ever the thing we most admire. If all this fails we are sure of the Alms of some Monastery ; which we do not receive in publick among the Beggars, but privately, endeavouring to perswade the Fryers that we rather take it out of Devotion than for want.

Their  
way of  
Cloathing.

It is pleasant enough to see one of us in a Gaming-house, how diligently he attends, snuffs the Candles, reaches the Chamber-Pots, fetches Cards, applauds all the Winner says, and all this for a poor Royal or two he gives him. We carry in our mind the whole Inventory of our Wardrobe or Ragshop, in order to dress us, and as in some places they observe set times for Prayer, so do we for mending and botching. It is wonderful to see what variety of rubbish we lay up and produce upon occasion. We look upon the Sun as our mortal Enemy, because he discovers our Dearn, Stiches, and Patches ; and yet are forc'd to be beholding to him standing up with our Legs wide open in the morning where he shines in, to discover by the Shadows on the ground what Shreds or Rags hang between  
our

our Legs, and then with a pair of Scissers we trim the Breeches. Now that part betwixt the Thighs being so apt to wear, it is very odd to observe what Gaps we make behind to fill up the fore part, so that very often the Posteriors are hack'd away till they remain quite Naked. Only the Cloak is privy to this secret, and therefore we are very cautious of windy days, and of going up Stairs that are light, or mounting a Horse-back. We make it our business to study postures against the light, and if it prove a very bright day, we walk with our Legs as close as may be, and sit as if our Knees were clung together, for fear lest if we open them the Gashes may appear. There is nothing about us but what has been another thing before, and may have a particular History writ of it; as for instance, you see this Waistcoat, Sir, it was once a pair of wide knee'd Breeches, Grandchild to a short Cloak and great Grandchild to a long Mourners Cloak, which was its first Parent, and now it waits to be converted into Footing for Stockings and forty other things. Our Socks were once Handkerchiefs, descended from Towels, which had been Shirts, and those the Issue of Sheets; after all this they are made into Paper, on which we write, and at last, burn it to make Blacking for our Shooes, where I have seen it perform wonders, recovering many a pair that was condemn'd as only fit for the Dung-hil. At night we never fail to get at the greatest distance we can from the lights for fear of discovering our thread-bare Cloaks, and wool-less Coats; for there is no more Knap on them than is upon a Stone; and tho' it pleases God to give us Hair on our Faces we have none on our Cloaths, and therefore to save the expence of a Barber we always contrive

contrive to stay till two of us want Trimming together, and then we scrape one another, following the advice of the Gospel. Be helpful to one another like loving Brethen. Besides, we always take care not to intrude into the Houses of others, for every one keeps his own, and timely notice is given to avoid contention, being very jealous in the point of eating. It is an indispensable duty among us to ride about all the great noted Streets once a quarter, tho' it be but on a Colt, and once a year to go in a Coach, when we are sure to sit as close to the doore as possible, thrusting out our Heads, bowing to all that pass by to be seen, and talking to our Friends and Acquaintance tho' they do not see or mind us. If any unmannerly creature happens to bite us before Ladies, we have ways to scratch in Publick, with out being taken notice of; for if it happens to be on the Thigh, we tell a story of a Soldier we saw had a Shot through there, clapping our Fingers on the place that itches, and clawing instead of pointing. If it is in the Church and they sting on our Breasts, we beat them by way of Devotion tho' it be at a Christening; for the Back we lean against a Pillar or Wall, and rub it there as if we only stood up to observe something. To deal ingenuously as to the matter of Lying; not one word of truth ever comes out of our Mouth. In all Companies we run over a Beadrole of Dukes and Earls, making some of them our Friends and others our Relations, always observing that those great Men must be either dead or very remote. The best of all is that we never fall in Love, unless it be to earn our Bread; for by our Constitutions coy Ladies, tho' never so Beautiful, are absolute-



ly forbidden ; so that we ever Court a Tripeman for our Meat ; the Landlady for our Lodging ; the Starcher for our Band ; and other Necessaries ; and tho' such slender diet makes us unfit to satisfy them all, yet we keep them in good humour. Will any Body that sees the Boots on my Legs believe they are upon the bare Skin, without any Stockings ? Or will any one that sees my curious starch'd Band imagine I have no Shirt ? Let me tell you Sir, a Gentleman may make a shift without those things, but there is no living for him without a set starcht Band. This is an outward Ornament altogether necessary to grace a Man, and besides when he has turn'd it and wound it every way, the starch in it will make him a Mess as good as Water Gruel. In short, reveren'd Sir ; a Gentleman of our Stamp must go through all sorts of wants and hardships, and that is the way to live at Court. Sometimes he flourishes and rouses in plenty, and at another time he falls into an Hospital ; but still he lives, and he who knows how to manage is a King, tho' he has never so little.

Paul resolves upon that course of Life.

I was so well pleas'd with the Sparks unaccountable ways of living, and so much diverted with his Relation, that I went on a Foot as far as Rozas, without reflecting, where we lay that Night. The Squire Supp'd with me, for he had not one Cross, and I thought my self beholding to him for his instructions, because they led me into abundance of Secrets and put me into the way of sharpening. I acquainted him with my designs before we went to Bed, which he return'd with a Thousand embraces, telling

telling me, he had always been in hopes since he met me that his words would work some good effect on a Person of my Capacity. He offer'd me his service, towards introducing me at *Madrid* into the Society of the tricking Brotherhood, and a Lodging among them. I accepted of his kindness, without discovering I had such a Treasure of Ducats, but only an Hundred Royals, which with the kindness I had done, and was still continuing, purchas'd his Friendship. I bought him three Points of our Landlord, he ty'd up his Hose, we rested that Night, got up early in the Morning, and away we went to *Madrid*.

*The End of the First Part.*

S 2

T H E

---

The Pleasant

# HISTORY

OF THE

## LIFE and ACTIONS

OF

# PAUL

*The Spanish Sharper, &c.*

---

### BOOK II.

---

#### CHAP. I.

*What happen'd to me at my first coming to  
Madrid till Night.*

*The Com-  
pany of  
Sharpers.*

**W**E got to *Madrid* at ten a Clock  
in the Morning, and went lovingly  
together by consent to the House where  
*Don Toribio's* Friends liv'd. A very old Wo-  
man



man miserably clad open'd the door, he enquir'd for his Friends, and she answer'd, they were gone out a seeking. We continu'd by our selves till Noon, diverting the time, he encouraging me to follow the spunging course of Life, and I listning carefully to his Advice. Half an hour after twelve in came a Phantome clad in black Bayes down to his Heels, and so bare that a Louse could not stick upon it; they talk'd to one another in Cant, the Result whereof was his embracing me, and offering his Service. We discours'd a while, and then he pull'd out a Glove, in which were sixteen Royals, and a Letter, by virtue of which he had collected that Money, pretending it was a License to beg for a Woman in distress. He took the Money out of the Glove, drew another to it out of his Pocket, and folded them together as Physicians do. I ask'd him, why he did not wear them, and he answer'd, because they were both for one hand, and that way they serv'd as well as if they had been fellows. All this while I observ'd he did not let go his Cloak which was wrapp'd about him, and being but a Novice, for my better Information, took the liberty to enquire, why he still hugg'd himself up so close in his Cloak; he reply'd, *My Friend, there is a great rent down my Back, made up with a patch of old stuff, besides a great spot of Oil; this piece of a Cloak hides all, and thus I can appear abroad.* At length he unwrapp'd himself, and under his Cassock I perceiv'd a great

bulk sticking out, which I took to have been Trunk-Breeches, for it look'd like them, till he going in to louse himself tuck'd up his Coats, and I perceiv'd there were only two Hoops of Pastboard ty'd to his Waste, and joining to his Thighs, which stuck out under his Mourning; for he wore neither Shirt nor Breeches, but was so naked that he had scarce any thing to louse. He went into the lousing Room, and turn'd a little board that hung at the door, on which was written, *One is lousing*, that no other might go in till he had done. I bless'd God with all my heart, to see how he had provided for Men, giving them Ingenuity if they wanted Riches. For my part, said my Friend, I am sick at the Breeches with travelling, and therefore must withdraw to mend. He ask'd, whether there were any Rags; the old Woman, who gather'd them twice a Week about the Streets, as the Rag-women do for the Paper-Mills, to cure the incurable Diseases of those Gentlemen, answer'd, there were none, and that *Don Lorenzo Yniguez del Pedroso* had kept his Bed a fortnight for want of them, being sick of his Coat. At this time in came one booted, in a travelling Garb, a grey Sute, and a Hat bridled up on both sides. The others acquainted him who I was, and he saluted me very lovingly; laid down his Cloak, and it appear'd, who would imagine it, that the forepart of his Coat was of grey Cloath, and the back of white Linnen, well liquor'd with  
Sweat.

Sweat. I could not forbear laughing, and he very demurely said, *You'll come into our Row, and then you wont laugh; I'll lay a wager you don't know why I wear my Hat with the brims bridled up.* I answer'd, *To look big, and remove all Obstacles from your sight.* That's your mistake, said he, *I do it to hinder the sight; it is because I have no Hatband, and this hides it.* This said, he pull'd out about twenty Letters, and as many Royals, saying, He could not deliver those. Every one was mark'd a Royal Postage, and they were all folded alike. He sign'd any Name that came into his head; writ News of his own making, and deliver'd them in that Habit to People of fashion, receiving the Postage, which he practis'd once a Month; all which to me was very amazing.

Next came two others, one of them *More* with a Cloath Coat reaching but half way *Cheats.* down his wide kneed Breeches, and a Cloak of the same sort, with his Band ruffled up to hide the Rends in it. The wide Breeches were of Camblet, but only as far as appear'd, for all the rest was of red Bays. This Man was jangling and brawling with the other, who wore a Ruff for want of a Band, a hanging Coat for want of a Cloak, and went upon a Crutch, with one Leg bound up in Rags and Furs, because he had but one Stocking. He pretended to be a Soldier, and had been so, but a scurvy one, and by the Priviledge of a Soldier intruded into any House. He in the Coat, and half Breeches cry'd, *The one*



half, or at least a considerable part is due to me; if you do not give it me, I vow to God. Do not vow to God, reply'd the other, for I am not lame at home, and if you prate I'll lay this Crutch about your Ears. This Threat inflam'd both Parties; they came to high words, and gave one another the Lye, then falling to Blows, the Cloaths in a moment flew all about in Rags at the first handling. We parted them, and enquiring into the cause of the Quarrel, the Soldier cry'd, Put Tricks upon me! you shall not have the value of a Cross. You must understand, Gentlemen, that being at Saint Saviour's Church, there came a Child to this poor Fellow, and ask'd him, whether I was the Ensign John de Lorenzana, who answer'd, I was, because he saw he had something in his hand. With this, he brought the Child to me, and calling me Ensign, said, Here, Sir, see what this Child would have with you. I understood the Trick, and said, I was the Man, took his Message, and with it a dozen of Handkerchiefs, returning an answer to his Mother, who sent them to some Person of that Name. Now he demands half, and I'll be torn in pieces before I'll part with them, my own Nose shall have the wearing of them all out. The cause was adjudg'd on his side, only he was forbid blowing his Nose in them, and order'd to deliver them up to the old Woman, to make Ruffles and Hand-wrists, to appear in fight, and represent Shirt-sleeves; for blowing the Nose was absolutely prohibited. When Night came, we all went to Bed, and lay as close together as Her-rings

rings in a Barrel, or Tools in a Tweezer Case. As for Supper, there was not so much as a Thought of it, most of the Gang never stripp'd, for they were naked enough to go to Bed as they went all day.

## C H A P: II.

*The same Subject of the foregoing Chapter continu'd, with other strange Adventures.*

**D**A Y came, and we all rous'd: I was *The Skoun-  
drels dress.* as well acquainted with them already as if we had been one Mother's Children; for there is ever an easiness and satisfaction in what is not good. It was very pleasant to see one put on his Shirt at ten several times, because it consisted of as many several Clouts, and say a Prayer at every one like a Priest that is vesting to go to the Altar. One could not find the way into his Breeches, another call'd out for help to put on his Doublet, for none of them knew the right side from the wrong, or the head from the heels. When this was over, which afforded no little Pleasure, they all laid hold of their Needles and Thread, to dearn, stitch, and patch. One fix'd an Arm against a Wall to draw together the rents in a Sleeve; another knelt down to botch up the holes in his Hose; another clapp'd his head betwixt his Legs to come at a breach upon his Buttocks.

No

No *Dutch Landskip* afforded such variety of strange Figures as I saw there; they botch'd, and the old Woman supply'd them with Materials, as Rags and Clouts of all the Colours of the Rainbow, which she had pick'd up on *Saturday Night*.

Paul put  
into the  
Habit.

When the mending time was over, as they call'd it, they all view'd one another narrowly, to see what was amiss, in order to go abroad a shifting. I told them I would have them order my Dress, for I design'd to lay out the hundred Royals I had on a Sute of Cloaths, and leave off my Cassock. *That must not be,* said they, *let the Money be put into the common Stock, we will cloath him immediately out of our Wardrobe, and appoint him his Walk in the Town, where he alone shall range and seek out.* I consented, deposited the Money, and in a trice they made me a Mourning-cloth Coat out of my Cassock, cut my long Cloak into a short one, and truck'd the remains of it for an old Hat new dress'd, making a Hatband very neatly of some Cotton pick'd out of Inkhorns. They took off my Band, and wide kneed Breeches; and instead of these put me on a pair of close Hose flash'd only before, for the sides and backpart were nothing but Sheepskins. The silk Stockings they gave me were not half Stockings, for they reach'd but four Fingers below the Knees, the rest being cover'd with a tight pair of Boots over my own red Hose. The Band they gave me was all in Rags, and when they had put it on they said,

*The*



The Band is somewhat decay'd on the sides and behind; if any Body looks at you, Sir, you must be sure to turn about as they do, like the Sun-flower, which still moves as he does. If there happen to be two at once observing you on both sides, fall back; and to prevent being observ'd behind, let your Hat hang down on your Neck, so that the brim may cover the Band, leaving all your forehead bare; and if any Body asks, why you wear it so; tell him, it is because you dare show your Face in any part of the World. Next they gave me a Box containing, black and white Thread, sowing Silk, Pack-thread, a Needle, a Thimble, bits of Cloath, Linnen and Silk, with other shreds and scraps, and a Knife. To my Girdle they fastned a Tinder-Box, with a Steel and Flint in a little Pouch, saying, *This Box will carry you through the World, without the help of Friends or Relations; this contains all we stand in need of, take and keep it.* They appointed the Ward of Saint Lewis for my Walk, and so I enter'd upon my Employment. We all went out together, but because I was a Novice, they order'd him that brought and converted me to be my Instructor in the Trade of Sharping.

We set out very gravely, walking in *His first* state, with our Beads in our hands, and *setting out* made towards my Precinct. We paid re-*upon the* spect to all we met, taking off our Hats *Sharp.* to the Men, tho' we had rather have taken their Cloaks; to the Women we bow'd low, because they are fond of Respect, and proud of being honour'd. My worthy Governour

vernour as went along, would say to one Creditor, I shall receive Money to morrow; to another, have patience for a day or two, the Bankers put me off. One ask'd him for his Cloak, another for his Girdle, by which I perceiv'd he was such a true Friend to his Friend, that he had nothing which was his own. We went in and out from one side of the Street to the other, like drunken Men, that find it too narrow for them, to avoid Duns. Here one whipp'd out to demand his House-rent, there another the hire of his Sword, presently a third, the lent of his Sheets and Shirts; so that it appear'd he was a hireling Gentlemen like a hir'd Horse. It happen'd he spy'd a Man at a good distance, who, as he told me, was ready to tear him to pieces for a debt, but could not tear the Money from him. To prevent being known by him, he let fall his long Hair, which before was tuck'd up behind his Ears, and look'd like a shock Dog that was never shorn. Then he clapp'd a patch upon one Eye and begun to talk to me in *Italian*. He had time enough to do this before the other came up, who had not yet observ'd him. I declare it, I saw the Man round and round him, as a Dog does before he lyes down, he bless'd himself as if he had been bewitch'd, and went away, saying, *God bless me, I durst have sworn it had been he, what a mighty mistake I had like to commit, he, who has lost Oxen, always fancies he hears their Bells.* I was ready to burst with laughing, to see what a Figure my

my Friend made, he stept into a Porch to tuck up his Hair again, and pull off his Patch, and said, *These are the Dresses for denying of Debts, learn, my Friend, for you will see a Thousand such shifts in this Town.* We went on, and at the corner of a Street, took two slices of Gingerbread, and as many drams of Brandy, of a Whore, who gave it us for nothing, after wishing my Director welcome to Town, who said, *This puts a Man in a condition to make shift without a Dinner for this day, for at worst he is sure of so much.* It went to my very Heart to think it was dubious whether we should have any Dinner, and answer'd him very disconsolately in behalf of my Stomach, to which he reply'd, *You are a Man of a small Faith, and repose little confidence in our mumping Profession. God Almighty provides for the Crows and Jackdaws, and even for Scriveners, and should he fail poor Pinchguts? You have but a poor Soul. You are in the right, quoth I, but still I fear I shall make it poorer, for the Belly is the Life of the Soul.*

As we were talking after this manner, a Clock struck twelve, and being yet a Stranger to that Profession, my Guts took no notice of the Ginger-bread, but I was as if I had eaten no such thing. Being thus put in mind again of that want, I turn'd to my Conductor, and said, *My Friend, this business of starving is very hard to be learn'd at first, I was us'd to feed like a Farmer, and am now brought to fast like an Anchorite. It is no wonder you are not hungry, who have been bred*

to



to it from your Infancy, like King Mithridates with Poyson, so that it is now familiar and habitual to you. I do not perceive you take any diligent care to provide Belly-Timber, and therefore I am resolv'd to shift as well as I can. God is my Life, quoth he, what a pleasant Spark you are, it is but just now struck twelve, and are you in such mighty haste already. Your Stomach is very exact to its hours, and immediately cries out Cubboard; but it must practise patience, and learn to be in

*The Friers* Arrears at times. What would you be cram-  
*Alms.* ming all day, the very Beasts can do no more. It does not appear in History, that ever Knight of our Order was troubled with a looseness, but on the contrary, our Commons are so short, that we scarce ever go to stool. I told you already that God provides for all Men, yet if you are in such haste, I am going to receive the Alms at the Monastery of S. Jerome, where there are most delicious Friers, there I will stuff my Devil; if you will go along with me, well and good, if not, every one take his own course. Farewel, said I, my wants are not so small as to be satisfy'd with the leavings of others; every Man shift for himself.

*Paul*  
*Spunges*  
*Dinner*  
*and slips*  
*away.*

My Friend walk'd very upright, now and then looking upon his Feet, and took out a few Crumbs of Bread, which he carried for that purpose in a little Box, these he strew'd about his Beard and Cloaths, so that he look'd as if he had din'd. I cough'd and hawk'd to conceal my weakness, wiping my Whiskers, muffled up with my Cloak upon the left Shoulder, playing with my Tens, for I had but ten Beads upon my String.

String. All that saw me believ'd I had din'd, and had they thought the Lice were then dining upon me, they had guess'd right. All my confidence was in my Crowns I had sunk, tho' I had a scruple of Conscience, that it was against the Rules of our Profession to pay for a Dinner, being oblig'd to feed upon the Publick ; but I was resolv'd to break the fast and transgress the Ordinances. By this time I was come to the corner of *St. Lewis's-street*, where a Pastry-Cook liv'd. On the Bulk lay a curious Mutton Pye, delicately bak'd and piping hot out of the Oven ; my Nose stumbled at it, and I made a full set like a Dog at a Partridge, fixing my Eyes, and gazing so stedfastly, that it shrunk up as if it had been blasted. It had been pleasant enough to know how many ways I cast about to steal it, and then again resolv'd to buy it. By this time it struck one, which put such a damp upon me, that I resolv'd to launch into the next Cook's Shop. As I was steering towards one, it pleas'd God that I met with a Friend of mine, call'd, the Licentiate *Flechilla*, who came swinging his Caslock down the Street, his Face all dusty, and his long Robes full of daglocks. As soon as he spy'd me he ran to embrace me, and yet I wonder he should know me in that condition. I return'd his embrace, he ask'd how I did, and I answer'd, *I have a-bundance of Stories to tell you Mr Licentiate, all that troubles me, is, that I must be gone to night. I am sorry for that,* quoth he, *and were it not*  
late

to it from your Infancy, like King Mithridates with Poyson, so that it is now familiar and habitual to you. I do not perceive you take any diligent care to provide Belly-Timber, and therefore I am resolv'd to shift as well as I can. God is my Life, quoth he, what a pleasant Spark you are, it is but just now struck twelve, and are you in such mighty haste already. Your Stomach is very exact to its hours, and immediately cries out Cubboard; but it must practise patience, and learn to be in

The Friers  
Alms.

Arrears at times. What would you be cramming all day, the very Beasts can do no more. It does not appear in History, that ever Knight of our Order was troubled with a looseness, but on the contrary, our Commons are so short, that we scarce ever go to stool. I told you already that God provides for all Men, yet if you are in such haste, I am going to receive the Alms at the Monastery of S. Jerome, where there are most delicious Friers, there I will stuff my Devil; if you will go along with me, well and good, if not, every one take his own course. Farewel, said I, my wants are not so small as to be satisfy'd with the leavings of others; every Man shift for himself.

Paul  
Spunges<sup>a</sup>  
Dinner  
and slips  
aw. 17.

My Friend walk'd very upright, now and then looking upon his Feet, and took out a few Crumbs of Bread, which he carried for that purpose in a little Box, these he strew'd about his Beard and Cloaths, so that he look'd as if he had din'd. I cough'd and hawk'd to conceal my weakness, wiping my Whiskers, muffled up with my Cloak upon the left Shoulder, playing with my Tens, for I had but ten Beads upon my String.



String. All that saw me believ'd I had din'd, and had they thought the Lice were then dining upon me, they had guess'd right. All my confidence was in my Crowns I had sunk, tho' I had a scruple of Conscience, that it was against the Rules of our Profession to pay for a Dinner, being oblig'd to feed upon the Publick ; but I was resolv'd to break the fast and transgress the Ordinances. By this time I was come to the corner of *St. Lewis's-street*, where a Pastry-Cook liv'd. On the Bulk lay a curious Mutton Pye, delicately bak'd and piping hot out of the Oven ; my Nose stumbled at it, and I made a full set like a Dog at a Partridge, fixing my Eyes, and gazing so stedfastly, that it shrunk up as if it had been blasted. It had been pleasant enough to know how many ways I cast about to steal it, and then again resolv'd to buy it. By this time it struck one, which put such a damp upon me, that I resolv'd to launch into the next Cook's Shop. As I was steering towards one, it pleas'd God that I met with a Friend of mine, call'd, the Licentiate *Flechilla*, who came swinging his Caslock down the Street, his Face all dusty, and his long Robes full of daglocks. As soon as he spy'd me he ran to embrace me, and yet I wonder he should know me in that condition. I return'd his embrace, he ask'd how I did, and I answer'd, *I have a-bundance of Stories to tell you Mr Licentiate, all that troubles me, is, that I must be gone to night. I am sorry for that,* quoth he, *and were it not*  
late

late, and that I am going in hast to Dinner, I would stay with you, but a Sister I have that is marry'd, and her Husband expects me. Is Mrs Anne here, said I, whatever becomes of my Business, I'll go and wait upon her, that is a duty I cannot dispence with. Hearing him say he had not din'd made me sharp; away I went with him, and by the way, told him that a Wench he had been very fond of at *Alcala*, was then in Town, and I could get him admittance into her House. He was mightily pleas'd at this motion, for I purposely contriv'd to talk of such things as might be pleasing to him. This discourse held us till we came to his Sister's House, in we went, I made very great tenders of Service to both Husband and Wife, and they believing all I said was true, and that I might be out of Countenance for coming at that time of day, began to excuse themselves, saying, They would have made some Provision, had they thought of such a Guest. I laid hold of the opportunity, and invited my self, telling them, I was no Stranger, but an old Friend, and should take it unkindly to be treated with Ceremony. They sate down, I did so too, and the better to stop the others Mouth, who had not invited me nor ever thought of any such thing, every now and then I gave him a remembrance of the Wench, saying, she had ask'd for, and was infinitely fond of him, with many more Lyes to that purpose, which made him bear the more patiently with my cramming, for such havock as I made

made in the first Course was never seen. The boil'd Meat was serv'd up, I tumbled the best part of it down my Throat in a moment, without nicety, but in such a hurry, as if I had not thought it safe enough betwixt my Teeth. As I hope for mercy I laid about me at such a rate, as if my Life had depended on it, and was so expeditious that every thing seem'd to vanish in my presence. No doubt but they observ'd how I pour'd down the Soup, how soon I drein'd the Dish, how clean I pick'd the Bones, and how cleverly I dispatch'd the Meat, and to say the truth at every turn, I clapp'd a good lunch of Bread into my Pocket till it could hold no more.

When the Table was taken away, the Licenciante and I stepp'd aside, to talk about our going to the aforesaid Wenche's House, which I represented to him as a very easy matter; but as we were talking at the Window, I pretended somebody had call'd to me from the Street, and answer'd, *Sir I come this Moment*; ask'd leave of my Friend, promising to return immediately. I left him waiting for me, and so he might have done to this Day, for I slipt away and my Belly being full, had no more occasion for him. I met him several times after, and excus'd my self, telling a Thousand Lyes, which are not to our purpose. Rambling thence about the Streets at random, I came to the *Guadalajara* Gate and sat down on one of the Benches that are

T

at



*Cheats a  
Woman of  
her Beads.*

at the Mercers Doors. As God would have it, there came two of those Creatures that borrow Money upon their handsome Faces, to the Shop, they were both close Viell'd with only one Eye bare to see their Way, and attended by an old Woman, and a Boy half Footman half Page. They ask'd for some very Rich new Fashion wrought Velvet. To commence a discourse, I began to play and pun upon the Velvet, turning and winding till I brought it to all the wagish leud meanings I had a mind to. I perceiv'd my freedom had put them in hopes they might carry off some Present from the Shop, and knowing I could be no loser, I offer'd 'em whatsoever they pleas'd. They stood out a little, pretending they did not use to accept of any thing from persons they were not acquainted with. I laid hold of that opportunity, telling them, I own'd it was a presumption in me to offer them any thing there, but that I desir'd them to accept of a parcel of rich Silks sent me from *Milan*, which that Page of mine should carry them at night, pointing to one that stood over the way bare-headed waiting for his Master, who was in a Shop. And that they might take me for some Man of Quality and well known, I pull'd off my Hat to all the Judges, Privy Counsellors and Peers that went by, bowing as if we had been very well acquainted, tho I knew none of them. These outward shows and my taking out a piece or two of Gold of my hidden Treasure, on pretence of giving

an Alms to a poor body that begg'd of me, made them conclude I was some Gentleman of Note. They thought fit to go home because it grew late, and took their leave, charging me to be sure the Page should go as privately as might be. I begg'd of them only as a favour and token of their good will, a pair of Beads all set and link'd in Gold, which the handsomest of them had in her hand, as a pledge for me to visit them the next day without fail. They made some difficulty to part with it, till I offer'd them a hundred Crowns in pawn for it, which they refus'd, hoping by that means to draw me in for a better penny, ask'd where I lodg'd, and told me their Quarters, desiring me to observe that they could not receive Messages at all times, because they were Persons of Quality. I led them through the High-street, and before we turn'd out of it, made choice of the largest and fairest House I could find, which had a Coach without Horses standing at the Door, telling them it was mine and at their service, as was the Coach and Master of them. My Name I told them was *Don Alvaro de Cordova*; and in I went to rights, before their Faces. At our coming out of the Shop I remember I call'd over one of the Pages from the other side of the way, beck'ning to him very stately with my hand, and pretending to order him and the rest of them to wait there till I came, but in reality only ask'd whether he did not belong to my Uncle the Privy Counsellor;

he answer'd me he did not, and so I dismiss'd him, setting my self off with borrow'd Feathers.

*All the  
Sharps  
Adven-  
tures that  
day.*

When it was dark night, we all went home, and coming in I found the counterfeit Soldier that had the clouted Leg with a white wax Flambeau, they had given him to attend a Funeral, and he run away with it. This Fellow's Name was *Magazo*, born at *Olias*; he had been Captain in a Play, and had fought abundance of *Moors* in a Sword-Dance. When he talk'd with any that had serv'd in the Low Countries, he told them he had been in *China*, and if he happen'd to meet with any that had been there, he pretended he had serv'd in *Flanders*. He talk'd much of incamping, and lying in the Field, tho he had never been in any unless it were to louse himself; nam'd abundance of Strong Holds, and knew none but the common Goals; highly extoll'd the memory of *Don John of Austria*, commended the Duke of *Alva* for a generous true Friend, and had abundance of Names of noted *Turks*, Gallies, and great Officers, at his fingers ends, all which he had pick'd out of a Ballad then in vogue concerning the like Affairs. But being altogether unacquainted with Geography, or any thing of the Sea, discoursing about the famous Battel of *Lepanto*, he said that *Lepanto* was a very brave *Turk*. The poor Wretch was so ignorant that he serv'd to make us excellent sport.

Soon



Soon after in came my Friend with his Nose beaten almost flat to his Face, all his Head wrapt up in Clouts, very bloody and dirty. We ask'd him how he came into that pickle, he told us, he went to the Alms at the Monastery of St *Jerome*, and ask'd for a double portion, pretending it was for some poor People that could not beg; the Fryers stopp'd so much from the common Mumpers to give it him, at which they being provok'd, dogg'd him, and found he was laying about him with might and main in a dark corner behind a Door. They fell into debate whether it was lawful to cheat to fill ones own Belly, and to rob others to serve ones self; the Contest rose to high words, which were follow'd with blows, and those rais'd many knobs and bumps on his head. They attack'd him with their Pots they receiv'd the Pottage in; and the damage done to his Nose came by a wooden Dish they gave him to smell to, more hastily than had been convenient; they took away his Sword, out came the Porter, and had enough to do to part them. In short, our poor Brother was in so much danger, that he offer'd to return all he had eaten, and it would not serve his turn; for all they insisted upon was, that he begg'd for others, and thought much to pass for a Mumper. Out started from among the rest of the Gang a two handed Medicant Schollar, crying, Do but behold the figure made up of Clouts like a rag Baby, as poor as a Pastrycook in Lent,

as full of holes as a Flagelet, all patches like a Magpye, as greasy as an Oylman, and as tatter'd as an old Colours; pitiful Scoundrel, there are those that receive the holy Saints Alms that are fit to be Bishops, or for any other Dignity; I my self am a Graduate at *Siguenza*, and does Mr Shabrag think it a disgrace to eat amongst us. The Porter interpos'd, hearing a little old Fellow cry out, that tho' he came there for Pottage, he was descended from the famous Great Captain, and had many lofty Relations. But I will leave them here, since our Companion was now got off and endeavouring to shake his Bones into their places again.

---

### C H A P. III.

*The farther Proceedings of this sharpening Gang, till they were thrown all together into Goal,*

THE next that came, was *Merlo Diaz*, his Girdle hung all round with earthen Cups and Glasses, which he got at Nunneries, begging drink at the Wheele, without the least remorse of Conscience. *Don Lorenzo de Pedroso* reliev'd him coming in with an excellent good Cloak, which he had exchang'd at a Billiard Table, for his own that had no sign it had been made of Wool.

Wool, it was so threadbare. This Fellow us'd to take off his Cloak, as if he design'd to play, and to lay it among the rest, and then not agreeing about the match, he return'd to the place, took up the Cloak he lik'd best and went his way; the same he did at Ninepins and other Games. All this was nothing in comparison of *Don Cosme*, who came in with a Regiment of Boys at his tail, that were troubl'd with the King's-Evil, Cancers or Leprosy, or were hurt or lame. He play'd the white Witch, or Doctor, that cur'd by Prayers and Blessings, having to this purpose learnt some Superstitious Ceremonies and cramp words of an old Woman. By this Cheat he got more than all the rest together, for if any one came to be cur'd without something to make a show under his Cloak, or the gingle of Money in his Pocket, or the cry of some live Fowle, he was never at leisure. He had made Fools of half the Town, making them believe whatsoever he pleas'd, for there never was so absolute a Master at Lying; insomuch, that he never spoke truth accidentally. His common discourse was of Heaven, when he came into a House, he always said, *God be here*, and going out, *The Lord have you in his keeping*. All he had about him seem'd Hypocrisy, a pair of Beads as big as Walnuts; he contrived that sometime a Discipline made bloody at his Nose, should peep out under his Cloak; when he shrugg'd to remove the Lice that bit him, he perswaded others it was the



Hair Cloth he wore next his Skin, and that his starving was a voluntary fast. Then would he tell Stories of strange Temptations he overcame; if the Devil happen'd to be nam'd, he cry'd, *The Lord deliver and preserve us*, kiss'd the Ground when he went into the Church, call'd himself unworthy Sinner, never lifted up his Eyes to look at Women, but did not stick to take up their Coats. These cheats had so far prevail'd on the multitude, that they begg'd his Prayers, and might as well have apply'd themselves to the Devil; for he was not only a Gamester, but a meer Shark or Pick-pocket, but never took the Name of God in vain, being always sure to get by it. As for Women, he had several Children scatter'd about, and two holy Sisters with Child at that time; and in short, if any Commandment escap'd breaking quite, he never fail'd to crack it.

The next that came was *Polacon*, making a great noise, and asking for a long sad colour'd Gown, a great Cross, an overgrown false Beard and a Bell; and us'd to go about at night in this Dress, crying, *Remember you are to die, and be kind to the Souls departed*, &c. which brought him in considerable Alms, and when he found a House open, he went in, and if no body was in the way, stole all that came to his Hand. If any body saw him, he rung his Bell, and in a dismal tone, as he knew how to frame it, cry'd, *Remember Brethren*, &c. All these and many more contrivances and strange ways

ways of stealing, I learnt in a Month I continu'd among them. To return where I left off, I shew'd the Beads and told them the Story; they applauded my ingenuity, and the old Woman took them into her custody to sell them, and went about, saying they belong'd to a poor Maiden Gentlewoman, <sup>The old House-keeper.</sup> who was fain to sell them for Bread, having her Story ready for every occasion. The old Jade wept whenever she pleas'd, wrung her Hands, and sigh'd most bitterly; she call'd all People, Children; and over a good Smock, Jerkin, Gown and Petticoats, wore a tatter'd long Robe of Sackcloth, given her by an Anchorite, her Friend, who liv'd on the Mountains by *Alcala*. Her business was to manage all the Goods, to direct and conceal; but the Devil, who is always kind to his Servants, so order'd it, that going one day to a House to sell some Cloaths and other things, some body there knew their own Goods, sent for an Officer, secur'd the old Hag, whom we call'd Mother *Lebrusca*, and she presently discover'd all the Plot, told how we all liv'd, and that we were Gentlemen of Prey. The Officer left her in the Goal, and came to our House <sup>The Gang broke.</sup> where he found me, and all my Companions. He had half a dozen under Catchpoles along with him, and remov'd the whole sharpening Congregation to the Prison, where our Gentility avail'd us very little.

## C H A P. IV.

*The Prison describ'd, with an Account of what happen'd to us in it, till the old Woman was whipp'd; my Companions expos'd to publick shame, and I came out upon Bail.*

*The Goal.*

**A**S soon as we came into the Goal we were loaded with Irons, and going all together to be clap'd into the Dungeon; but I made use of the Money I had to prevent falling into that Hell, pulling out a Pistole, and making it glitter in the Goaler's Eyes, saying, *Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to hear me a word in private.* He having seen a glimpse of the Gold, took me aside, and I went on, *I beseech you, Sir, take pity of an unfortunate Man.* Then I took him lovingly by the hand and clapp'd in the Piece, which he greedily grasp'd, being us'd to such Ceremonies, and answer'd, *I will examine into your Distemper, and if it is not dangerous you shall down into the Hole.* I understood him, and submitted my self peaceably, so that he left me out, and turn'd down my Companions. I will not take up time in relating what Sport we made in the Prison, and as we went along the Streets, for being hunch'd along bound, some of us, without Cloaks, and others with them dragging along; it was comical to see such a parcel of Ragamuffins, all patches, and par-



particolour'd black and white, like Magpies. The Officers knew not how to take fast hold of them, they were all in such tatters; some they thought to grasp by the Flesh, and finding, for it was all starv'd away, they fear'd to be answerable for dis-jointing the Bones. Others lost their Coats and Breeches by the rough handling of those unmerciful Fellows. When they un-bound the Rope they led them all in, the Rags and Clouts drop'd off with it. At night I was carry'd to the Common-side, where I had a little Bed allotted me. It was odd to see some lie down in their whole Case, without taking off the least Rag they wore in the day; others at one motion put off all the Cloaths they had, others play'd; but at last we were made fast, and the Light put out. We all forgot our Irons, and took to our Rest very favourly. The great *Jourdan*, for easing the Body, stood at my Bed's head; and about Midnight all the Prisoners began to take their turns at it, letting fly such Volleys, that hearing the noise, I concluded it was Thunder, and began to pray and bless my self, till perceiving a very ill Scent follow'd, I found it was a sort of Bastard-thunder. The Stink was so great, that it oblig'd me to speak to them to remove the Utensil to some other place, which some of them taking in dudgeon, we came to high words. I was resolv'd to be beforehand, for the first stroak is half the Battle, and accordingly laid one of them across the  
Face

Face with my Belt, he starting up in haste overfet the *Fourdan*, which wak'd all the Company with the fall. We beat out one anothers Eyes with our Girdles in the dark; and the Stench was so intollerable, that they all got up, and there was a hideous Cry. The Goaler fearing lest some of his Vassals might desert him, came running up with all his Guards well arm'd, open'd the door, brought in light, and examin'd the Case. All the Evidence condemn'd me, and I only pleaded the opening of their blind Eyes had not let me close mine all night.

The Goaler fancying I would drop him another Pistole rather than be let down into the Hole, laid hold of this opportunity, and order'd me to be bury'd among the rest, which I resolv'd to endure rather than break bulk any more. I was convey'd down, where my old Friends receiv'd me with a great shout, and much satisfaction. That night I lay cool, without any thing to cover me; when it was day, we all came out of the Dungeon, saw one anothers Faces, and presently our Companions demanded the usual Garnish-Money, on pain of a good liquoring. I presently disbur'd fix Royals, but my Companions having nothing to give, their Cause was referr'd till night. Among the rest in the Dungeon, was a one ey'd tall young fellow, with a great pair of whiskers, a sour look, round shoulder'd, and those well flogg'd. He had a whole Smith's Forge upon him, double Fetters

Fetters on his Legs, and a great Chain hanging from his Neck ; they call'd him the Gyant, and he said of himself, that he was in Priion for petty trifles, which I concluded to be some meer larceny, and if any body ask'd him whether that was the Crime, he answer'd in the Negative, but that it was for backward Sins ; I fancy'd he had meant some old offences, according to their cant, but at length was inform'd he was there for Sodomy. When the Goaler reprov'd him for unluckiness, he would call him the Hangman's Pantry-man, and general Store-keeper of Sin. At other times, he would cry, *You are a Fool to contend with one that will vanish in Smoke ; by the Lord I will stifle you as I go off.* This he said expecting to be burnt alive. This Villain had pleaded guilty, and was such a hellish Dog, that we were all fain to wear Armour on our Posteriors to guard them from him, and scarce durst break wind, for fear of putting him in mind of those Parts. He contracted Friendship with another they call'd *Robledo*, and by a Nick-name, the Tumbler, who said he was in Prison for his dexterity, which consisted in making every thing vanish he laid his Hands on. He had been lash'd by all the Beadles and Hangmen in *Spain* ; his Face was all over cuts and scars, his Ears were at a great distance, for he carry'd but one about him, having left the other behind him in his Travels ; his Nose was foulder'd together, having been cleft with a cut of a Sword. Four other rampant Fellows, like  
Lyons



Lions in Heraldry, headed with those two, all of them loaded with Chains, and condemn'd to thresh the Sea, that is to the Gallies. These said, they might boast in a short time, that they had serv'd the King both by Sea and Land; and a Man would not believe how impatiently they expected their Commission. These People taking it ill that my Comrades had not discharg'd the duty of Garnish, contriv'd to give them a sound lashing at night, with a curious Rope's end provided for that purpose. When night came, we were thrust into the dismal Vault they put out the light, and I presently secur'd my self under my Bed; two of them began to whistle, and a third to lay about him with the Rope's end. The Sparks perceiving it was like to go ill with them, crowded themselves up so close together, all the Flesh of their Bones, being before devour'd by the Mange and Lice, that they found room enough in a cranny between the Boards, lying like so many Fleas in a Seame, or Bugs in a Bedsted. The Lashes sounded on the Boards, but the Parties they were design'd for, lay close without speaking a word. The Whipsters observing they did not complain, laid aside their Disciplines, and began to pelt them with Stones, Bricks and Rubbish they had gather'd to that effect. This Project succeed-ed better, for a Stone hit *Don Toribio* on the Neck, and rais'd a bunch as thick as his Fist. He cry'd out murder, and the Knaves, that he might not be heard, fell a singing all together

gether and rattled their Chains. *Don Toribo* struggl'd with his Companions to get undermost, and in the scuffle, their Bones rattled like Castanets, their Coats fell all in tatters, and not a rag was left upon them. The Stones flew about so thick, that in a short space poor *Don Torobio* had as many knobs on his Head as there are on a Pine-Apple. Finding there was no manner of protection against that dreadful shower of Hail that fell upon us, but there he was like to dye a Martyr without being guilty of the least Piety or Religion, he cry'd out, begging, they would let him get out of that place, and he would pay immediately, delivering up his Cloaths in pawn. The Persecuters consented, and tho his Companions would have held him, because he shelter'd them, he got up the best he could, all batter'd, and came over to my side. The rest were not so quick at promising the same, but that they had as many knocks as Hairs on their Heads, yet offer'd up their Cloaths towards paying the Garnish; thinking it was better to lye a bed for want of Cloaths than for broken Bones. Accordingly they were discharg'd for that night, but in the morning, had orders to strip; they did so, and it appear'd, that all their Cloaths put together, would not bring one half-penny Loaf. They lay a bed, that is, wrapp'd up in a Blanket belonging to the Publick, on which all the Prisoners us'd to louse themselves. As soon as they were warm they began to feel their Friends about

bout them, for the Lice had kept a long Lent, some of them had not broke their fast for a week before, and yet were as big as Nutmegs, and laid in their Teeth as close as a sharp Bull-dog. They expected nothing but to be devour'd that Morning for a Breakfast, threw away the Blanket, cursing their fate, and clawing the very Skin off their Bones with their Hands.

*The Goaler  
brib'd*

I flipp'd out of the Dungeon, desiring them to excuse me for not bearing them Company, because it was not convenient. I greas'd the Goaler over again with three Pieces of Eight, and being inform'd, who the Clerk was that had the Charge of prosecuting us, sent for him by a young running Thief. He came, I got into a Room with him, and after some Discourse concerning our business in general, I told him, I had some little Money, which I desir'd him to keep for me, and that as far as might be done with safety he would favour an unfortunate young Gentleman, who had been unadvisedly drawn into that Offence. *Believe me Sir,* said he when he had grasp'd the ready, *the whole matter depends upon us, and he that has a mind to be a Knave may do a great deal of mischief; I have sent more Men to the Gallows without any Cause but for my Pleasure, than there are words in an Inditement. Leave it to me, and do not question but I'll bring you off Safe and Sound.* This said, he made as if he were going away, but came back again from the Door to ask something for honest *James Garzia* the Constable, for it was convenient to

*More  
Bribes.*



to stop his Mouth with a silver Gag; something more he hinted at concerning the Clerk of the Court, saying, *It is in this Clerk's Power, Sir, to undo a Man, by turning up the whites of his Eyes, raising his Voice, making a noise to rouse a Lord Mayor or Recorder when they are asleep, as it often happens, and many other such dangerous Actions.* I apprehended him, and lugg'd out fifty Royals more; in return for which he bid me set my Cloak right, taught me two Cures for a Cold I had got in the Prison; and to conclude, said, *Make your self easy, the Goaler will be kind to you, if you give him but a Piece of Eight, for this sort of People do nothing out of good Nature, but all for Interest.* I could not but smile at his Observation, he went his way, and I gave the Goaler a Crown; he knock'd off my Irons, and gave me leave to go to his House. He had a Wife like a Whale, and two Daughters as ugly as the Devil, and as senseless as Stocks, yet errant Whores in spite of their Faces.

It happen'd that the Goaler, whose Name was *Blandones de San Pablo*, and his Wife's *Donna Ana Moraez*, came home to dinner one day, when I was there in a great Rage, fuming, and would not eat. His Wife dreading some mighty thing had happen'd, drew near and tormented him so long with the usual Importunities, that at last he said, *What a Pox d'ye think ails me? That scoundrel Dog of Almendros, having some words with him about the farming of the Goal, told me you are not spotless. Has the Villain ever scour'd*  
U
me?

*The Goal-  
er's Wife  
and  
Daugh-  
ters.*

me? cry'd she, By my Grandame's Soul, you don't deserve to be call'd Man, since you did not tear his Beard for him; did I ever employ his Servants to clean me. Then turning to me, she went on, By the Lord, he cannot call me Jew, like himself, who is a Rakehell by his Father, and of one of the Tribes of Israel by his Mother. By my Troth, Mr. Paul, had I heard him, I would have put him in mind that the Inquisition had laid the Saint Andrew's Cross upon his Back. The Goaler in very doleful manner reply'd, Alas Wife, I held my peace, because he told me you were doubly and trebly ally'd to that Race; for he did not talk of your not being spotless on account of Swinishness, but for not eating that Flesh. Then he call'd me Jew, quoth she; and you could take it so calmly. Brave times. Is that the regard you have for the Honour of Dona Ana Moraez, the Daughter of Estefania Rubio and John de Madrid, both of them well known to God and all the World? Daughter to John de Madrid, said I. To John de Madrid of Aunnon, cry'd she. By the Lord, quoth I, the Rogue that said so is a Jew, a Sodomite, and a Cuckold. Then turning to them I went on, The honour'd John de Madrid, whose Soul rest in peace, was my Father's own Cousin German, and I will make it appear what he was, and whence he came, for it concerns me; and if once I get out of Prison I'll make the Dog eat his words. I have my Pedegree here in Town in gold Letters, which makes out both Families. They were all over-joy'd with their new Relation, and much encourag'd to hear of the Pedegree, and at  
the





Tone, spoke low, skipp'd over some words, and swallow'd whole Sentences.

## C H A P. V.

*How I took a Lodging, fell in Love, pretended to be a Conjuror, and the Misfortune that befel me.*

Paul  
courts his  
Landlady  
Daughter.

**B**Eeing out of Prison, I found my self all alone, and destitute of Friends, tho' I was told they were Travelling towards *Sevil* upon the publick Charity; yet I would not follow them, but went away to a Lodging, where I found a fair clear-skin'd Wench, free, pleasant; sometimes thrusting her self into all Companies, and other whiles drawing back, and playing the coy one. She lisp'd a little, was afraid of Mice, valu'd her self upon her hands; and the better to show them, always snuff'd the Candles; carv'd up the Meat at Table; held them up at Church; in the Street was always pointing where every body liv'd; sitting in Company continually contriv'd to be pinning up her Headcloaths; and of all Games lov'd to play at Draughts, because then her hands were never off the Board. She would frequently yawn tho' she had no need, to show her Teeth, and then cross her Mouth; and in short, the whole House had so much of her hands, that

that her very Father and Mother were out of patience with them. They entertain'd me very well in their House; for they made it their business to let Lodgings, and could receive but three at once, which at this time were my self, a *Portuguese* and a *Catalonian*. All of them were very courteous to me; I lik'd the Wench well enough by way of Diversion, and thought it a Conveniency to have her in the House. I courted her, told her abundance of pleasant Stories I had pick'd up to pass the time; brought them home News, though there were none abroad; did them all the service I could, provided it cost nothing; perswaded them I understood Witchcraft, and was a Conjuror, and could make show as if the House were sinking, or all in a flame, without doing the least harm; all which the credulous foolish Women easily believ'd. All the Family was civil and kind to me; but this did not amount to Love, for being but indifferently clad, though I had somewhat mended my Apparel with the help of the Goaler, keeping up the Kindred by continual spunging at his House; they did not take so much notice of me as I could have wish'd. To gain the Reputation of being a Man of Wealth, tho' I conceal'd it, I contriv'd to send some of my Acquaintance to enquire for me when I was not at home. One of these came and enquir'd for *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, for I had told them that was my Name, having been inform'd by my Friends

*His Arts  
to be  
though  
rich.  
that*

that changing of Names was not expensive, and might prove very advantageous. The Man, I say, enquir'd for *Don Ramiro*, a rich Merchant, who had lately farm'd two Branches of the Revenue of the King. Neither the old nor young Landlady knew me by this description, and therefore answer'd that no such Man liv'd there, but only one *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, who was rather ragged than rich, a little Fellow, hard favour'd and poor: That is the Person I want, reply'd the Man; and as slight as you make of him, I would desire no more, if it were God's Will, than as much as he is worth above two thousand Ducats a year. He told them a great many more Lies of this sort; they stood amaz'd, and he left them a sham Bill of Exchange he pretended he had on me for nine thousand Ducats, desiring them to get me to accept it. Both Mother and Daughter gave credit to my wealth, and immediately prick'd me down for a Husband. I came home very unconcern'd, as if I knew nothing of the matter, and immediately they gave me the Bill of Exchange, saying, Wealth and Love are hardly to be conceal'd, *Don Ramiro*, it is very well that you make us such Strangers to what you are, when you know we have so much kindness for you. I made as if I was displeased at his leaving the Bill, and went away to my Chamber. It was pleasant to see how they chang'd their note, as soon as they thought I had Money, they said every thing became

me



me, admir'd every word I spoke, and I was the most accomplish'd Person in the World.

Perceiving they had bit at the Bait I had laid for them, I made the Wench acquainted with my Affections, which she receiv'd with much joy, returning a Thousand loving expressions, and so we parted for that time. The next night, the more to confirm them in the conceit of my Wealth, I shut my self up in my Chamber, which was parted from their's only by a thin Wall of Lath and Plaister, and taking out fifty Crowns, counted them over so often, that they reckon'd six Thousand. This contrivance of making them believe I was rich, succeeded as well as I could wish, for their whole study was to please and make much of me. The *Portuguese*, who lodg'd in the House with me, was call'd, *Don Vasco de Meneses*, and was Knight of the famous Order of Christ, in *Portugal*, which, in *Spain*, they reckon only fit for *Jews* and such as are descended from them. He wore a Mourning Cloak, a pair of Boots, a little Band, and large Whiskers, and was passionately in love with *Dona Berenguella de Reboledo*, for that was our Mistress's Name. When he courted her, he would make long Speeches sigh as bitterly as a holy Sister at a Sermon, and sing very scurvily. There was continual bickering between him and the *Catalonian*, who was the most wretched miserable Creature that ever God put Life into; for like a Tertian Ague, he fed but once in three days, and then his Bread was so hard,

U 4

that

*A Portuguese and a Catalonian.*

that it had broke several of his Teeth. His way of making love, was looking big and Bullying, tho' at the same time, he had no more Heart than a Hen, and cackled as much. These two perceiving I had got the start of them in the amorous Intrigue, made it their whole business to rail at me. The *Portuguese* said I was a shabby lousy Scoundrel, the *Catalonian* gave out that I was a pittiful Coward. I knew all they said, and sometimes heard it, but did not think fit to make any reply. In short, the Wench gave me a full hearing, and received my Billets doux, which I began according to the laudable custom, with, *Pardon my presumption. The Power of your Beauty*, then I went on with the Terms of Passion and Flames, and feign'd my self her Slave, sealing it with a Heart struck through with a Dart. After all this Ceremony we came to plain thee and thou, and to rivet the notion of my quality, already conceiv'd, I went abroad, hir'd a Mule, and muffing my self up in my Cloak and changing my voice, ask'd for my self, enquiring whether *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, Lord of *Valcerrado* and *Vellorete*, liv'd there. The Wench made answer, here is a Gentleman of that Name, of a low Stature, and describ'd me. I reply'd, he was the Man and desir'd her to tell him, that *Diego de Solarzana* his Steward, was going to receive his Rents, and call'd as he went by to kiss his Hands. Having left this message, I went away, and came home a while after. They receiv'd  
me

me with the greatest joy imaginable, complaining that I would not let them know I was Lord of *Valcerrado* and *Vellorese*, and deliver'd the message they had for me. This made the Wench mad to secure such a rich Husband, and so she contriv'd that I should talk with her at one a Clock in the Morning, getting out of a Gallery upon the Tiles, her Window look'd over.

The Devil, who is always contriving of mischief, so order'd it, that at night, being eager to improve that opportunity, I went up into the Gallery, and getting out of it upon the Tiles, where I was to entertain my Lady, my Feet slipp'd, and I came down upon a Neighbour's House, who was a Notary, with such a force, that I broke all the Tiles, and left the print of them in my sides. The dreadful noise wak'd half the House, and fancying there had been Thieves, for that sort of People are always apprehensive of them, they came out upon the top of the House. I would have hid myself behind a Chimney, which made the suspicion the greater, for the Notary, with the assistance of two Servants and a Brother, beat me like a Stockfish, and bound me in the presence of my Mistress, without any regard to what I could say for myself. She laugh'd heartily, because having told her before that I could play abundance of odd pranks by the help of Art Magick, she concluded the fall had been only a trick to make sport, and therefore lay calling to me to come up, for I had done enough. This  
and



and the beating made me roar out unmercifully, and the best of it was, that she believ'd it was all sham, and laugh'd immoderately. The Notary began to form a Process, and because he heard some Keys rattle in my Pocket, he not only said, but writ it down, that they were Picklocks, tho they were show'd him, and it was impossible to beat it out of him. I told him I was *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, at which he laugh'd heartily. Seeing my self in this wretched condition, unmercifully beaten before my Mistress, and like to be hurry'd away to Goal with a scandalous name, tho innocent; I knew not what course to take. I fell upon my knees before the Notary, and begg'd of him for the love of God, but all that would not prevail with him to quit me. Hitherto we were still upon the Tiles, for these people have never the more Conscience for being the nearer Heaven; they resolv'd to carry me down, as they did through a Sky-light that was over a Kitchen.

---

## C H A P. VI.

*The event of this distaster, how I bilk'd my  
Lodging, and other Adventures.*

I Had not one wink of sleep all that night, <sup>Paul's de-</sup>  
thinking on my misfortune, which was <sup>liverance.</sup>  
not my falling upon the Tiles, but into the  
cruel and merciless clutches of the Notary,  
and when I call'd to mind the pretended  
Picklocks he had found in my Pocket, and  
how many Leaves he had writ of my Pro-  
cess, I perceiv'd there is nothing in nature  
increases so fast as a Crime, when a Notary  
has the handling of it. I spent the night in  
contriving ; sometimes I resolv'd to beg of  
him for *Jesus Christ* his sake, but then re-  
flecting how he was us'd when upon Earth  
by Men of that Kidney, I soon was off of  
it. I try'd several times to unbind my  
self, but he presently heard me, and came  
to see if all was fast, for he was more  
watchful, studying how to make out a  
lye, than I was to clear my self. He got  
up by break of day and was dress'd so  
early, that there was no Creature stirring in  
the whole House, besides himself and the  
Devil that prompted him ; he laid hold of  
a good leather Belt, strapp'd me soundly  
with it over and over again, and reprov'd  
me severely for the vile Sin of thieving, as  
being a thing he was so well acquainted with  
him-

himself. This was the posture we were in, he laying on me. and I almost resolv'd to give him Mohey, which is the only thing in nature that mollifies those stony Hearts. By this time my Mistress, who had seen my fall and cudgelling, being convinc'd it was a real misfortune, and no enchantment, had by her earnest Prayers and Intreaties, prevail'd upon the *Portuguese* and the *Catalonian* to come to my assistance, as they did. The Notary hearing them speak to me, immediately drew out his Pen to insert them into his Process, as Accessaries. The *Portuguese* had not patience to hear it but let fly some ill Language, telling him, He was a Man of Quality and the King's Servant, and that I was a very honest Gentleman, and it was very Knavishly done to bind me after that manner. This said, he began to unbind me, and the Notary to cry out for help. In came two Servants of his, half Bumabaliffs, and half Porters, treading upon their own Cloaks and tearing their Bands, as they use to do, to make it appear as if they had been beaten in the Execution of their Office, and roar'd out for all People to aid and assist them in the King's Name. However, the *Portuguese* and *Catalonian* unbound me, and the Notary perceiving there was no body to stand by him, said, *I vow to God I am not to be so serv'd, and were not you, Gentlemen, Persons of such worth, it might cost you dear; however, order these Witnesses to be contented, and take notice, that I serve you generously without any Prospect of Interest.*



*est.* I understood the knack, took out a Piece of Eight and gave it him, and had a very good mind to return the beating he had given me ; but forbore rather than own the receipt of it ; and went away with them, returning hearty thanks for my deliverance ; my Face all bruiz'd with the Cuffs and my Back wheal'd with Cudgelling. The *Catalonian* made very good sport, and advis'd the Wench to marry me to invert the Proverb, *That I might not be Cuckolded first and beaten after ; but first beaten and then Cuckolded.* He call'd me a bold desperate Fellow, ironically alluding to my Cudgelling, which sly way of his still put me out of Countenance. If I hapen'd to go in to give them but a Friendly Visit, he presently began a Discourse of Threshing, of Canes and Cudgels.

Finding my self thus run down, and *Contrivance to* that they began to discover the Cheat of *hilk a* my Riches, I lay'd about how to get away *Lodging.* from the House and carry off my Equipage without paying for my Diet or Lodging, which amounted to some Money. I agreed with one Licentiate *Brandalagas* of the Town of *Hornillos*, and two Friends of his that they should come and seize upon me. They came at the time appointed, told the Landlady they were sent by the Inquisition and charg'd her with Secrecy. The whole Family quak'd for fear, because I had pretended to them that I was a Conjurer. They spoke not a word against carrying me off, but when they saw my Equipage moving, they would have

have made a Seizure for what I ow'd, but the others answer'd, that all the Goods belong'd to the Inquisition. This made them all husht, they let them go peaceably, and when they were gone, said, they had always dreaded it. The *Portuguese* and *Catalonian* positively affirm'd that those who us'd to enquire for me were Devils ; that I certainly had a familiar Spirit, and when the Women told them how much Money I had counted, they swore it was no Money tho' it seem'd so, and the others believ'd them.

I got off clear and sav'd all my Diet and Lodging, and then with the advice of those that had stood my Friends, I contriv'd to alter my Dress, into the genteel Fashion, to put on strait Breeches, and a great Band, and get a Scoundrel by the name of a Page, and two Rakes for Footmen, as the mode then was. The others encourag'd me so to do, showing how I might make my self at once by that means, getting a Wife with a great Fortune, by making such a Figure, which frequently happen'd at *Madrid*; adding, that they would put me in the way, finding out one for my turn, and contriving how I might gain Admittance. Covetousness prevailing, and the Desire of a Wife, I consented, search'd all the Brokers Shops, bought my Wedding Cloaths, hir'd a Horse, and mounted in great State that very day, but could not light on a Footman. Away I made to the High-street; and stop'd at a Sadler's Shop, as if I were buying

buying some Furniture. Two Gentlemen a Horseback accosted me, asking, whether I was about buying a rich embroider'd Saddle and Hoofing I had in my Hand; I laid it down immediately, saying it was at their service; if they lik'd it, and kept them a while with a thousand Compliments. At length they said they would go to divert themselves in the *Prado*, which, at *Madrid*, is like our *Hidepark*, where the Ladies go out in their Coaches, and the Gentlemn a Horseback to take the Air. I told them, I would wait on them, if they wou'd give me leave; and left word with the Sadler, that in case my Pages and Footmen came thither, he should send them after me, describing the Livery to him, which said, I clapt in between the two Gentlemen and away we went. By the way I cosider'd with my self, that none who saw us could possibly guess or decide to which of us the Pages and Footmen belong'd, or which of us had none. I began to talk very loud of the Tilting, and other Sports a Horseback at *Talevera*; and of a Pye-bald Horse, I had, highly commending a lusty Stonehorse I expected from *Cordova*. Every Page or Footman I met a Horseback I stopp'd, asking, Who it was: Then talk'd of his marks like a Jocky, and ask'd whether he was to be sold. Then I would make him take a turn or two up and down the Street; and tho' there were no fault, would find one in the Bridle, and tell him how to mend it. Fortune so order'd it, that I met with several opportunites of  
showing



showing my Talent. The Gentlemen went musing, and as I fancy'd, thinking with themselves, what upstart Country Squire is this; one of them had a plain Badge of Knighthood on his Breast, the other his hanging at a Chain set with Diamonds; and therefore to amuse them I said, I was looking out to buy some choice Horses for myself and a Kinsman of mine, that were to be at some sports a Horseback. When we came to the *Prado*, I took my feet out of the Stirrups, turning my Heels out and walk'd easily, with my Cloak hanging upon one Shoulder, and my Hat in my Hand. Every body gaz'd at me, one said, *I have seen that Spark walk a foot*; another, *The Scoundrel makes a pretty Figure*, I made as if I did not hear them and walk'd on. The two Gentlemen went up to a Coach full of Ladies, and desir'd me to banter a while. I left them the side where the young ones were, and went to the other where there was a Mother and an Aunt, two pleasant old Jades, the one about fifty years of Age, the other little less. I told them a thousand amorous Lyes, and they listen'd to them; for there is no Woman, tho' never so old, but has a good Conceit of herself; offer'd to treat them, and ask'd, whether the other Ladies were marry'd; they reply'd they were Maids, and it was easy enough to guess at it by their talk. Then I made the usual Compliment, wishing they might see them well prefer'd to their mind, and they were much taken with it. Next they ask'd me  
how

how I spent my time at Court ; to which I answer'd, that I kept out of the way from a Father and Mother, who would fain marry me against my Will, to a Woman that was Ugly, Foolish, and of a mean Family, only because she had a vast Portion ; and for my part, Ladies, I had rather have a Wife well born in her Smock than the Wealthiest Jew that is, for God be prais'd, my Patrimony is worth about forty Thousand Ducats a year ; and if I succeed in a Law Suit, which goes hitherto well on my side, I shall want no more. The Aunt hearing this account very hastily, cry'd, *Lord Sir, I admire you for that humour, do not marry without you like, and with a Woman of a good Family ; for I do assure you, that tho' I am not very Rich, I have refus'd to marry off my Niece, who has had very rich Pretenders, because they were not of Quality.* She is Poor it is true, for her Portion is but six thousand Ducats, but as for Birth she is inferior to none. I do not question that Madam, said I. By this time the Damsels had ended their discourse with the Gentlemen, asking a Collation. They two gaz'd upon one another, and began to shrink for fear ; but I laying hold of the opportunity, told them, I was sorry my Pages were out of the way, because I had no body to send home for some Boxes of Sweetmeats. They return'd Thanks, and I desir'd them to be the next day at the Summer-House in the *Prado*, and I would send them a cold Treat. They accepted of the Invitation, told me where they liv'd, and enquir'd after

X

my

my Quarters; so the Coach went off, and my Companions and I made towards our homes. They observing that I was so generous in offering the Treat, began to take a fancy to me, and the more to oblige me, desir'd I would sup with them that night. I stood off a little, but not too long, and supp'd with them, sending out several times to seek my Servants. and swearing I would turn them away. When it struck ten, I told them, that was the appointed time for an amorous Intrigue, and therefore begg'd they would excuse me for that time, and so went away, first engaging them to meet the next day at the Summer-House. From them I went to deliver the hir'd Horse to the Owner, and thence home, where I found my Companions playing at All-Fours; told them what had happen'd, the Engagement I had made; we resolv'd to send the Collation without fail, and to lay out two Hundred Royals on it. Having thus order'd Affairs, we went to Bed, where I own I could not sleep all night, for thinking how I should bestow the Portion, for I could not resolve, whether it were better with it to build a good House, or to put it out to Interest, not knowing which would be most advantageous.

C H A P.



## C H A P: VII.

*How the Collation was manag'd, with other  
Accidents and notable Misfortunes.*

I N the Morning we got up to provide the Plate, Servants and Collation; and there being nothing in this World but Money can command, as being a thing worshipp'd by all Men. I found a Nobleman's Butler, that furnish'd Plate, and undertook to wait himself with three of his Fellow-Servants. The Forenoon was spent in disposing Affairs, and after Dinner I hir'd a Nag, and at the appointed time set out for the Summer-House. I had abundance of Papers sticking out of my Pockets; besides that, my Coat being unbutton'd, some peep'd out at my Bosom, as if I had been a Man of mighty Business. When I came to the Place, the Ladies and Gentlemen were there; the former receiv'd me with much shew of Love, and the latter talk'd to me by plain *Thee* and *Thou*, in token of familiarity. I had told them my Name was *Don Phillip Tristan*, and nothing was to be heard in all their Mouths but *Don Phillip* and *Don Phillip*; but I told them I had been so entirely taken up with some Business of the King's, and the Accounts of my Estate, that I had much ado to be as good as my word, and therefore they must expect a Collation provided in a hurry. By this time the But-

*A great  
Treat for  
the Lady.*

ler came with all his Tackle, Plate and Servants ; the Gentlemen and Ladies look'd at me and held their peace. I order'd him to go in to the eating Room, and lay the Cloth whilst we went to divert our selves at the Fish-ponds. The old Women drew near to fawn and flatter, and I was glad to see the young Girls barefac'd, for since I was born I never saw so delicate a Creature as that was I had defin'd for my Wife. A Skin as white as Alabaster, delicate fair Hair, a curious fresh Colour in her Cheeks, a little Mouth, fine small Teeth standing close together, a well shap'd Nose, large green Eyes, tall of Stature, charming Hands, and she lisp'd a little. The other was not amiss, but more wanton, and I was jealous she had been handled. We went to the Fish-ponds, saw all that could be seen ; and by her talk I found that my intended Bride, would have been in danger in *Herod's* days, of being taken in among the Innocents. In short, she had not a grain of sense ; however, having never design'd them for Counsellors or Jesters, but only to lye with them, and it being the same thing to lye with *Aristotle*, or a good Book as with them, if they are ugly and witty ; I always pitch upon those that are properest for the use I would have them, This consideration comforted me, we went towards the Banqueting-house, and as I pass'd along, some Twig of the Hedge got hold of the Lace of my Band and tore it a little ; the young Lady stepp'd and pinn'd it with a Silver Pin, and her

Cha  
her  
the r  
was  
mas  
and S  
ken  
long  
him,  
Mas  
and  
his I  
ling  
to lo  
the l  
bein  
disco  
after  
anfw  
hond  
him  
upt  
you  
your  
son  
thing  
Paul  
all  
I c  
blu  
tha  
had  
Goo  
saw  
I a  
ver

her Mother bid me send it to her House the next day, and *Donna Ana*, so the Maiden was call'd, would mend it. All the Treatmas in excellent order, hot and cold, Fruit and Sweatmeats. When the Cloth was taken away, I spy'd a Gentleman coming along the Garden with two Servants after him, and who should this be, but my old Master, *Don Diego Coronel*. He drew near, and seeing me in this Habit, could not take his Eyes off me, talk'd to the Woman, calling them Cousins, and all the time turn'd to look again and again. I kept talking to the Butler, and the other two Gentlemen being my Master's Friends, were in deep discourse with him. He ask'd them, as afterwards appear'd, my Name, and they answer'd, it was *Don Phillip Tristan*, a very honest Gentleman of a great Estate. I saw him bless himself, and at length, he came up to me before them all, and said, *Sir, will you pardon me, for, by the Lord, till I heard your Name, I took you for a very different Person than you are; in my Life, I never saw any thing so like a Servant I had at Segovia, call'd Pauly, the Son of a Barber in that Town.* They all laugh'd heartily, and I us'd all the Art I could to forbear betraying my self by blushing, and said I long'd mightily to see that Man, because abundance of People had told me I was extreamly like him. Good God, cry'd *Don Diego*, like him; I never saw such resemblance, his very Shape, Voice and Mein. I declare to you, *Sir*, it is prodigious, and I never beheld any so exactly alike. The old Women

X 3



ler came with all his Tackle, Plate and Servants ; the Gentlemen and Ladies look'd at me and held their peace. I order'd him to go in to the eating Room, and lay the Cloth whilst we went to divert our selves at the Fish-ponds. The old Women drew near to fawn and flatter, and I was glad to see the young Girls barefac'd, for since I was born I never saw so delicate a Creature as that was I had defin'd for my Wife. A Skin as white as Alabafter, delicate fair Hair, a curious fresh Colour in her Cheeks, a little Mouth, fine small Teeth standing close together, a well shap'd Nose, large green Eyes, tall of Stature, charming Hands, and she lisp'd a little. The other was not amiss, but more wanton, and I was jealous she had been handled. We went to the Fish-ponds, saw all that could be seen ; and by her talk I found that my intended Bride, would have been in danger in *Herod's* days, of being taken in among the Innocents. In short, she had not a grain of sense ; however, having never design'd them for Counsellors or Jesters, but only to lye with them, and it being the same thing to lye with *Aristotle*, or a good Book as with them, if they are ugly and witty ; I always pitch upon those that are properest for the use I would have them, This consideration comforted me, we went towards the Banqueting-house, and as I pass'd along, some Twig of the Hedge got hold of the Lace of my Band and tore it a little ; the young Lady stepp'd and pinn'd it with a Silver Pin, and

Cha  
her  
the n  
was c  
mas  
and S  
ken  
long  
him,  
Mast  
and f  
his E  
ling  
to lo  
the I  
bein  
disco  
after  
answ  
hone  
him  
upto  
you  
your  
son  
thing  
Paul  
all I  
I co  
blu  
tha  
had  
Goo  
saw  
I d  
ver

her Mother bid me send it to her House the next day, and *Donna Ana*, so the Maiden was call'd, would mend it. All the Treat was in excellent order, hot and cold, Fruit and Sweatmeats. When the Cloth was taken away, I spy'd a Gentleman coming along the Garden with two Servants after him, and who should this be, but my old Master, *Don Diego Coronel*. He drew near, and seeing me in this Habit, could not take his Eyes off me, talk'd to the Woman, calling them Cousins, and all the time turn'd to look again and again. I kept talking to the Butler, and the other two Gentlemen being my Master's Friends, were in deep discourse with him. He ask'd them, as afterwards appear'd, my Name, and they answer'd, it was *Don Phillip Tristan*, a very honest Gentleman of a great Estate. I saw him bless himself, and at length, he came up to me before them all, and said, *Sir, will you pardon me, for, by the Lord, till I heard your Name, I took you for a very different Person than you are; in my Life, I never saw any thing so like a Servant I had at Segovia, call'd Pauly, the Son of a Barber in that Town. They all laugh'd heartily, and I us'd all the Art I could to forbear betraying my self by blushing, and said I long'd mightily to see that Man, because abundance of People had told me I was extreamly like him. Good God, cry'd Don Diego, like him; I never saw such resemblance, his very Shape, Voice and Mein. I declare to you, Sir, it is prodigious, and I never beheld any so exactly alike.* The old Women

X 3

men, Mother and Aunt, ask'd how it was possible that a Gentleman of such quality should be so like that mean Scoundrel? And that I might conceive no jealousy of them, one said, *I know Don Philip very well, it was he that entertain'd us at Ocanna, by my Husband's order.* I took the cue, and answer'd, *I should be always ready to do them all the Service I could in all Parts.* Don Deigo offer'd his Service, and begg'd pardon for the affront of taking me for the Barber's Son, adding, *Sir, you will scarce believe it, but his Mother was a Witch, his Father a Thief, his Uncle the Hangman, and he himself the wickedest base Fellow in the World.* It is easy to guess what I felt, hearing such scandalous things said of me to my Face; I fate upon Thorns, tho' I did all I could to disemble my uneasiness. My two new Acquaintance and I took our leaves, and *Don Diego* went into the Coach with the Ladies. Then he ask'd them what was the meaning of the Treat, and their being with me; the Mother and Aunt told him, I was Heir to so many Thousand Ducats a year, and had a mind to marry *Nancy*, that he might enquire into the matter, and he would see how convenient it was, and how advantageous to their Family. This discourse held them home, which was near the Church of *Saint Phillip*. My Comrades and I went together to their House, as we had done the night before, and they having a mind to fleece me, ask'd whether I would play. I guess'd at their meaning, and fate to it, the Cards were



were brought, I let them win at first, but soon fetch'd it about, won about three Hundred Royals, took my leave and went home.

There I found my two Companions, the Licenciante *Brandalagas*, and *Peter Lopez*, who <sup>*A trick put upon an Apotheca*</sup> were practising new Cheats upon the Dice. As soon as they saw me, they left off to enquire how I sped. I only told them that I had been in great danger; how I had met with *Don Diego*, and how I came off. They comforted and encourag'd me to proceed and not to desist from the Enterprize by any means. We had now notice given us that they us'd to play at *Lanskenet* at an Apothecary's House close by. I understood the Game, at that time, tollerable well, had Cards made for the purpose, and knew all sorts of Cheats, so we resolv'd to go put in for the Plate among them. I sent my Friends before me, who coming, ask'd them, Whether they would please to play with a Monk of the Order of *S. Benedict*, who was just come to Town to be cur'd of a tedious Distemper among his Relations and Friends, and was well stock'd with Crowns and Ducats. This set them all agog, and they cry'd, *Let the Friar come in God's Name. He is a Man of note in the Order*, added *Peter Lopez*, and being out of the Monastery, has a mind to divert a few hours, and does it only for Company's sake. *Let him come*, quoth they, we do not care what his motive is. We tell you so much in regard to the privacy it requires, answer'd *Brandalagas*. Enough, said the Man of the

House, *you need say no more.* This satisfy'd them that the thing was so, and the Lye went down glib. My two Supporters came for me, and I was dress'd with my Night-cap on, in a *Benedictine* Habit, which I had got by the Wheele of Fortune in my rambles, a pair of Spectacles on my Nose, and a short brushy Beard, to shew as if it were grown since my Sickness. I walk'd in very demurely, sat down, and we began to play, They all combin'd to put upon me, but I swept all before me, being much sharper at it than they, so that in about three hours time, I won upwards of a Thousand three hundred Royals. I scatter'd some small bounty, and took my leave with the usual Compliment, of, *The Lord be prais'd*, charging them not to be scandaliz'd to see me play, for it was meer diversion and nothing else. They who had lost their Money, curs'd themselves to the Pit of Hell; I took my leave again, away we went, got to our Lodging about half an hour after one, parted our Booty and so to bed.

*Prosecution of the Courtship.*

This was some satisfaction to me for the unlucky Accident before it, I got up in the morning to hire a Horse, but they were all Lett, by which I perceiv'd there were more in my Circumstances besides my self. To walk the Streets afoot did not look well, especially at that time. Not knowing how to mend my self, I went away towards St. Philip's Church, where I found a Lawyer's Footman with a Horse in his hand, waiting for his Master, who had just alighted

alighted to hear Mass in that Church. I clap'd four Royals in his hand, to let me ride two or three Turns along the next Street, where my Mistress liv'd. He consented, I mounted, and rode twice up and down the Street, without seeing any Body, but at the third turn, *Donna Ana* look'd out. When I saw her, thinking to gallant her, showing my Horsemanship, and being but an indifferent Jocky, and unacquainted with the Horse's qualities, I gave him two lashes, reining him in at the same time; he rear'd first, then struck out behind, and set a running full speed, so that I came clear over his head into a Puddle. I had no other recourse in this pitiful plight, all beset with Boys, and in the presence of my Mistress, but to cry out, *A cursed Dog, my Sorrel would never have done so; but I shall pay for these mad Pranks one time or other: They told me he was unlucky, and yet I would needs be trying Tricks with him.* By this time the Footman brought me the Horse again, for he stopp'd as soon as he had thrown me; I mounted again, and *Don Diego Coronel*, who liv'd in the same House with his Kinswoman, hearing the noise look'd out. The sight of him startled me very much; he as'd, *Whether I had any hurt*; I answer'd, *No*; tho' at the same time one of my Legs was almost crippled. The Footman press'd me hard to give him his Horse, for fear his Master should come out of the Church and see me, for he was going

*A base  
disap-  
point-  
ment.*



going to Court. It was my misfortune, that as he was calling me to be gone, the Lawyer came behind us, and knowing his Steed, ran at the Footman, laying him about the Head and Face with his Fist, and asking him, as loud as he could cry, *How he durst have the impudence to let any Body ride his Horse*; and what was worst of all, he turn'd to me, and in a very angry manner, *Bid me get down in the Name of God*. All this was in the full view of my Mistress and Don Diego Coronel; which put me as much out of Countenance as if I had been whipp'd at the Cart's Tail. I was wonderfully cast down, and melancholy, and with good cause, to have two such Misfortunes befall me upon so small a spot of Ground. In fine, I was fain to alight, the Lawyer mounted and went his way; and I the better to palliate the business, staid in the Street talking to Don Diego, and said, *I never mounted such an unlucky Jade in all my days. My Cream-colour'd Horse is yonder by St. Philip's Church, and is very hard mouth'd when he sets a running. I was telling some there how I us'd to ride him full speed, and take him off at one check. They told me I could not do it with a Horse that stood there, which was the Lawyer's you saw; I resolv'd to try, you cannot imagine what a restive Jade it is, and has such a base Saddle, that it is a wonder he did not kill me. It was so, answer'd Don Diego; and yet, Sir, you seem to feel some hurt in that Leg. I do so, reply'd I, and therefore I'll go take my own Horse and get home.* The young Lady was  
fully

fully fatisfy'd that all I faid was true, for I could perceive ſhe was much concern'd at my Fall; but *Don Diego*, who ſaw farther, grew miſtruſtful upon what had happen'd with the Lawyer in the Street.

This prov'd the cauſe of my ruin, be-  
ſides many other unlucky Accidents that  
beſel me, and the greateſt of all, that when  
I went home and came to a Cheſt, where  
in a Portmantua I had left all the remains  
of my Inheritance, and what I won at play,  
except only an hundred Royals I had about  
me, I found my good Friends the Licen-  
tiate *Brandalagas* and *Peter Lopez* had ſeiz'd  
it, and were fled. This was a mortal ſtroak,  
and I ſtood amaz'd, not knowing which  
way to turn my ſelf, and ſaying, *A curſe  
on him that puts his Truſt in ill gotten Wealth,  
which goes as it comes.* Unhappy Man!  
what ſhall I do? I could not tell whether  
it were beſt to go my ſelf, or ſend a Hue  
and Cry after them. I did not like this  
courſe, becauſe if they ſhould happen to  
be taken, they would charge me with the  
diſguiſe of the Monk's Habit, and other  
matters, and that was the direct way to  
the Gallows; and as for following of them,  
I knew not which way. At laſt, for fear  
of ſpoiling my Marriage, which I look'd  
upon as ſecure, and that it would make  
amends for all Loſſes, I reſolv'd to ſtay and  
paſs it on vigorously. I din'd, after Dinner  
hir'd a Horſe, went away towards my Mi-  
ſtreſs's Street, and having no Footman,  
becauſe it was not decent to be ſeen with-  
out

out one, I waited at the corner of the Street, till some Man pass'd by that look'd like one, and away I went after him, making him a Footman, tho' he was none. At the other end of the Street I did the like, standing out of sight till another went by like the former, and then rode down again. I know not whether it was the certainty of the truth that I was the very Scoundrel *Don Diego* suspected, or the fresh cause of Jealousy, on account of the Lawyer's Horse and Footman, or what else that did it, but *Don Diego* took care to enquire who I was, what I liv'd on, and observ'd all my Actions. At last he took so much pains, that he discover'd the whole Intrigue the strangest way that could be imagin'd; for I press'd on the business of Matrimony very hotly, plying the Ladies continually with Letters; and *Don Diego* being as eagerly importun'd by them, who were in haste to conclude it, as he was upon the scent after me, met the Licentiate *Flechilla*, the Man I invited my self to dine with, when first I enter'd my self among the sharpening Gang at *Madrid*, before my Imprisonment. This Man taking it ill that I had not gone to see him again, according to promise, happening to talk with *Don Diego*, and knowing I had been his Servant, told him, how I met him when I went to dine with him; and that but two days ago he had met me a Horseback, and I inform'd him I was going to be marry'd to a great Fortune. This was enough for

*Don*

*Is discover'd by his Master.*



*Don Diego*, who returning home immediately, met with the two Knights I had made my self so familiar with, gave them an account of the whole Affair, and desir'd them to be ready at night to give me a good threshing in his Street, where he would contrive I should be, and they might know me by his Cloak, which he would take care I should have on. They agreed, met me immediately in the Street, and all of them carry'd it so fair at that time, that I never thought my self so secure of their Friendship as then. We continu'd talking together how to divert our selves at night, till towards the close of the evening, the two Knights took their leave and went down the Street. *Don Diego* and I being left by our selves, turn'd towards the Church of *St. Philip*. When we came to the next turning, *Don Diego* said to me, *Let me beg the favour of you, Don Philip, to change Cloaks with me, for I have occasion to go this way and would not be known. With all my heart,* answer'd I; took his Cloak very innocently, and gave him mine in an unhappy hour, offering to go along and stand by him if need were; but he having projected to stand by me to break my Bones, reply'd, *He was oblig'd to go alone, and therefore desir'd me to leave him.* No sooner had I parted from him, but the Devil contriv'd that two who waited to thresh him on account of a Wench, thinking by the Cloak that I was *Don Diego*, fell on a cudgelling me as thick as hail; I cry'd out, and by my

*And treated as he deserv'd.*

my Voice and Face, they discover'd I was the wrong Man, at which they ran away, and I was left with my beating, put up three or four good bumps they had rais'd, and made a halt, not daring to go into my Mistress's Street a while for fear. At last about Twelve, which was the time when I talk'd with her, I came up to the door, where one of *Don Diego's* Friends that waited for me, being ready, with a good Cudgel, gave me two blows across the Shins, which laid me flat on the Ground; as soon as I was down the other play'd his part, giving me a slash across the Face, from Ear to Ear: Then they took away my Cloak, and left me on the Ground, saying, *This is the Reward of false, deceitful, base Scoundrels.* I cry'd out for help, not knowing to whom I was beholding for that usage, tho' by what they said at parting, I guess'd it might perhaps be the Landlord I had cheated with the Contrivance of being taken up by the Inquisition, or the Goaler I had so long impos'd upon, or my Companions that fled; for to say the truth, I expected that cut from so many places, that I could not be positive from whom it might come. *Don Diego* was the Person I least suspected, and I was farthest from the mark; but still cry'd out, *Thieves, Thieves*, which at length brought the Watch, who took me up, and spying a gash a quarter long on my Face, and that I had no Cloak, nor could tell how that misfortune came, they carry'd me away to a Surgeon's House, where I  
was

was dress'd; then they ask'd, where I liv'd, and thither they conducted me. I went to Bed and lay all night awake, thoughty and full of Confusion, my Face being cut in two, my Body bruise'd, and my Legs so cripp'd with the cudgelling, that I could not stand, nor had scarce any feeling in them. In fine, I was wounded, robb'd, and in such a condition, that I could neither follow my Friends, nor proceed towards Matrimony, nor stay in *Madrid*, nor get away.

## CHAP. VIII.

*My tedious Cure, what pass'd between my Landlady and me; how I turn'd Beggar, pick'd up a considerable Sum of Money, and went away to Toledo.*

THE next morning by break of day, *A Devil* my Landlady appear'd at my Bed's *of a Landlady.* head. She was a choice old Woman, at years of discretion, past fifty five, a great pair of Beads in her hand, and a Face like a Chitterlin, or a Walnut-shell, it was so full of Furrows. Her name was up in the Neighbourhood, and so she lay a Bed till noon when she pleas'd, and with any Body that could fancy it. She promoted Pleasure, and contriv'd Delight, her name was *Madam de la Guia*, her Trade to let Lodgings at



at home, and procure for others abroad. Her House was never without Lodgers all the year round. It was pleasant to see how she instructed a young Girl in veiling her self, teaching her what parts of her Face she must be sure to expose to sight. If she had good Teeth, she advis'd her to be always a laughing, tho' it were at a Visit of Condolance; if she had fine hands, she taught her to be always playing with them; if fair Hair, to have some loose Locks peeping out under the Veil; if good Eyes, to be continually ogling, and if sparkling small ones, to shut and then open them wide, and be sure to look up. As for Washes, and other Cosmeticks for the Skin, she would make an *Ethiopian* as fair of Complexion, as a *Dane*; so that many Women came to her, and went home so alter'd that their own Husbands did not know them; but her greatest Art consisted in putting off reputed Virgins, and patching up crack'd Maidenheads. All this I saw perform'd by that time I had been but eight days in the House, and to compleat all, she directed the Women how to pick Pockets, and taught them what pretty expressions they should use. She show'd them how they should wheadle a Jewel out of a Man; young Girls were to do it by way of Wit and Jest, ripe Maids as a due, and old Women as a piece of respect and honour. She put them in the way how to beg dry Money, and how to draw Rings and other Trinkets. Upon occasion she quoted some  
fa-

famous ones of her own Profession at *Alcala*, at *Burgos*, and in other parts of *Spain* where any had gain'd renown in this Art of Cully-ing. I have given this account of her that I may be pity'd, considering into what hands I was fallen; and the words she said to me may be the more taken notice of: She was always very fond of Proverbs, and began her Speech after this manner. *A drop of Water continually falling on a Stone makes a hole in it in time. As you sow so will you reap. If you walk barefoot among Thorns you must expect to be scratch'd. My Child, Don Philip, to deal plainly, I do not understand you, nor can I conceive how you live. You are young, and it is no wonder you should be somewhat wild, without considering that even whilst we sleep, we are travelling to our end. I who have now one foot in the Grave have the priviledge to tell you so much. It is very odd I should be told that you have spent much Money and no body knows how; and that you have since you came to Town sometimes appear'd like a Schollar, sometimes a Sharper, and sometimes like a Gentleman. All this comes of keeping Company, for, my Child, tell me where you herd and I'll tell you what you are; and Birds of a Feather flock together; and many a good bit is lost between the Lip and the Dish. Go you Fool, if you had a hankering after Women, did not you know that I had always a good stock of that Commodity by me, and that I live by that Trade. I breed them up to hand, and fit them for business, and then I have them ready at my beck. What occasion have you to be drawn away by one Scoundrel to day and by another Rascal to*  
Y *morrow,*

*morrow, picking up a dirty Drab here, and a pickl'd Jade there, who fleece you to keep another. I vow and swear you had sav'd many a good Crown if you had apply'd your self to me, for I am not over fond of Money. By my Father's Soul, and as I hope for Mercy, I would not have ask'd you now for what is due for Lodging, but that I want it for some private uses, and to make a little Ointment.* She had her pots of Ointment, tho she was neither Surgeon nor Apothecary, and if any body greas'd her she anointed herself and flew out with the Smoke. Perceiving that all her Discourse and long Speech ended in a Dun, for tho that was her Text, she did not begin with it as others do, but made it her conclusion; when I found that I was not at all to seek for the occasion of her loving visit, which was the first she made me whilst I lodg'd in her House, excepting only one day when she came to answer for her self, because she heard I had been told some story about her Witchcraft, and that when the Officers came to seize her, she had cast such a mist before their Eyes that they could neither find the House nor the Street. She came then to tell me it was all a mistake, for they meant another of her name; and no wonder, for there were more of the Name and Profession. I paid her down the Money, and as I was telling it out, ill Fortune, which always attends me, and the Devil, who never forgets to plague me, so order'd it, that the Officers came to seize her for a scandalous liver, and had information that her

Gallant



Gallant was in the House. They came directly into my Room and seeing me in Bed, and her by me, they laid hold of us both, gave me half a score good bangs, and dragg'd me out of Bed. Two others held her fast, saluting her with the Titles of Baud and Witch. Who would have thought it of a Woman that liv'd as I have said. The noise the Constables made, and my cries, gave the alarm to the Gallant, who was a Fruiterer, and lay in the next Room within, he set a running, they observing it, and being inform'd by another Lodger in the House that I was not the Man, scour'd after, and laid hold of him, leaving me well beaten and my Hair torn off; yet for all I had endur'd, I could not forbear laughing to hear how the Dogs complimented the old Woman. One cry'd, *How gracefully you will look in a Cart, Mother; by my Troth it will be a great satisfaction to me to see a thousand or two of rotten Oranges and Turnip-tops fly after you.* Another said, *There is care taken that you shall make a good show and be well attended.* At last they catch'd her Bully, bound them both, begg'd my pardon, and left me to my self.

It was some comfort to me to see my good Landlady in the way to preferment, so that all my care was to be in a readiness that I might throw one rotten Orange at her, tho considering what a Maid of hers, who was left behind, told me, I much doubted whether ever they could secure her in Prison; for she talk'd of flying, and some other

Paul  
turns Beg-  
gar.

matters I did not at all like. I lay eight days in the House under the Surgeons hands, and was scarce able to go abroad at the end of them, for they were fain to stitch up my Face, and I could not go without Crutches. By this time my Money was spent, for the hundred Royals all went in Lodging, Diet and Cure; so that to avoid farther Expences, when my Treasure was gone, I resolv'd to go abroad upon Crutches, and sell my Linnen and Cloaths, which were very good. I did so, and with part of the Money, bought an old leather Jerkin, a canvas Waistcoat, a patch'd Beggar's great Coat down to my Ankles, Gamasches on my Legs, and great clouted Shoes, the Hood of the great Coat on my Head, a large brass Crucifix about my Neck, and a pair of Beads in my Hand. A Mumper, who was a Master at his Trade, taught me the doleful tone and proper Phrases for begging, and so I began immediately to practise it about the Streets. Sixty Royals I had left, I sew'd up in my Doublet, and so set up for a Beggar, much confiding in my Cant. I went about the Streets for a whole Week, howling in a dismal tone, and repeating my lesson, after this manner. *Merciful Christians of the Lord, take pitty on a poor distressed miserable, wounded and maim'd Creature, that has no comfort of his Life.* This was my Working-day note, but on Sundays and Holy-days I alter'd my voice, and said, *Good charitable People, for Christ Jesus's sake, give one Farthing or a Half-penny to the poor Cripple,*

*Their  
Cant.*

*ple, whom the Lord has visited.* Then I stood a little, which does good Service, and went on again. *See my poor Limbs were blasted, unhappy, Wretch that I am, as I was working in a Vineyard, I lost the use of all my precious Limbs, for I was as strong and sound as any of you are, The Lord be for ever prais'd, and preserve your Health and Limbs.* Thusthe Farthings came dropping in by shoales, I got abundance of Money, and was in the way of getting much more, had I not been thwarted by an ill look'd lusty young Fellow, lame of both Arms, and with but one Leg, who ply'd my very Walks in a Wheel-barrow, and pick'd up more pence than I did, tho he begg'd not so genteely, for he had a hoarse voice, which ended in a squeak, and said, *Faithful Servants of Jesu Christ, behold how the Lord hath afflicted me for my Sins, give one Farthing to the Poor, God will reward you ;* and then he added, *for the sweet Jesu's sake.* This brought him a mighty Revenue, and I observ'd it, and for the future I cut off the *s*, and said only *Jesu*, because I perceiv'd it took with the simple People. In short, I alter'd my Phrases as occasion serv'd, and there was no end of my gettings. I had both my Legs bound up in a Leather Bag, and went upon Crutches; and lay in a Surgeon's Porch, with a Beggar that ply'd at the corner of a Street, one of the errantest Knaves that ever God put Life into, very rich, was as it were our Superior, and earn'd as much as all of us. He was broken Belly'd, and it hung out in a Bunch, besides, he bound his



*Knaveish  
Practises.*

Arm hard with a Rope above the Shoulder, which made his Hand look as if it were lame, swell'd, and had an inflammation. He lay flat upon his Back, with all the rupture naked, which was as big as his Head, and cry'd, *Behold my misery, see how the Lord chastises his Servants.* If a Woman happen'd to pass by, he said, *Sweet beautiful Lady, the Lord bless your dear Soul.* Most of them would give him an Alms for calling them handsome, and would make that their way to their visits, tho' never so much about. If any ragged Soldier came by, he call'd him, *Noble Captain*, if any other sort of Man, *Good worthy Gentleman*; if he saw any body in a Coach, *Right honourable Lord*; and if a Clergiman on a Mule, *Most reverend Arch-deacon.* In short, he was a most intolerable Flatterer, and had particular ways of begging for Holy days. I contracted such intimacy with him, that he acquainted me with a secret, which in a few days made us rich, and was, that he kept three little Boys, who begg'd about the Streets, stole every thing that came in their way, brought it to him and he was the receiver; besides, he had two small Children that learn'd to pick Pockets, and he went halves with them. Being so well instructed by such an able Master, I took to the same courses, and he provided me with fit Instruments for my purpose. In less than a Month's time I had got above forty Crowns clear, besides all extravagant expences, and at last, designing that we should go away together, he

he disclos'd to me the greatest secret and cunningest design that ever Beggar had in his Head, which we both joyn'd in, and was, that between us we every day stole four or five Children, which being cry'd, we presently appear'd, enquir'd what marks they had to be known by, and said, *Good God, Sir, I found this Child at such a time, and had I not come as I did, a Cart had run over it, but I have taken care of it.* They readily paid us the reward, and it throve so well, that I got above fifty Crowns more, and by this time my Legs were well, tho' I still wore them wrapp'd in Clouts. I resolv'd to leave *Madrid* and go away to *Toledo*, where I knew no body, nor no body knew me. Having set this resolution, I bought an old Sute of grey Cloaths, a Sword and Bands, took leave of *Valcazar*, the Beggar I last mention'd, and went about the Inns to find some convenience to go to *Toledo*.

---

## C H A P. IX.

*How I turn'd Player, Poet, and Gallant,  
the Misfortunes that ensu'd, till I quitted  
the Employment.*

A T an Inn I met with a Company of strowling Players, who were going to *Toledo*, and had three Carts. It pleas'd God that among the Gang I found one who had been my Companion at *Alcala*, left the School, and was turn'd Actor. I told him what a mind I had to go to *Toledo*, and he had much ado to know me, the scar across my Face had so alter'd me, and he could not forbear blessing himself, standing in Admiration. In conclusion, for a small spill of Money, he was so much my Friend as to prevail with the rest to let me go with them. We were all higledepigledy, Men and Women together, and I was mightily taken with one of the Crew, who was the chief Dancer, and acted the Queen's and other great Parts in Plays, for she was a notable Jilt. Her Husband happen'd to sit next to me, and not thinking to whom I spoke, but following my leud Inclination of enjoying her, I ask'd him, *How could a Man do to have a little talk with this Woman, that I might spend twenty Crowns upon her, for I have a great liking to her.* It does not become me to answer your question, as I am her Husband, reply'd the Man,  
nor



*nor is it fit I should talk of any such thing, but to deal ingenuously, for I am nothing partial, she deserves to have any Money spent upon her, for there is not a more dainty bit of Flesh upon the Earth, nor such a pretty wanton Girl.* This said, he leap'd out of the Cart, and got into another, in all likelihood that I might have an opportunity of making my Addresſes to her. I was pleas'd with the Man's answer, and perceiv'd it may be said of such Men, that they have Wives as if they had none, perverting the expression to the worst sense. I laid hold of the opportunity, she ask'd me, whither I was going, and some questions concerning my Life and Circumstances; and in conclusion, after much talk, referr'd it to *Toledo* to act there.

We diverted our selves by the way the *Turne* best we could, and I happen'd to act a piece *Player.* of a Play that I had born a part in when I was a Boy, which I did so well that they took a liking to me, and being inform'd by my Friend, who was in the Company of all my Misfortunes and hard Circumstances, which I had made him acquainted with, she ask'd me, whether I would make one among them. They so highly extoll'd their strowling course of Life, and I was then in such want of some support, and so fond of the Wench, that I agreed with the Head of them for two years. Writings, were sign'd between us to oblige me to stay with him, so he gave me my allowance and allotted my Parts, and thus we came to *Toledo*. They gave me two or three Prologues

logues to get by heart, and some other grave Parts, which futed well with my Voice. I apply'd my self to it, and spoke the first Prologue in the Town, where we had a simile of a Ship in distress, and wanting Provisions, which put into that Port, I call'd them noble Audience, begging their attentions, pardon for all Faults, and so went off. There was great clapping of Hands, and I was lik'd on the Stage. We acted a play, written by one of our Actors, and I admir'd how they should come to be Poets, for I thought it belong'd only to very learned and ingenious Men, and not to Persons so extreamly ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every Head of them writes Plays, and every Actor makes Drolls and Farces; tho' formerly I remember no Plays would go down but what were written by the greatest Wits in *Spain*. In short, the Play was acted the first day, and no Soul could make any thing of it. The second day we began it again, and as God would have it, there was some Warlike Exploit to commence by, and I came upon the Stage in Armour, and with a Target on my Arm, which was a great mercy, or else I had infallibly been pelted to death with Oranges, Quinces, and all things that came next to Hand. Such a Storm of Hail was never seen, and the Play deserv'd it, for it represented a King of *Normandy* in a Hermit's Habit, without any sense or reason, had two Scoundrel Footmen to make sport, and when they  
came

came to unravel the Plot, there was nothing but marrying of all the Company, and there was an end ; so, that to say the truth, we had but what we deserv'd. We all fell foul of our Companion, the pretended Poet, and I bidding him consider what a danger we had escap'd and take warning by it, he answer'd, he had not made one word of the Play, but only pick'd up bits and scraps, some from one, and some from another as they came in his way, which he had jumbled together, like a Beggar's Cloak, made of all sorts of Rags ; and the ill luck was, that it had not been neatly fine draw'd. He own'd, that all the Players who writ Plays, were oblig'd to make restitution, because they only stole from all the Parts they acted, which was easily done, and they were willing to run all hazards in hopes of getting ten or twenty Crowns. Besides, that going about all the Country, and being shew'd Plays, by several Persons, they borrow'd them to read, and then stole them, which when they had done, they only added some scurvy Part and left out another better, and so they call'd it their own ; protesting that no Player ever knew how to write a Scene any other way.

I lik'd the Contrivance, and took a great *Journey* fancy to try it my self, as having some <sup>to Sevil.</sup> small Genius for Poetry, and being somewhat vers'd in Poets, for I had read *Garcilasso*, and others, and so I resolv'd to fall into that knack ; so that with this, and my Adress, and my own playing, I made a shift



shift to live. By that time we had been a month at *Toledo*, acting several new Plays, and endeavouring to retrieve our first fault, I was grown famous, and had given out that my Name was *Alonso*, to which the generality added the Title of the Cruel, because I had acted a part of that Nature, to the great liking of the Mob and upper Galleries. I had now got several good Sutes of Cloaths, and some Heads of other Strowlers endeavour'd to inveigle me away from my Company; but I pretended to critizize upon Plays, and rail'd at the most celebrated Actors, finding fault with one Man's Gestures, censuring anothers Gravity, and allowing another to be a tolerable Actor. My Advice was always taken in contriving the Scenes, and adorning the Stage; and if any Play came to be offer'd it was left to me to examine. Being encourag'd by this Applause, I launch'd out as a Poet in a Song, and then writ a small Farce, which was well approv'd of. Next I ventur'd at a Play; and that it might gain respect, made it all of Devotion, and full of the blessed Virgin. It began with Musick, had fine shows of Souls departed, and Devils appearing, as was the fashion then, with odd Gibberish when they appear'd, and strange Shreiks when they vanish'd. The Mob was mightily pleas'd with my rhiming to *Satan*, and my long discourses about his falling, or not falling from Heaven. In short, the Play was acted, and well lik'd. I had more business  
than

than I could turn my hands to, for all sorts of Lovers flock'd to me, some would have Songs on their Mistress's Eyes, others on their Foreheads, others on their white Hands, and others on their golden Locks. There were set Rates of all sorts; but I sold cheap to draw the more Custom, because there were other Shops besides mine. As for Godly Ballads, I supply'd all the Country Clerks and Runners of Monasteries, and the Blind-men were my best Friends, for they never allow'd less than eight Royals, and I always took care they should be bombastick, and stuff'd with cramp words, which neither they nor I understood. I brought up many new Fashions in Verse, as Taylors do in Cloaths, and was the first that concluded my Songs like Sermons, praying for Grace in this World, and Glory in the next.

Thus was I happy as I could wish, my Pockets full of Money, highly in Vogue, and in such a prosperous Condition, that I aim'd at being Chief of a Company of Strowlers. My House was handsomly furnish'd, for the Devil put it into my head to buy the old moldy Tapestry of Taverns to hang my Rooms at a cheap Rate, all which cost me about five or six Crowns; for they afforded a better Prospect than any the King has, for being so ragged you might see through any part of them, which you cannot do through any of his. The oddest thing happen'd to me one day that ever was heard of, which I will not spare  
to

*A Comical Disaster.*

to make known, tho' it be to my shame. When I was writing a Play, I us'd to shut my self up at home in the Garret, where I kept close and din'd. The Maid us'd to bring up my dinner and leave it there; and it was my way to act all I writ, and talk aloud, as if I had been upon the Stage. As the Devil would have it, when the Maid was coming up the Stairs, which were dark and upright, with the dish of Meat and Plates in her hand, I was composing a Scene of hunting a Bear, and being wholly intent upon my Play, cry'd out as loud as I could,

*Fly, fly the bloody Bear; take heed, I say,  
Alas, I'm kill'd, and you'll become its Prey.*

The poor Wench, who was a silly *Galician*, hearing me roar that I was kill'd, and she in danger to become a prey to the Bear; thought it had been real Matter of Fact, and that I call'd to her to save her self. Upon this Conceit she took to her heels, and treading on her Coats in the confusion, tumbled down all the Stairs. The Soup was spilt, the earthen Pots broken, and she run out roaring into the Street, *That a Bear was killing a Man*. I could not be so nimble but that all the Neighbours were about me, asking, where the Bear was; and I could scarce make them believe me, tho' I told them it was the Maid's foolish mistake, for I was only acting a part of a Play. I lost my dinner that day; my  
Com-



Companions were told of it, and all the Town made sport with it. Many such Accidents befel me whilst I follow'd the Trade of Poetizing, and would not forsake that wicked Course of Life.

It happen'd, as frequently does to that *The Play-* sort of People, that the Chief of our Com-*ers break.* pany being known to have got considerably at *Toledo*, was arrested for some old Debts, and thrown into Goal, which broke up our Gang, and every one went a several way. As for my part, tho' my Comrades would have introduced me into other Companies, having no great Inclination to that Calling, for I had follow'd it out of meer Necessity; I thought of nothing but taking my pleasure, being then well dress'd, and in no want of Money. I took my leave of them all, they went their ways; and I, who had propos'd to quit an ill Course of Life, by desisting from being a Strowler, to mend the matter, dropt out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, for I fell into much worse, making it my whole business to gallant Grates, and aim at impossibilities by courting of Nuns. The en-*Paul pre-* couragement I had to commit this mad-*tends to* ness, was, that I understood there was a *Court a* most charming Nun, at whose Request I *Nun.* had writ abundance of little devout Pastorals; and she had taken some liking to me on that account, and seeing me act Saint *John* the Evangelist in a holy-day spiritual sort of Play. The good Lady made very much of me, and had told me, there  
was

was nothing troubled her so much as my being a Player; for I had pretended to her that I was the Son of a Gentleman of Quality, and therefore she pity'd me, and I at last resolv'd to send her the following Lines.

### The Letter.

**I** Have quitted the Company of Players, rather to comply with your Desires, than because it was otherwise convenient for me so to do; but to me all the Company in the World, without yours, is Solitude. I shall now have the more opportunity of being yours, as being absolutely my own Master. Let me know when there will be admittance to the Grate, and that will inform me when I may be happy, &c.

The Runner carry'd the Note, the good Nun was wonderfully pleas'd to hear of my change of Life, and answer'd me as follows.

### The Answer.

**I** Rather expect to be congratulated, than to congratulate you on your good Fortune; for my Wishes and your Prosperity are inseparable. You may be look'd upon as recover'd out of a desperate Estate, it only remains that you persevere, as I shall do. I question whether there will be any liberty at the Grate to day; but do not fail to come at Even-song, for there at least we shall

see

*see one another, and perhaps I may find means to put some Trick upon the Lady Abbess.*

Farewel.

I lik'd the Note, for the Woman was really witty, and very handsome. After dinner I put on the best Sute I us'd to act the Gallant in on the Stage, went to Church, pretended to pray, and then began to examine every inch of the Grate and Veil before the Choir, to see if I could discover her. At length it pleas'd God I had the good fortune, or rather the Devil contriv'd me the ill luck, that I heard the old sign, I began to Cough, she answer'd, and there was a hellish imitation of a Cold, or as if the Church had been full of Lilly of the Valley. I was quite weary of coughing, when a Tisical old Woman appear'd at the Grate, and I discover'd my Mistake; for this is a very uncertain sign in a Monastery, because as it serves for a sign among young ones, it is habitual with old ones, and when a Man thinks it a Call to catch a Nightingal, he finds nothing but an Owl. I stay'd a long time in the Church, till Even-song began, which I hear'd out, for the Admirers of Nuns have this Madness, besides all the rest, that they must play the Hypocrites, and pray against their Will; besides, that they never go beyond the Eve, being ever in Expectation, but the day of Enjoyment never comes. I never fail'd being at Even-song, and stretch'd out  
Z my



*A Chimerical description.*

my Neck a handful longer than it was, to endeavour to see into the Choir. The Clerks were my constant Companions, and I was well receiv'd by the Priest, who was a pleasant Man, and walk'd as stiff and upright as if a Spit had been run through me. I went betimes to take my place in a Court the Nuns Windows look'd into, it was comical to see the strange Postures of others, as mad Pretenders as my self. One gaz'd without ever so much as winking; another stood with one hand on his Sword, and his Beads in the other like a Statue upon a Tomb; another with his Arms stretch'd out as if he were flying; some gaping, as if they would have had their Hearts fly out at their Mouths; some leaning against the Walls, as if they had been to support them; some walking as if to be bought for their pacing, like Horses; and others with *Billets Doux* in their hands, like Faulconers, bringing the Hawk to the Lure. The jealous Lovers were some laughing in Rings, and looking up, others reading Verses and showing them. All this was below where we were, but above the place for the Nuns was a little old Tower, all full of Cracks, Chinks, and peeping Holes, where appear'd nothing but a Confusion, here a Hand, there a Foot, in another place a Head, in another a Handkerchief, a Glove, or the like; some walk'd, others cough'd, and so every one had her particular way. In Summer it is pleasant enough to see the Men parch themselves in the Sun, whilst

whilst the Women are little concern'd at their Sufferings. In Winter some of us stay so long in the wet till we are mouldy, and the Moss grows upon us; neither Snow nor Rain can drive us away; and all this is only to see a Woman through a Grate and a Glass, like some holy Relick, or curious piece of Workmanship, for that is all we can ever expect. It is just like falling in love with a Black-bird in a Cage, if ever she talks; or with a fine Picture, if she does not. The greatest Favour ever to be attain'd, is, to touch the ends of the Fingers. They lean their heads against the double Grates, and shoot Volleys of fine Conceits through those Loopholes. This is perfect Love at hide and seek, and yet for this we study to talk fine and whisper, must endure every old Woman that chides, every Door-keeper that commands, and every one at the Wheel that gives what answer she pleases.

I had follow'd this cursed Employment so long that I was well look'd upon by the Lady Abbess, civilly treated by the good Priest, and a Familiar with the Clerk, for we hide our Folly from them, and this is all the happiness such Madmen can aspire to. I began to be weary of the Door-keeper's turning me away, and of the Nuns begging, and consider'd how dear I endeavour'd to purchase a place in Hell, which others have at so easy a rate, and that I even anticipated to take share of it in this World by such extravagant means. It was

Paul  
cheats the  
Nun.

plain that I rode Post to Perdition, and threw away my Soul only for a few Looks. When I talk'd to her, for fear of being over-heard by the rest, I us'd to thrust my head so close to the Grate, that the print of it would not come out in two days, and at the same time spoke so low that she could not understand one word without a Trumpet at her Ear. Every Body that saw me, cry'd, *A curse on thee, thou wicked Nun-hunting Dog*; besides, many other worse Compliments. All these things brought me to my Senses, and I resolv'd to quit my Nun, and to this purpose got of her the value of fifty Crowns of her Work, in silk Stockings, rich Purfes, and Sweetmeats, pretending to have them ruffled for; but as soon as I had them in possession I set out for *Sevil*, to try my Fortune there, as the greater City. The Reader may guess how much the Nun was concern'd, not for me, but what I cheated her of.



## C H A P. X.

*What happen'd to me at Sevil, till I took  
Shipping for the West-Indies.*

I Had a good Journey from *Toledo* to *Sevil*, <sup>Journey</sup> for I was sharp at play, had loaded Dice, <sup>to Sevil.</sup> both high and low, and could palm a Die, hold four and throw out three; besides, I had false Cards, and knew how to pack any, and turn up what I pleas'd, and abundance of other fine Arts and flights of Hand, which I pass by as tedious; and for fear they might rather serve to teach others evil Practices, than for Warnings of what they are to shun; but perhaps some few words of advice may be of use to such as are not skill'd in those practises, and they who read my Book, if if they are cheated, may thank themselves. Never think your self safe because you find the Cards, for they will change them upon you whilst a Candle is snuffing. Take care they make no scratches or other impressions on the Cards; and if my Reader is a poor Scoundrel, he must observe, that among that Gang of Rakehels, they prick the Cards they would know with a Pin, or fold them to leave a crease. If you happen to play among a better sort, of People take heed of Cards which are originally falsify'd and have

Z 3

pri-

*Advice to those that play at Cards.* private marks on the Pastboard. Never trust to a clean Card, nor think your self safe with a foul one, for the cheat is equal in both. Take heed the Dealer never bows any Cards more than others, which is a certain way to pick your Pocket ; and observe that no motions be made with the Fingers, or no hints given by the first Letters of Words. I will not let you farther into this secret, this is enough to make you always stand upon your Guard, for you may be assur'd I do not tell the Hundredth part of the Cheats.

*Paul turns Ruffian.*

Being Master of these Arts, I got to *Sevil*, at my Fellow Traveller's Expence, winning all the hire of the Mules, my other Charges and Money to boot of them and my Landlords at the Inns. I alighted at that they call the *Moor's* Inn, where I was found out by one of my School-fellows at *Alcala*, whose Name was *Mata*, but he thinking it did not make noise enough, had chang'd it to *Matorral*. He dealt in Men's Lives, and sold Cuts and Slashes, which throve well with him, he carry'd the sign of his Trade on his Face, where he had receiv'd his share. He always made his Bargain to a nicety for length and depth, when he was to bestow any, and said, No Man is so absolute a Master as he who has been well hack'd and hew'd himself; and he was in the right, for his Face was all over Seams, and he was a downright drunken Bully. He told me, I must go sup with him and his

his Comrades, and they would bring me back to the Inn. I went with him, and when we were in his Lodging, he said, *Come Spark, lay by your Cloak and look like a Man, for this night you shall see all the brave Fellows in Sevil; and that they may not look upon you as a Cully, tumble your Band, thrust out your Back, and let your Cloak hang loose, as if it were dropping off, for we hate to see any Man's Cloak set fast upon his Back. Wind about your Chops and make Faces with both sides of your Mouth, then talk big, swear and be very rude.* I learnt his Lesson, and he lent me a Dagger, broad enough to have been a Scimiter, and for length, it wanted nothing of a Sword but the Name. Now drink off this quart of Wine, said he, for without you blunder, you will not look like a true Bully. We had gone so far in my Instructions, and I was half Seas over with what I had drank, when in came four of the Gang, with four Vizors instead of Faces, bound about the middles like Monkeys, with their Cloaks instead of Ropes, their Hats standing a tiptoe on their Heads, and cock'd up as if the brims were nail'd to the crowns; a whole Smith's Shop about their Swords and Daggers, and the chepes of them beating against their right Heels. Their Eyes star'd, their Whiskers turn'd up, and the Beards like Brushes. They made their Compliment with their Mouths, and then in a hoarse tone and clipping their words, saluted my Companion, who return'd in like manner: They



*The  
drunken  
Supper,*

sate down, and spoke not one word to ask who I was, but one of them looking at *Matorrales*, and opening his Mouth, thrust out his under Lip, by way of pointing at me. My Introduc'tor answer'd in the same Language, laying hold of his Beard and looking down; after which, they all got up, embrac'd and express'd a great deal of kindness for me. I return'd the same Compliments, which were like smelling to so many Hog-sheads of Wine. When it was Supper-time, in came a parcel of strapping Scoundrels to wait at Table, , whom the topping Bullies call Underspurleathers. We all sate down together at Table, and the first thing they serv'd up was a Dish of Pickles, which as soon as they had tasted they all fell to drinking to my honour, by way of welcome; and till I saw them drink to it, I must confess I never knew I had any. Next came Fish and Flesh, all of it high season'd to promote drinking. There was a great Bowl full of Wine, like a half Tup, on the ground, and he that was to pledge, lay all along to drink by wholesale. I was taken with the contrivance, but by that time a few Healths had gone about, we none of us knew one another. They fell to talk of Warlike Affairs, Oaths flew as thick as Hail, a matter of twenty or thirty Persons were cut out for destruction; amidst their Cups the Mayor of the City was adjudg'd to be cut in pieces; then they reap'd up the Heroick Actions of several famous Cut-throats  
and

and Murderers, and drank to the Souls of some that were hang'd. Some that were Maudlin, wept bitterly, calling to mind the untimely end of *Alonso Alvarez*, one of their Brethren, whose Body was expos'd on a Gibbet for the Crows to feast on. By this time my Companion's Brains were turn'd topsy turvy, and laying hold of a Loaf, and looking earnestly on the Candle, he said with a hoarse Voice, *By this, which is the Face of God, and by that Light which came out of the Angel's Mouth, if you think fit, Gentlemen, we will this very Night maul the Sergeant's Man that pursu'd our poor one ey'd Friend.* They all set up a dismal Cry, ratifying the Proposal made by an Oath, after this manner; they drew their Daggers, laid their hands on the edge of the Boul, and lying along with their Chops to it, said, *As we drink this Wine, so will we suck the Blood of every informing Catchpole. Who was this, Alonzo Alvarez, said I, whose death is so much regretted. He was, answer'd one of them, a brave fighting Lad, a Man of Spirit, full of Metal, and a good Companion. Let us go, for the Devil begins to be strong in me.* This said we all went out a Catchpole-Hunting. Being quite overcome with Wine, and all my Reason drowned, I never reflected on the danger I was running myself into. We came to the Strand, where we met the Round, which no sooner ap-  
They kill two Officers.  
 pear'd, but our Swords were drawn, and we attack'd them. I did like the rest, and

at

at the first charge we made way for the filthy Souls of two Catchpoles to fly out of their Bodies. The Constable took to his Heels, and ran up the Street crying out for help. We could not pursue, because he had too much the Start, but took Sanctuary in the Cathedral, where we were shelter'd against Justice, and slept as much as was requisite to discharge the Fumes of the Wine we had drank. When we came to our Senses, I could not but admire that two Catchpoles should be kill'd by, and a Constable fly from a parcel of meer Hog-sheads of Wine, for we were no better at that time. We far'd well in our Sanctuary, for the termagant Whores of the Town flock'd to, and spent all they had upon us. A strapping Jade call'd *Grajales*, took a fancy to, and cloath'd me from Head to Foot after her own fancy: I lik'd this sort of living better than any I had yet try'd, and therefore resolv'd to stick to my trusty *Grajales* till death. I learnt all the Cant, and in a short time was an absolute Master among the Russians. The Officers of Justice took all possible care to observe us, and kept Rounds about the Sanctuary; yet for all that we took our Rambles after midnight in disguise. Perceiving this was like to be a tedious business, and that ill Fate pursu'd me every where, tho' it made me ne'er the wiser to take warning for the future, yet it tir'd me out, like a true obstinate Sinner, and therefore with the Advice



vice of my Doxy *Grajales*, I resolv'd to go to the *West-Indies*, taking her along with me, to try whether I could meet with better Fortune in another Country, but it prov'd worse; for they never mend their Condition, who only change places without mending their Life and Manners.

---

THE

---

---

---

THE  
**Retentive Knight:**

Containing much wholesome

**A D V I C E**  
**F O R**

Saving the **R E A D Y**, and being free of good **W O R D S**.

Dedicated to the

**Society of SPARE-PENNIES.**

**H**AVING taken into discreet and pitiful consideration the expensive wheedling practis'd in this Age, I have thought fit to give occasion to those who carry their Purse-strings too loose, that reading what I write they may knot up their Pockets, and endeavour rather to purchase the name of Close-keepers than of generous Cullies, giving their minds as freely as they please  
to

to Women, but not a penny of their Money, that so for the future they may deserve to be admitted into the order of the Retentive hard-bound Knights, which has hitherto lain under some disgrace, for want of being better known. I therefore advise every person listing himself under the Banner of *Cupid* and *Venus*, from hence forward, tho it be none of his name, to call himself *Sir Frugal Sparepenny*, to take the Angel Guardian for his special Patron, and to keep all days tho they be no Holy-days:

*The daily exercise to be perform'd by every Knight of the Order, for securing of his Money at the unhappy hour when the Ladies shall crave, which is more dreadful than the hour of Death.*

The first thing he is to do when he rises, *Saving* is to bless his Money, and then bless himself from all those that shall ask for any; *Rules up on all occasions.* and give God thanks that he sees the day, and still has it in his possession, saying, *I return most hearty Thanks for that I have slept this night safe from the Attacks of all Money-Leeches and Suckers. I do here make a positive, solemn Resolution, neither to give, lend, nor promise my Ready, either by Thought, Word, or Deed; adding these words, Give it us this day; which is as much as is requisite of that Prayer for a Knight of this Order.*

Then craving the Assistance of this Guardian Angel, he shall go to Church, which  
is



---

T H E

# Retentive Knight:

Containing much wholesome

# A D V I C E

F O R

Saving the R E A D Y, and be-  
ing free of good W O R D S.

Dedicated to the

Society of SPARE-PENNIES.

**H**AVING taken into discreet and pitiful consideration the expensive wheedling practis'd in this Age, I have thought fit to give occasion to those who carry their Purse-strings too loose, that reading what I write they may knot up their Pockets, and endeavour rather to purchase the name of Close-keepers than of generous Cullies, giving their minds as freely as they please  
to

to Women, but not a penny of their Money, that so for the future they may deserve to be admitted into the order of the Retentive hard-bound Knights, which has hitherto lain under some disgrace, for want of being better known. I therefore advise every person listing himself under the Banner of Cupid and Venus, from hence forward, tho it be none of his name, to call himself *Sir Frugal Sparepenny*, to take the Angel Guardian for his special Patron, and to keep all days tho they be no Holy-days:

*The daily exercise to be perform'd by every Knight of the Order, for securing of his Money at the unhappy hour when the Ladies shall crave, which is more dreadful than the hour of Death.*

The first thing he is to do when he rises, <sup>Saving</sup> is to bless his Money, and then bless him- <sup>Rules ap-</sup> self from all those that shall ask for any; <sup>on all oc-</sup> and give God thanks that he sees the day, <sup>casions.</sup> and still has it in his possession, saying, *I return most hearty Thanks for that I have slept this night safe from the Attacks of all Money-Leeches and Suckers. I do here make a positive, solemn Resolution, neither to give, lend, nor promise my Ready, either by Thought, Word, or Deed; adding these words, Give it us this day; which is as much as is requisite of that Prayer for a Knight of this Order.*

Then craving the Assistance of this Guardian Angel, he shall go to Church, which  
is

is a Duty ought to be perform'd every day, tho' it be not holy, because he is to keep all days, and think none a day of Toil and Labour, but that on which he is oblig'd to give any thing.

When he goes to Bed, he shall go up to his empty Bag, which is to hang at his Bed's head, instead of a Death's head, with an Inscription by it directed to a full Bag, by way of Advice, in these words,

*Take warning by me, thou that look'st on me,  
For as you are I was, and as I am you'll be.*

Whilst he is undressing, he shall say, *Blessed be the Lord, that I strip myself, and another has not stripp'd me before.* And then he may sleep sound if the Fleas, Bugs, or other Insects, or Vermin, do not disturb him.

But in regard that the Males have fallen into the way of asking, as well as the Females; it is therefore expedient to be before hand with them, and in order to it, as soon as any one comes in to visit you, before any other Compliments pass, besure right or wrong say to him, *It is a miserable Age we live in; there is no Money stirring; the Taxes are heavy; and Corn is so cheap, that Tenants cannot pay their Rents; Estates are worth nothing, Gentlemen cannot live.* Then make mighty Offers of Service, for this is the way to stop any Man's Mouth. Yet, if it should happen that you are attack'd by surprize, and at first word your Friend bluntly asks any thing of you, be as ready



dy in your Repartee and Answer, *I was this moment thinking to beg the same Favour of you, to answer a Debt of honour.* This same is call'd Nipping in the Bud.

If any one commends a Horse, Watch, Ring, or other thing of Value, which seems to exact the return of an offer, tell him, *You shall put the greater Value upon it ever after, because he has an opinion of it.*

It shall be always allow'd to give the time of the day, but no New-Years-Gifts; and at Fairs to bestow the sight of all Rarities in the Shops, but not to lay out a Penny on them.

The Knight of this Order must never learn any other Proverbs but, *Fast bind fast find; Two hands in a Dish and one in a Purse; A Bird in hand is worth two in the Bush;* and the like. He may lawfully give a good Example, and lend his Attention; but must be sure to keep his Secret, and his Purse, his Pocket and his Keys.

Whosoever asks any thing he must give them an answer, and if they persist, give them the slip. Let him not be easily prevail'd upon, for it will turn to ill account; but ever say to himself, *Hold your own, for you are as good as another.*

He must not envy *Alexander the Great* his Titles on account of Generosity, but ever hold in mind how many have dy'd for want of the Retentive Faculty; for he he had better be hard bound than die of a looseness; and a begging Sute is as bad as a thump on the Stomach, which makes

makes a Man speechless ; for if he observes this, and keeps all he has, without giving any thing, he will have and hold, and be held in account here, and God knows what will come after.

---

## T H E

*Retentive Knight's Epistles.*

## E P I S T L E I.

*In answer to a Wench, who sent to beg Money of him to give Alms in the Holy Week.*

C<sup>H</sup>arity is a pious Action, if given out of one's own Money, but would be a downright Cruelty, if given out of another's, which God forbid. *Madam*, I would have my Words express my Affection, and not my Purse. The time is Holy, your Demand is unjust, I am but a Sinner; it will be hard to reconcile these three. I have nothing to give; God bless you; excuse me at this time; I cannot do it. These are the ways of discarding impudent Beggars. *Madrid, &c.*

E P I

E P I S T L E II.

*Discarding such another.*

*Madam,* You tell me you have such a Kindness for me, that you cannot endure I should have any trouble. Dear *Madam,* let me but have, whatsoever it is, for I would not wish you to take any thing from me, not even my trouble; and be assur'd that God has assign'd the King and me two Guardian Angels each; to him that he may govern, to me that I may secure what I have. God give you Health and Life, tho' I give you nothing:

E P I S T L E III.

*To one that begg'd Pasties.*

*Madam,* The more you beg, the more I love, and the less I give. Good God! could you find no body else to beg Puff-Pasties of. It is true, I could easily send Pasties, and you might puff them up, yet I have thought fit to suspend the Execution for the present. Pray *Madam,* be pleas'd to bite some other Lover, for it is equal to me to be devour'd by Women or by Worms, for you devour the Living and they the Dead. Farewel, pretty one. Dated on a Fasting-day, from no place, because they who send nothing are no where, but in their Wits.

A a

E P I.



## E P I S T L E IV.

*To one that begg'd a Place to see the Bulfeast.*

Is it nothing but a feat you want, to see the deversion of the Bulfeast, my Dear? What better sport can there be than to hear you beg, and me grant nothing? Do you know what is got by this sport? Nothing but toil and weariness, and vexation for him who pays the Expence. Let it be damn'd, for it is a sport of Heathens and Beasts, and all the deversion is to see Men kill'd, who are like Beasts, and Beasts that are like Husbands. I could find in my Heart to hire you a Gallery, but the Money is the Devil. Rest your self satisfy'd, and fancy you have seen the sport, and you'll see how much better you spend the Afternoon, you without the Place, and I with my Money in my Pocket.

## E P I S T L E V.

*To one that made sport at his frugality.*

*Madam*, I am told, that the other day, your Aunt and you made sport at my Niggardliness, and since then my Frugality has so well diverted it self upon you, that I reckon we are upon equal Terms. I am inform'd you found a Thousand faults in me, and that you did nothing but ridicule and laugh at me, and liken me to this and that

that and t'other thing. I own I am like what you please, provided that my Money does not suffer. I am mightily taken with what good Mrs. *Abigail*, with her single Tooth and half Grinder, said of me, That I had a splatter Face, like an over grown School-boy, and my Tongue ran. That I smelt mouldy and would not drop a Tester, tho I were press'd to death. Does the good Lady call this mouldiness? For my part, I look upon it as the perfume of Musk and Ambergrease. But if she does not love the scent of such as do not give, let her get a Cold, or stop her Nose, for most Men will offend her. Sweet Ladies, what you call Love, is no better than sowing Discord, for it is fetching and carrying; I am of a peaceable Disposition, and will have no such Doings with any body. God preserve you and I'll preserve what I have.

E P I S T L E VI.

*Begging Love by way of Alms*

*Ladies*, I have heard so much of your Charity and other Virtues, that it has embolden'd me to beg something of you by way of Alms. I am a Mendicant Lover, but of the bashful sort, and cannot go a begging from Door to Door, because there are Mumpers in every House, and therefore I am forc'd to apply to the better sort. I beseech you to pity my wants and sufferings, and if you design

design me any Charity, let it be at night and in the dark.

## EPISTLE VII.

*Answer to one that ask'd a Collation.*

*Madam*, you write to me to send you a Collation and to keep council; I'll be sure to keep it so close, that it shall never be torn from me, nor come to you. A curse on it, do not you think it enough that you have devour'd me at Dinners and Suppers, but that you will still consume me in a Collation? Be pleas'd, good Madam, to fast this one day, at least, for the sake of your Servants. It is now two Months, three days and six hours, that you and two old Women, three Friends, a Page and your Brother have been feeding on me day and night, which has brought me to the very Bones. Pray be pleas'd to give me some respite, that I may carry off what remains of my Body, that so the Grave and you may go halves in devouring me, for I shall not think my self safe in Purgatory. From my House, pray do not mistake the date for an offer.

EPI-



## E P I S T L E VIII.

*Why he did not return to visit a Lady*

*Madam,* you chide because I have not been to see you again ; and the reason is, because you do not know that I am scarce come to my self, since I saw so many Specters the other day. A Man may go to your House out of curiosity, but not for love, for there are to be seen all the Nations, Tribes and Fashions in the World. What Figure do you think a great overgrown University Man can make among Exchequer Men and Bankers, who talk nothing but Money, and spit out Plate and Jewels? It is certain that a poor Man is the only Stranger among all Nations ; and only he who is an Usurer can be understood by those Gentlemen. To deal plainly, I look'd as if I had been sold, and you as if you were bought. However, tho I suppose they give you some respite because I look big, yet I do not think my self safe, where a Banker is uppermost.

## E P I S T L E IX.

*To one that begg'd a Piece of Silk.*

Had my neglect in sending you the Silk, you have so often begg'd, produc'd no other effect, but to show what a notable Capacity it has pleas'd God to bestow on you, since you have had the Ingenuity to send me eight or nine Notes every day for these two Months past to beg the very self same thing; this had been a very sufficient Reward for my Refusal, and I might have just cause to bless God for your Wit and Capacity. Had you laid out the Money it has cost you in Pen, Ink, and Paper, in the purchase of the Silk, I do not question but you had been a Saver; but then I must confess, the Silk of your Gown had been worn out by this time, whereas the same of your ingenious Letters will last for ever. I do not send it now, because to give at first word shows folly, to do it soon after is want of discretion, and now at last it is too late; besides that, then we should lose the diversion of these Questions and Answers. God keep you, &c.

E P I S T L E X.

*The Mistresses Complaint against the Retentive Knight.*

Sir, You have soon pull'd off the Mask, and discover'd the Truth of your disposition; but it is enough that you are a Man, and the most changeable of them all. Had I believ'd my wife Aunts, I should not now have cause to complain of your Proceedings, but I am resolv'd, for the future, to be like the rest of the World, and this shall serve as a warning to me. I am told you have made a very good choice, and am acquainted with the Lady; which is a sufficient demonstration of your good Judgment. Let me beseech you to act like your self, tho' I need not put you in mind so to do. God keep you, &c.

E P I S T L E XI.

*The Knight's Answer to the Complaint.*

Ladies, You took care to suck and draw so hard, that you not only took off my Mask, but pull'd the very skin from my Bones. I cannot deny what you alledge of my being changeable, for I never could keep any thing but what you made me change away for the worse. I wish to God you had believ'd your discreet Aunts, and I had not, for it had certainly been better



for me. I shall take care for the time to come, remembring this Kindred, to be more cautious, when I make love of what a Woman has, than what she has not; being satisfy'd she had better have the Pox than an Aunt and a Mother, because that Distemper is her own, and the other mine. And if I am so unhappy, that she has such Relations; I will not speak a word to her till I have caus'd her Kindred to be conjur'd and laid, like evil Spirits. You have left me in such a condition that I am good for no Body but my self, as being well warn'd for the future. I am resolv'd not to whore with whole Generations, but with a single Woman at a time; for I look upon it as intolerable to lie with the Granddaughter, and maintain all the whole Pedegree. May I fall into the hands of wicked Aunts, which is worse than being taken by Infidels, if ever I break this Resolution. I shall begin to play my Pranks, with a vengeance, when I am quite undone by yours.

## E P I S T L E XII.

*To a Mistress who begg'd Cloaths and Jewels.*

*My dearest,* I thought I had been your Gallant, and you my Love; but now find to my sorrow that we are Rivals, and both gallant my Money. I must let you know I have more kindness for you, and yet this is the first time you have been unkind to me.

me. *Madam*, nothing makes me so jealous as being in love with my Cash. If you love me, what have I to do with fine Cloaths, Jewels, or Money, which are all worldly vain Things; but if you love my Gold, why don't you speak plain; and instead of calling me as you do in your Letters, *My Life, my Soul, my Joy, my dear Heart*; you should stile me, *my Crowns, my Pistoles, my Purse my Bag*. Believe me, *Madam*, I think no Action good but what is done *gratis*, for I look upon the cheapest as scarce tolerable. Whatsoever costs any thing, is deform'd, and nothing is witty that is intermix'd with begging. Let us lay aside all Money, as if there were no such thing in nature, and ply one another with Love, and kind Expressions; or if this will not do, you must keep your desires to your self, as I will my Money. God preserve, &c.

E P I S T L E XHI.

*In Answer to another, begging abundance of Trinkets.*

*Madam*, I shall never be able to requite you for the extraordinary opinion you have of me, without either Sense or Reason; for considering the infinite multitude of Trinkets you beg of me, there is no doubt but that you imagin'd me to be as rich as *Crasus*. I found seven several things, which I had never so much as heard the Names of. The honour you have done in supposing my  
Wealth

Wealth so great, might well deserve that they should be sent to you, and I be rich enough to purchase them. But we must both rest satisfy'd with this merit. Farewel.

# E P I S T L E XIV.

*To another of the same nature.*

*Madam,* Tho you are so unreasonable in asking so many things at once, yet you are pleasant enough at the same time, and tho your Letter has not made me a whit the more generous, yet it has rais'd me up to be a contemplative Philosopher, inferring from the many things you beg, what an incredible variety it has pleas'd Divine Providence to create, for you to covet, for Shop-keepers to sell, and me to admire. Believe me, Madam, were good Will a thing acceptable among Tradesmen, I would have endeavour'd to put it off among them for current Coin; I am much concern'd it will not pass. The Trinkets you ask are so numerous, that it is a hard matter to get them by heart, and much more to purchase them with Money. I can never find the way to convey them all to you, and wonder how any body should. Dated in the other World, for I now reckon my self among the Dead. Nor will I set down the day of the Month, for days are of no account to one that expects Money. *Adieu.*

E P I



E P I S T L E XV.

To one that sent to ask Money to pay her House-rent.

Madam, It is now fix days since I had the honour, tho' unworthy, to kiss your Hands, and during this time have receiv'd three Visits, one Messâge, two Answers, five *Billets Doux*, two hems at Night, and one flourish in the Street. I have spent part of my Health in a Cold that has given me the Tooth-ach, much of my time and some fond embraces, I gave *Jenny* at several times. Having at last ballanc'd the Account, between Debtor and Creditor, I find a surcharge coming upon me, disguis'd under the colour of kindness, with the curs'd expression, *Pray send me an Hundred Crowns to discharge my House-rent*. I could have wish'd I had never been born, when I heard it. An Hundred Crowns? It is more than *Alexander* the Great or *Julius Casar* were worth. And to beg such a sum at one dash, without any Ceremony, is enough to strike a Banker dead. Pray Madam, take your House-rent into your impartial consideration; for I declare it is the same thing to me, if you live in the open Fields, rather than hear such words again. I will look out for a savage wild Mistress, that has her dwelling on the barren Mountains. Madam, you had best either disown the Debt, or beg elsewhere; for if you do not, these Hundred Crowns will

will oblige me for fear of House-rent to turn Lover in a Defart.

### E P I S T L E XVI.

*To another who refus'd to divert him because he had no more Money.*

Most certainly the moment you began to love, you counted my Money, for the instant my Purse was empty, your kindness fail'd. My good Mistress would not afford me one pennyworth of Love beyond my stock; a very nice way of dealing. But since the Devil has told you that my ready Cash is gone, pray love me on a while upon good pawns till you strip me naked, and be kind to me for a few days upon Cloak, Coat, and Breeches.

### E P I S T L E XVII.

*To one that pretended to become Godly*

Well, I shall never have done blessing my self at the conceit of the Letter I receiv'd this Morning. What Casuist, or what Devil has been with you since last night, that you should have such Thoughts, and write in such a Stile this Morning? Sure you will have nothing now to do but to convey up Souls to Heaven. But hold, let us put all together. First you devour my Flesh, pick my very Bones, suck my Purse dry, commit a Rape upon my  
my

my Reputation, and rifle my Estate; and then you cry, *It is a holy time, this cannot last for ever, the Neighbours are scandaliz'd, my Aunt mutters all day and all night, I am not able to bear with my Sister's Imperiousness; Let me intreat you not to see me any more, or to walk this Street, and let us lay aside some part of our Life to serve God.* When the Fox preaches beware of the Geese. Thou cursed Female! thou Devil in Petticoats! whilst I had any thing to give, and the Ready was running, the time was fit to sin on, no Neighbours took notice, your damn'd hellish Aunt, who now mutters day and night, din'd upon me by day and supp'd at my cost by night; and tho' she has but two Tusks, which are like Crutches to support her Jaws, she begg'd as much as you, with as many Teeth as an Alligator. What shall I say of that godly Bit your Sister, who never ceas'd clattering like a Bell when she saw me, and all was to the Tune of, *Give, Give.* What is the meaning of this, you sharpening Jades? I perceive there is no way to convert you, but by showing a Man has spent all. You are all grown wonderful godly, as soon as you perceive my Ready is gone. A poor Man is certainly the Emblem of Devotion, and an empty Purse to you is instead of a Death's head. I cannot but laugh to hear you say, *Let us lay aside some part of our Life to serve God.* What! is all your Life but the Service of the Devil? You rob Mankind of their Support, and would offer that to God which is  
not



not fit for him. The Strumpet sets up for a Guide to Heaven. Certainly you were bound Prentice to learn Conscience of a Taylor. I declare to you I will not walk your Street; nor will I put up such an impudent Cheat, unless we be converted by halves; I'll repent of what I have given you, and you shall restore it me, that God may have mercy on you. The rest we will leave to be decided in Purgatory, if when you depart this Life, you should chance to go that way; for if you go to Hell I quit my Claim, being unwilling to sue you in your Aunt's Dominions.

## E P I S T L E XVIII.

*An Answer to a craving Mistress.*

*Madam*, Considering what Answer to send instead of the many things you ask, I be-thought my self of the words we use to Beggars with Compassion, and to Women with good Reason, *I have not for you, my Dear*. I knew there were Mendicant Orders before, but did not understand that there were Mendicant Wenches of no Order. Whosoever desires to make me Chaste, needs only beg something of me; and if the Devil is as craving as you are, you need not question but I'll endeavour to be fav'd out of meer good Husbandry. Can you never be perswaded that giving and not begging is the way for you to be belov'd? Do but observe what a Face a poor Man makes,

makes, when he hears you say, *Give me, Bring me, Buy me, Send me, Let me see, Leave me, &c.* These are words of a fatal Consequence, and the greatest Affront that can be put upon a Man's Purse. Lay aside begging, and ply me with *Billets Doux*, and I'll undertake to write whole Volumes. God keep you; but I fear you have such an Aversion to keeping, that you will not value my Compliments.

E P I S T L E XIX.

*To one he thought would not beg of him, but was deceiv'd*

What a condition am I now in, who writ but the other day to a Friend of mine in the Country, that I had the good luck to meet at *Madrid*, with such a curious dainty Girl, that I could desire or ask no more; and now I perceive by your Temper there is something more to be ask'd and desir'd every day. *Madam*, my Money and I agree so very well, that I cannot find in my heart to part with it; but have a greater Inclination to receive than to distribute. Pray consider you take the ready way to withdraw me from Sin; for I am resolv'd rather to be sav'd *gratis*, than to lay out my Money to be damn'd. If we rightly consider it, all Hell is worth nothing, and yet you enhance the Price of it, as if there were a dearth of Devils, when any one had occasion for them. Let me advise you  
to

to look another way, and fix your Talons elsewhere; for I am Chaste for interest, and a Sinner upon free cost. I expect no Answer; farewell and beg less.

## E P I S T L E XX.

*He promises to become Chaste to save Charges.*

*Madam,* You advise me not to take upon me, because you beg of me, which is an Obligation on you, and you treat me like a Friend. Do you fear that, my dearest? Could not you have staid to see how I'd behave my self? You'll find just the contrary, for instead of being puff'd up with the Conceit, it has struck me into a Consumption, and I am shrunk away to nothing. You say you lay an Obligation on your self by begging of me, I find begging lays no other Obligation but of receiving. Do you call that treating me like a Friend? Do not mistake, my dear, I am altogether a Stranger, and you would use me like a Pyrate, and press all the Substance out of my Purse. Every thing has an end, but Money the soonest of any other, if not well look'd after. You may make account you ask'd nothing of me, and I will do the same; for the best way to make us both keep the Commandments is to keep my Purse from you. Farewel.

E P I



## E P I S T L E XXI.

*To one that would have him promise her Marriage.*

I doubt my Stock and my Credit are in a dangerous condition, since you press me to promise you Marriage, which is the last Prayer of all desperate Lovers. Tell me, my Joy, what wonderful Stock of Patience have you found out in me, that you should desire me for a Husband? I have the Face of a Batchelor, and the Temper of a Widower, and half a score Women will not serve me a Month. Surely it is some piece of Revenge you design in proposing to marry me, being so well acquainted with me and I with you. I am resolv'd I will not run my self into the Matrimonial Noose; I am not weary of my Life, nor surfeited with Vice, nor will I make use of you to put the Devil into a fret. Seek a Husband elsewhere, for I have decreed to die like an Anchorite in my Solitude, for I had rather be troubled with Cobwebs than with a Mother-in-Law. Rather than I will be serv'd as those are who marry, I will die without Issue, and my Family shall end in me; and will continue in this humour till some Order is instituted for Redemption of marry'd Men, as there is for Redemption of Captives. If you please to accept of me to serve a turn till you are marry'd, or in lieu of a Husband, or to supply the

Defects of a Husband, I am at your service, rough as I run. Adieu.

## E P I S T L E XXII.

*To one that desir'd to borrow Money.*

*Madam,* You send to desire two hundred Royals of me upon good Pawns, to supply an occasion, and had your occasions been two or more, it had been the same thing to me. *My dear and sweet Lady,* my Money is much better under Lock and Key than upon Mortgage; for it is humble, and nothing haughty, nor fond of being upon any thing; but being of a ponderous Substance, it naturally tends down and not upwards. Believe me, *Madam,* I am not fond of Pawns, and I repent what I have laid out upon you, consider what a Disposition that is to lend upon your Pendants. If you take to begging, I will take to give nothing, and so we shall both take our own Course. God keep you, and me from you.

## E P I S T L E XXIII.

*To one that pretended to be with Child by him.*

*Madam,* You tell me you are with Child, and I am apt to believe you, for the course of Life you follow promises no less. I wish I were a Midwife, that I might offer my service at the Crying-out, for you'll have store of God-fathers at the Christning. You  
give

give me to understand that you have something of mine in your Belly; and that may perhaps be, if you have not digested the Sweatmeats I have treated you with at several times; for as to the Child, I resign it entirely to whosoever has a mind to it, there being no possibility that it should all be any one Man's. Had I a mind to be call'd Father, I would have turn'd Friar, or Anchorite; but I declare I am not fond of a Breed. Assure your self, *Madam*, I shall not swallow this Son, for I do not devour Children as *Saturn* did, God forbid I should, and may I starve before I do. All you have to do is to be got with Child at random, to be deliver'd hand over head, and to lay it to any Body at a venture. Take my Advice, and lay the Infant to the Hospital, where he will be bred up by a Chaplain, that instructs the foundling Children. God give you a happy hour, and if you long for any thing, pray let it be never to think on me. Farewel.



*Espinosa (R)*

THE

DOG and the FEVER

An unaccountable

NOVEL:

OR, A

RAPSODY.

AS I was walking one Evening by the Mill-Dam, I heard some talking among the Reeds and Rushes. I made a full Halt like an Evesdropper, and listening with all the Ears I had, heard one say, *Madam, I am a Cinick Court Philosopher; I am so full I can hold no longer; I have a thousand Secrets upon the tip of my Tongue; I long to put my Finger in my Throat and disgorge my self, and your Ladyship is come pat for my purpose. No Body hears us, keep my Counsel as you hope to be Knighted. I will hint at Grievances. I took a fairer Standing to listen, and he went on and said, The Fox makes it his sport to devour the Goose. Does any Body hear us? I'll talk low, and sink my Voice a Note, as if a*  
*Man*

Man would shut the door because the Pot runs.  
 It is good to keep an Eye upon the Cat when you  
 watch your Meat. That we may begin at  
 the source. D'ye mind this Brook that looks  
 so clear and pleasant, and whatever hap-  
 pens runs on purling and murmuring; why  
 this same Stream is more like a Courtier  
 than the Overflowings of a Mill. God de- *Idle Com-*  
 liver me from honest Men good for no- *panions.*  
 thing, whose whole Employment is like the  
 Frogs drinking and prating. Their Wits  
 are sharpned not refin'd, they cut their  
 Neighbour's Throat with a Feather. Their  
 Tongues reach farther than their Arms,  
 they gnaw where they cannot tear. Like  
 Swine, they grunt tho' they be fill'd up to  
 the Throat. A curse on all Liars, who *Liars.*  
 keep Holy-day in honour of Judas, and en-  
 deavour to excuse him, saying, He was so  
 hungry that he was fain to gather Ears of  
 Corn and rub them betwixt his hands; and  
 that tho' he begg'd Charity for God's sake,  
 he could scarce get a Rope to hang him-  
 self. That it was no wonder the poor Bi-  
 shop, finding himself guilty of Simony,  
 and like to be suspended, should take up-  
 on him to be his own Executioner to ex-  
 pose the wicked World, for his Case would  
 have put a patient Cuckold upon the fret.  
 Betwixt the Dish and the Mouth I have  
 lost many a good Bit. Let us talk of some-  
 thing else. How come they who keep no *Queries.*  
 Goats to sell Kids? Does a soft Tongue hin-  
 der any Man from securing his Purse? Is  
 an old Goat e'er the more honourable be-  
 cause

*The Dog and the Fever.**Pride and  
want.**Wits.*

cause he wears a Beard? Has a Beetle e'er the more edge for being made of Iron? Is not he very hungry, or ill befriended who fights for oaten Bread? 'Tis a sweet Sorrow to bury an outrageous Wife? 'Tis dangerous playing with a Cat without your Gloves, to jest with Women, or Money, to sow Briars, and walk barefoot. Some body stop my Mouth, but first give me leave for two words. Believe me, Madam, an old Man upon a Colt is as bad as Fleas upon a Dog, Mice upon Cheese, the Devil upon Women, for this is one Devil upon another. I would fain say something of those Gentlemen who fast themselves, that they may starve their Servants, and feed their Families upon their Pedegrees, that boast of their Progenitors, and forget to breed their Children. Those meer Wits made up of the scraps of other Men, all gaudy outsidés and emptiness within. Blown Bladders, nothing but Hulk and Air, proud Peacocks, all noise and show. Men that quibble, and play upon words, and affect their own Nonsense as if it were Wisdom. They have as much Learning as Religion, and as much Sense as a Statue, and when they have once told you what Weather it is (for want of other Discourse) they have no more to say for themselves, and a Stock will entertain you as well as they. It is their practice to run in debt and never pay; to report Lies and assert them as Truth; to write ill Hands that they may be thought Schollars; to appear in a hurry that they may pass for Men

of



of business; to talk much of their Stables when they are not worth a Horse, and Gallant the Ladies with a borrow'd Coach. But it is impossible to whistle and sip at the same time. Now do but mind what comes into my head. Thou stail Maid that wait'st for a sober Husband at fifty, dost thou not consider that as the time flies the Furrows sink, and that it is not only clean Linnen that makes a Feast. Prethee observe it is meer madness to put on Gloves when you are stark naked. If you are sharp set, have at all. If you are for kissing, be not coy. On with it. When you trust to the Dog, the Wolf often slips into the Sheep-fold. D'ye conceive me? Can I help it, if Pri-  
*Preposterous Practices,*  
sons and Fasts be made only for the Poor? If Sparrows will fight for the Corn that is none of their own? If costly Living make a Man die poor? If he that aims too high falls into the Dunghil? If over-much Incivility be down-right Hipocrisy? If he that makes a faint at the heels lays his stroke upon the head? If he who strokes with one hand stabs with the other? If a Woman lays a Spell at her door that none may pass by, but they must step in? If he that breaks the head pretends to give the Plaister? If a Thief pass for a Gentleman, only because stealing has made him rich? I had as good undertake to wash the Blackamoor white, as to think to mend it? O thou wicked  
*The World.*  
World, thus shamefully disguis'd! Who can lay open thy senseless Contrivances? Who can bring you to Reason whilst you  
B b 4 wear

wear that Fool's Coat? You are all found and single, like a Morrice-Dance, and yet you are as lame as an old batter'd Horse. You are a Tree that bears no Fruit, meer Fuel for the Fire. Who can chuse but bless himself at thee, as if he saw the De-  
*Old Beau.* vil? O thou lanthorn Jaw'd, sharp Bill'd old Fellow, art thou not asham'd to slander Truth? Your Nose and Chin look like a Nutcracker, or pair of Castanets. Don't think the Brains lie in the Beard. How come you, who ought to be as grave as an old Horse, to look as demure as a Whore at a Christening, and to talk as soberly as a formal Judge; how come you to trip and toy, and prate like a Magpy? But have a care how your Tongue runs in ill Company.

*Reflection.* Methinks I hear a dissembling Railer check me after this manner, Thou mangy Dog, where hast thou learnt Experience, or taken thy Degree, that thou shouldst take upon thee to play the Censor! Do not inculcate your Hipocritical Notions for Gospel Truths. Break not your rest at what does not concern you. Don't you know it sometimes costs as much pains to do Mischief, as to acquire Wealth? You are as sharp sighted as an envious Neighbour. All Truths are not to be spoke at all times. For tho' a Man be a Thief or a Cuckold, it is not proper to tell him so. Do you rail at little Meat, and abundance of Children, for the Belly that's full may well fast. Do not pretend to confine the  
the

the Times to Monastical Rules. It is easier to bear with what's amiss, than go about to reform it. Your Wisdom seems to lie upon the catch, since it terminates in Queries. Do not play the Prodigal, for when you are come to the last, that's the day of Judgment; yet if still you must give way to your currish Nature, do not let that surprise you, but if you must admire, let it be at the Liberty marry'd Men allow, at the fauning Grin of an Hypocritical Brother, at the Niceness of a Coward, at the mortal Strokes of a Physician, at the drunken Valour of a Catchpole, at the bawdy Jest of a Pedant, at the Secrecy of a Pimp, at the Cheapness of a Commission of the Peace, at the great Guts and small Brains of a Parson, at the patching up of a crack'd Bride for a silly Cully, at the Integrity of a Maid that's common as the High-way, at the Judge that cannot see Right, because the Bribe is before his Eyes, at the Lawyer that bauls according to his Fee, at an old Man that speaks of times past, at a Jew that expects those that are to come, at so much Pretence of Religion, and so little Practise, at the restless Clack of an old Women, at the leud Railer that acts the Preacher in a Bawdy-house, at the zealous Friend who plays the Judas, at the Anchorite who lives at Court, at the Saint that is all Tongue, at the restless Spirit of those in Command, at a Step-mother's kindness, at a Timpany that lasts just nine Months, at a common Cheat turn'd Gentleman, at a young Wench fluxing

*What may  
be rail'd at*

*The Judge*

*old Wo-  
man.*



fluxing for the Falling-sickness, at a Thief that can't give up the Ghost without the help of a Rope, at a Beggar that makes a costly Funeral, at a great House to a little Estate, at a mighty Schollar who has more Stomach than Learning, at a Woman who, like a Dog, cannot endure to be alone, at a great Wit that never thinks, at the Pedant who spews out fag-ends of Phrases, at a Sir Positive who pretends to submit out of good breeding, at trying a hem where there is no Eccho, at greasing a Cause that it may stretch, and opening the Purse to receive Judgment, at a Maid that is in cure for swollen Breasts, at a Fool that will be courted to do his own business, and at a Smith with a silk Apron.

*Pedant.*

Friend, I must confess, you are in the right, but will you have me encourage other abuses by passing them by with *Pythagorical* Silence; or shall I clear the Street for the Constables? Saying, *Make way for the Rubbish*. Why may not I be nettled, if I see

*Strumpet.* Homer nod? I will bark when I spy the Bush at the Door, and the Strumpet in the House.

I am no such Fool as to send to the Wolf for Meat; or to take pet at Dinner time; or to wet my Wings, tho I do not finge them. I have still my sting in me, and my

*Detard.* Collar is stuck with Nails! Tell me then, what Tutor shall we find for a Child at sixty years of Age, who begins to prattle, had not he better drink, than try to look young, and is it not better for him to sweat than to cough? I am in for it, but God's Will be  
done

done. Father advise with your Pillow, do not sputter for halte, take heed of smelling too strong of the Tavern-pot; do not forbear putting Water into your Wine, because there are Vermin in the River. Consider old Gentleman, that Wine is good when it is good, and I give you and a cholerick Man leave to exceed three, but not four Glasses. I cannot allow *Tiberius* himself to grow dry with drinking

I do not speak one word but what in a *Mysterious Words* figurative sense, contains more mysteries than it has Letters, and I fear lest all these Reeds should become Pipes, and make it known abroad that *Midas* has Asses Ears. But it is a folly to dye for fear; the Wolf may hear much before he mends. I am a Dog, as yet I do but bark, and not bite. God deliver me from running mad, for all this is but nibbling of Fleas. But since I have talk'd of running mad, there will be no such thing in nature, till there is a Quack *Charms* to cure it with Charms; nor any People possess'd till there is a Devil ferking Priest. It is no discretion to ride over a Bridge of a single Plank. I approve of writing with a Peacock's Quill, because the Feather is all Eyes. I am run without thinking into my dogged laconick way of speaking, like a wise Man's Bolt, a short Verse, or a Goat's Hair, Pardon me, Madam, for I design to cool my Pottage by barking; then to return to my subject again, pray Madam let me ask you.

For

*Sharp  
Queries*

For whom does the blind Man's Wife trick herself up? Why does the Preacher sell us the scraps he steals out of other Men's Sermons, above the common rate? What occasion is there for the Hen to crow before the Cock? What is the use of Patience, if we cannot find it when we want it? Why should we make red letter'd Saints of all the Martyrs that are hang'd for Treason? Why does he pretend to blush, who knows not what shame is? Why does the Mother of the Maids clap her Eyes in her Pocket, when she should look out sharp? What needs malice vent it self in railing at the Mule and the Friar, it is true *St. Francis* walk'd a-foot, because saddle Beasts were not so common then as they are now.

*Things to  
be avoided*

Peace Railer, for the most penitential Anchorite has now and then a small flight of vanity. Alas! 'tis not safe trusting a left handed Man with Money. Nor is it good to receive with one measure, and deal out with another. The Mice will not play with the Kittens. Take notice that he who is not ripe at twenty, wise at thirty, and rich at forty, will never be ripe, rich, or wise. He who falls asleep catches no Fish. To live upon Trust is the way to pay double. He who sets one Foot in a Baudy-house, claps the other into an Hospital. I weep because the same sense that serves to see serves to shed Tears. But what cares the Moon for the Dog's barking at her. How comes it that there is no old Man without some ailing, and that hunger fetches the Wolf



Wolf out of the Wood. But to my lamentation again. Alas! The Wedding year <sup>Com-</sup> is a time to run in debt, or fall sick. Alas! <sup>plaints.</sup> How the Crow bewails the scabby Sheep and then devours her. Alas! The Ass brays when he pleases, and so does a Fool. Alas! Troubles and Mushrooms never come up alone. Alas! A Woman is sure to find what she likes; but whether she loves or is belov'd still she leaves the Purse empty; if she is handsome she is not all her Husband's, she hates an old Man; she is the Life and the Ruin of that Family; and to say the truth, Wine, Horses and Women are deceitful Commodities. They that have Goats have Horns. They who have but one Son make a Fool of him. He who has but one Pig, makes him fat; he who deals in honey licks his Fingers, and he who eats Sallad does not go to bed fasting. Alas! The old Man that marries is like a Kid, for either he dyes soon, or lives to be a Goat; his whole Body wafts and his Head grows. Alas! A good Goat, a good Mule, and a good old Women, are three scurvy Beasts. Alas! Women and Wine are too hard for the greatest Sharper. A Woman, a Servant, a Physician, a Cat and a Lawyer, are five necessary evils. A Woman and a Goat if poor are a Feast for the <sup>Necessary</sup> Devil. There is no credit to be given to a <sup>Evils.</sup> Beard of three colours. The greatest Favourite is in most danger of falling. He who trusts no body is a fool, and he that trusts every body is mad. He who has a  
Cough

Cough, is in love, or has a witty Wife, needs no other plague, but he who has little Cloath must cut his Coat short. The abstemious Man refrains from Books, when he can feed on Partridges. The Cat values not the threats of the Mice; and he never wants a Stick that has a mind to beat his Dog. Believe me, Sweet Lady, she that white-washes her House, has a mind to lett it; but they that lett it will receive it in a worse condition. My Friend, he who expresses more kindness to you than usual, has a mind to deceive you; and he who bites sour Fruit makes ugly Faces. To live without Troubles is no easy matter, among Mortals, and nothing is certain in a fading Life. The Earth produces all things and receives them again; and whatsoever time does, it undoes. It is a very hard matter to chuse Melons; for an old Woman to be holy, to make a Bed for a Greyhound, and to marry well. Take heed, my Friend, do not praise your self, and do not judge amiss of a good Man. Do not chuse a Wife or Silk by Candle-light. Do not enquire what it is that boils in my Pot. Do not chuse a Friend over your Cups. Do not charge your self with more than you can trust every body else with. Never trust a still Sea or a Woman. Believe me, there is no Rose without Prickles, nor a Goat starv'd to death. You conceive me. Every Schollar is not wise. All haste is follow'd by leasure. Time discovers all things. Every thing requires its due measure. Every

*Cautions.*

ry Cuckold has two to one. Every Mill requires Wind or Water. All excess is vicious. Every Man seeks his own ends. All Men praise their own. All Men have their Faults. Every Man that does a base Action is base. Every body loves to be belov'd again. The Bread that costs nothing is always best tasted. All that is fear'd is mistrusted. All Labour requires a Reward. All Lavishness is not Generosity. Money buys all things. A great want is never forgotten. All Misfortunes end or have an end. A slender Table makes a heavy Purse, and all Repentance is dear. My Friend, it is better to have but one Eye than to be quite blind. Better to live within compass than have great Revenues; and to have a Paun than a Surety. Bind so as you may unbind. Do not drink what you do not see. Do not make a jest of Truth. Do not look for Grapes from a Bramble; nor commend till you have made tryal. Pay what you owe and you'll know what is your own. Do not lay a snare that you may fall into it your self. Let me get by you and no matter whether you love me. Help me and I'll help you. Learn your self before you teach those you have a kindness for. Blow and you'll not scald your self. Chuse for your self, a Fish of three years old, Wine of two, Flesh of one, Bread of yesterdays baking, a new laid Egg, Cheese that weeps, and Broth full of Eyes. Little Venery, few Words, less Troubles and spare Diet are best; and take notice that

Soup

*Advice.*



Soup has seven good Qualities, It satisfies Hunger, quenches Thirst, fills the Belly, cleanses the Gums, causes Sleep, helps Digestion, and makes two Roses on the Face.

*Things not  
lasting.*

Believe me, a Dog's Breed, the Love of a Strumpet, a Farmer's Stock, and a Sharper's Cash does not last above three years.

*To grow  
rich.*

Do not lend, for if lending were good, a Woman would lend her self out. Three things will make you rich, Getting and not Spending, Promising and not Performing, Receiving and not Returning. Take notice, there are five sorts of things in this

*Devourers*

World that are most frequent and devour most, Falshood, the Itch, a Goat, Chilblains and Women. Let them that have Ears

*A Prayer.*

listen. The Lord deliver me from little pinking Eyes, and from parting two that are Cudgelling; from making an Entertainment, because he who is at the charge, has the least Pleasure; from building a House, because either it will be too big or too little, or too high or too low. Go on when you see a Hare, a Friar, a Schollar, or a Whore by the way-side. I mean the

*A Whore.*

Whore, whose Soul is as black as a Taylor's, and yet she expects to be fav'd, because she goes to Evening Prayers to pick up a Spark, and has a blind Man to call at her Door, that the Neighbours may take notice of her. My Tongue is like a Cat's, I draw Blood when I do but lick.

*A Tale.*

When the Nuns of a Monastery in the City of *Granada*, had done singing Even-song, on the Eve of *St. John*, the Church  
being

being then full of People, one Doctor *High-flight*, a Madman, got into the Pulpit, I was then present, and he preach'd after this manner. Holy Saint *John*, whose Feast is kept as religiously as Gold in a Bag, or as the *Jew* does the Sabbath, if you assist me I'll bid you good Morrow, on this day when you have as many Songs sung in honour of you as there are Carols at *Christmas*. It was needless to give notice of my Sermon, because it would be like ringing a Bell to an Entertainment of Roots. But because Money does not encrease in the Bag, but the Purse is to serve upon occasion, I must tell you that I have a great Stock of contraband Ware, which has been detain'd in the Custom-house of Silence; that is, it has been baking within me till I am almost burst, but now it shall all out at random, for I will not be like Mumchance, hang'd for saying of nothing, but will rattle it out, and talk my Belly full, and therefore Holy Sisters, I will tell my mind, tho' it be Hand over Head, and tho' I preach in a Desert, as the Saint did, whose Festival is kept this day, and who lost his Head for the Truth, and for a Harl——, I was going to speak it out, and perhaps it was because he show'd the Lamb to the Wolves. Believe me, dearly beloved, no Cuckold was ever lost for want of a Bell. Never believe an old Man who dyes his grey Hairs black, that would look like his own Son, and fills up the Furrows God has made, altering all his marks, as a Gipsy does who steals an Ass,

*Observations.*

*Documens.*

and says, *Give me but a Bridle and I'll ne'er want a Steed.* Never trust Gipsies, the Month of *April*, nor Great Men, for every one of them is best and all nought. The World is mad, those who do but come in Batchelors, go out Sons-in-law. Scarce three Visits pass before there is a great Belly. It is good to visit an Aunt, but not every day. It is a cruel thing to bring People into the House to get great Bellies; Opportunities and Dangers are all one. Will any but a Fool hang a wooden Kettle over the Fire. He that will draw People to his Hermitage, pretends to work Miracles and multipleis Words to make them seem the more; for a Horse a Steed, and a Nag are three Names, and but the same thing. Every Cockscumb dies in his Profession; and none are damn'd but for being Coxcombs. There is no other Fuel in Hell. The World is supported by Coxcombs, for every House has one at least; and every Fool shoots his Bolt, but we are all such Sots that we can easily tumble without help. But the mischief is, we still rise to fall, and as we tumble we comfort our selves, saying, Every thing falls as well as we. You old Dolt that trust a Hag because she prays for the Souls departed, and perhaps it is for your honour that is dead; take heed, her long Veil is but a Cloak for much Knavery, and nothing is safe that comes within her reach. Look to your Daughter, you reverend old Cully, lest her Woman find her a Man; take notice they talk in private, are al-

ways

Coxcombs.

Hypocrisy.



ways together, and keep as close as Hand and Glove. It is the pleasantest thing in the World to hear an old experienc'd Jade *Bawd's Doctrine.* instruct a young Damsel. The way to do business and mind the main chance, is to jilt many and value none. Sell your self very dear, and you'll be highly valu'd. Let not a day slip without spreading your Nets. If you meet with a lukewarm Lover, fire him. If you would not have the Pot burn too, stir it. If it boils over pour in cold Water; if you would have it boil, stir the Fire, for tough Meat requires Fire and Fuel. I can assure you, none ever wanted boiling for want of being cover'd. Take care you have a lofty Gate for the honour of those that come in, and for the Horns of such as go out. Knead hard and you'll make good Dough. Oh thou wicked old Devil of a Contriver! If there are not Faggots enough to serve turn, I will throw in all my Sermons to burn you. Who can endure a Coxcomb of a Lord, sprung up like a Mushroom out of a Dunghil, whose Father came up in a leather Jerkin, and wip'd the Prentice's Shoes, when he had scarce Breeches to cover his nakedness, or Stockings to hide his kib'd Heels; who, I say, can endure to hear this young Upstart, because he has got a Feather in his Cap, cry, Upon my Honour, when he might as well swear by his Father's Conscience, the Horse has a good share of Heels. Why Blockhead, has he any more than any other Horse? What means so much noise and clamour but to

show the emptiness of your Skull? As the  
 Dunghils at the Foot of them rise, so the  
 lofty Towers fall; and you are now so  
 high, because you climb upon the ruins  
 of others to reach at Nobility. Thou na-  
 ked *Indian* Lord, all Smoke and no Fire, take  
 notice, all your Gentility is in your Strut.  
 I am satisfy'd you will rise up in Judgment  
 against me, for it is not reasonable you  
 should hear Gospel Truths sitting. It is a  
 madness to enquire after the Iron Mines,  
 only to buy a fine Needle; or to ask after  
 the Pedigree of a Swine you are to kill; or  
 to look a gift Horse in the Mouth. And  
 so it is to take the holy Sister for a Saint,  
 because she turns up the whites of her Eyes,  
 when she says Grace, crying, *Blessed be the  
 Lord that feeds us*; and because she looks de-  
 mure when the Wicked visit her, and can-  
 not afford time to mind her House for pray-  
 ing; for every wry Mouth is not a sign of  
 death, nor a Crane's Neck a token of Pa-  
 tience. Do but observe a Fellow, how he  
 endeavours to talk big, till he rattles in the  
 Throat, and clapping his Hands in his Pock-  
 ets swells like a Toad, making Faces as if  
 he were hard bound. What Blockhead is he  
 who toils all his Life to starve himself to  
 death at last? God gave him no Children,  
 but the Devil furnish'd him with Nephews.  
 He is all slick with Grease without, and as  
 fat as a Hen on the Forehead. He is like  
 a Swine, never good till he is dead, and  
 his kindred divide the Spoil; one takes the  
 Blood, and the other lays hold of the Harlet,  
 till

*Holy Sister**Miser.*

till they leave him Moneyless and naked. I happen'd once to get up in the dark to study, and thinking to lay hold of a Candle, I took up a Saucidge, then going to blow the Fire to light it, the Cat that lay by, seeing better in the dark, spy'd the Saucidge and snapp'd it out of my Hand, leaving me in a fright and disappointing my Study. Look out sharp then, for the Devil is the Cat, take heed you do not lay hold of the Saucidge instead of the Candle, for the Cat loses nothing for want stealing; no less does a knavish Lawyer, who pleads for his Client to devour him, and a cheating Scrivener to snap him of all he has. Woe be to the Man that goes to Law, who buys the Haltar to hang himself, believing he does all for his own advantage. But let us leave these black Sheep, among the Goats, and to come to what concerns us, I say God deliver you from going to Church for *Prayers.* fashion sake; from making your Physician your Heir; from those who make no distinction of Persons; from a Parson turn'd Puritan, whom I would not trust with my Mother. God deliver you from a Gentleman who has a Lamp burning at his Door, but faves the Oyl out of his Salad, and feeds all the year upon his Pedegree; from a flat Nose, a toothless Mouth, and glaring Eyes; from inviting a *Jew*, tho he be your Uncle, to hear Mass, or eat Bacon, for he'll fly from *St. Antony's* Pig till he drops into *St. Antony's* Fire; from a Wench that is always mothering, and at last falls into Fits of the



Mother ; from spending your Money before it is earn'd ; from him that would be thank'd for feeding his own Swine ; from a continual gentle drip, which makes a hole in a Stone ; from gelding your self because you fell out with your Wife ; from a sharp sighted Neighbour ; from having a Vineyard next the Road ; from a talkative Woman ; from a Fire near Towe ; from having a young Barber practise on your Beard ; from carrying a light into the Wind ; from Flax in Eggs ; from crying out before you are hurt ; from treading the wrong way for fear of being follow'd by the track ; from Household-stuff that eats ; from the Courtesy of a Shop-keeper ; from a helve that is heavier than a Mallet ; from a fair Woman and Horns ; from an old Woman, who tells you that the wrinkles in her Face proceed from Jealousy ; from broad patches on the Temples, for the benefit of pleading the Head-ach ; from a Spendthrift that has no Estate, because he must either work Miracles, or steal from a sanctify'd Brother, in clouted Shoes and a little Band, with the Bible in his Hand, and the Alcoran in his Heart ; from the kindness of a Son-in-law, which is like the Winter Sun, scarce warm and soon gone ; from a Spoon made of new Bread, which sucks up all your Broth ; from Horn Flowers ; from a Woman that converses with the Devil and is frightened with a Mouse ; from a Judge that cannot be upright, because the Bribes weigh him down to one side, and from going on and ridding

no

no Ground. O thou wicked World, if you were not round, you would be long and slender ; but I don't know how to mend you. When the Storm is blown, the Vows are soon forgot. Nothing is more sure at a Feast, than a Hurry, Faults and a drunken Companion. Take notice , beloved, that if the Marksman is bad, the safest place to stand at is at the Mark. Other Men's Diseases are *Galen's* Harvest. Beetle Headed Schollars are fit to make Apothecaries. To lend Money to an Enemy is the way to gain him, and to a Friend to lose him. Every thing has its Season, Fire in Winter, and Horns in time of absence. The way to be rid of the Visiter, is, for the sick Man to call for the Closet-stool. He, who cannot laugh, need but think of an old Woman that wears false Locks, or tickle himself. He, who cannot weep, may get him a Mother-in-law, or cut Onions. Do not put an embroider'd Crupper on an old Ass. It is hard that the Doctor should appear before his Learning. Believe me, the best travelling is, with a good Mule, a good Purse, and staying at home. Apply your self to the Church, the Law, the Sea, or the Court. Chew your Meat and soak it well ; and be assur'd there is no Cousin but does cousen ; nor any Tree that will produce unless it be prun'd. If you would enjoy a happy moment, drink cold Liquor, if a good hour dine at home ; if a good day, trim your self ; if a good Week, kill a Hog ; if a good Month, bath your self ; if a good Year, marry ; and if

*Instruction*

you would have a good Life, keep a good Conscience. If you take a fancy to any thing, let it be good Cloth to wear, rock Water to drink, the shade of the House to shelter you, and a Curate's Table to eat at, for he feeds on the fat of the Land. Believe me, it is no sign of Perfection to be stiff Neck'd, and hold up the Head. Never trust to provok'd Patience. Let your Nose be like a Hawk, your Ears like an Ass, your Scent like Monkey, your Mouth like a Pig, your Back like a Camel, and your Legs like Stag. Do not judge of all you see, believe all you hear, do all you are able, say all you know, keep all you have, or spend all you keep. When you meet with a short Beggar, give him a short answer. Take heed of light Fingers that take it as they find it. If you hate a Man, eat his Bread, and if you love him, do so too; and if there be short Commons, fall on first, I do not like a Maiden that can sing and dance, but one that can dearn Stockings and boil the Pot. If the Churchman visits the young Girls, ask no questions when their Bellies swell. The Constable had best keep the Watchmen's Lanthornes about him that he may not be piss'd upon in the dark. The Apothecary is like Pam at Loo, he is every thing that is wanting. Let not the Master keep a Servant out of kindness, but to do his business, for he does not follow him but his Money.

*Conclusion  
of the Ser-  
mon.*

*Observe the Sense that hidden lyes.  
Under this heap of Rapsodies.*

*Thus*



Thus my Beloved I conclude  
My Sermon, or my Interlude.

The Fever who had stood mute all this *The Fever*  
while, now took her turn and said, I am *answers.*  
wonderfully edify'd at your Worship's Zeal  
for the Publick Good. I came to quench  
my burning Thirst at this Cristal Stream,  
and to cool my scorching Heat with the  
Clusters that hang from the Trees, and have  
been so intent upon your polite, pithy, and  
laconick Sentences, that I forget what I  
came about; for a word to the Wise is  
enough. I love Brevity, every thing that *Brevity.*  
is brief is my delight. *Seneca* for my Mony;  
there is no Lime and Sand, like cramping  
of Stones with Gold. Let *Cicero* prate on in  
tedious, endless Periods. *Tacitus* says more  
in a Line than he does in a Leaf. I am for  
quick Work; rather cut my Throat with a  
sharp Razor, than tickle me to Death with  
a Straw. The Sheets are troublesome to  
me, how shall I do to endure a Feather-  
Bed upon me?

I have been so great a Traveller, and seen  
so much of the World, that I can help your  
Worship out at a dead Lift; nor do I speak  
by guess, or hearsay, for that is talking at  
random, but what I have seen with my own  
Eyes, pardon me the Barbarity of the Ex-  
pression. The *Turk* makes his defence a- *Methods*  
gainst me walking, the *Moor* fasting, the *against*  
*Dutch-man* drinking, the *English-man* eat- *Fever.*  
ing, the *Flemming* vomiting, the *Spaniard*  
bleeding, the *Indian* dancing, the *Italian*  
sleeping, and the *French-man* purging.  
Whence more Diseases have ensu'd than  
your

your Worship laments. But self-do self-have,  
 for sharp Grapes cannot make sweet Wine.  
 But perhaps my scurvy Disposition sours  
 things, and you bark at them. I was in a  
 Passion to day to hear a little lousy marry'd  
 Couple, clattering like Bells about point of  
 honour, and he said, *You stout and I stout,*  
*Who shall carry the Dirt out?* I very often fly  
 out into such a Passion, that I rave to see  
 there are more Lords in the World than  
 Gentlemen, and swarms of Knights that do  
 not know good Manners. When a Man  
 swears by his Conscience, I presently look  
 whether he has not pick'd a Pocket. The  
 most mischievous things in a House I per-  
 ceive are a Woman, Smoak, a Cat, and the  
 Pottage-Pot; and I find there are many  
 Evils in one, in a Woman, in an Hospital,  
 in a Shot, in a Goal, and in an Inn-keeper.  
 The Lawyer's Gown makes the Client's  
 Obstinacy. A Madman trusts another with  
 his Wife, lets him try his Sword, and count  
 his Money; and sets his House a fire to  
 be reveng'd of the Mice, tho' it is certain  
 that no Larder is clear of them. I per-  
 ceive there is a scarcity of Friendship, but  
 not of Friends; that Blindmen have look-  
 ing Glasses, and Ideots Desks. A small Bait  
 catches a large Trout. I never knew a Mo-  
 ther-in-Law good, tho' she were made of  
 Gold. There are great Families of all sorts.  
 Learning without Brains, I am fully satis-  
 fy'd, is meer Madness. The Dog fawns  
 for Bread. He that would live in this  
 World, must believe me and ask no Que-  
 stions; let him pay and he'll grow rich;  
 let

Imperti-  
ments.

Quelling.

Mischie-  
vous  
things

Sentences.

let him gild them that they may swallow them; let him claw every one where it itches, and keep his Purse and his Mouth close. He must cut his Coat according to his Cloth; not rely upon Favour; not to draw so hard as to break; not meddle in more than he can go through with; not offend other Mens Ears; teach himself first: Let him think on several things and do one, and leave a Knocker at every door. He must understand that every Scale has its Counterpoise; that good words are worth much, and cost little; that Patience, Time, and Money, bring all things to pass; that to seem and not to be, is like throwing the Shuttle without weaving; and that Time, Words, and Stones, cannot be call'd back. He that would live to be old needs fear none but God; let him wear warm Cloaths, and eat moderately, for there is little due to Pleasure, and much to Health. Let him not go about to seek for Air which another has not breath'd. Let him hold fast the Beale with a Figtree leaf. Let him give his Man the Shoe that pinches him, and be contented with a little. Let him not trouble himself with wishing, for Death surprizes in the midst of hopes, and a gold Ring does not cure a Whitflaw, nor a Crown the Head-ach. But it is a very troublesome thing in this World, that the Mill has no need of noise, and yet cannot go without it.

The World is in such a condition, as God mend it. Going to Feasts is like go-<sup>Feasts.</sup>  
ing among wild Beasts. Money is the cure<sup>Money.</sup>  
of



*Fop.**Wrong  
Names.**Practices.*

of all Womens distempers. Good luck reaches farther than long Arms, and ill luck flies apace. He who was yesterday a Cuckold is a Sot to day. An Estate of an hundred a year produces a Fop of Vanity enough for a thousand, and his Fortune is spent before he finds his Folly. No Man cuts his Coat according to his Cloth. Sorrows are drowned in Cups. Embroiderers and Botchers they say both live by stitching. Those who empty Privies call themselves Night-Men, the petty Clerks Secretaries, the Coblers Translators, the Ensigns Captains, and the Captains Collonels. Gaming-Houses are call'd Assemblies, the common Whores, Misses, and the Hangmen-Physicians. Asses dye and the Wolves bury them. We excuse those who do not give, that they may not take from us. Hopes of Pardon are the Encouragement to commit Crimes. A golden Dart kills whom it pleases. Interest puts an end to Friendship. Fruit that grows near the High-way, never comes to Maturity. Marry'd People scratch one another by Day, and at Night lie close Breech to Breech, with their Heads at a distance, like a Spread Eagle. The Pleasure of what we enjoy is lost by coveting more. Nothing is compass'd by wishing, but by strength of Application. He that seeks Gratitude finds Enemies. The thirsty Man, as soon as he has drank, turns his Back upon the Spring. The Cloud that is exhal'd by the Sun, darkens him. Tho' you stroak the Nettle never so lovingly it stings. The Swine does not look up  
at

at him that threshes down the Acorns. News swell in the Mouths of talkative Men, like Barley that is wetted. There are great Men that sell the Light of the Day, and the Liberty of easing the Body. But I am glad that those who flatter, rail; for he who has no better hold makes use of his Teeth. None give Alms but those who *Alms.* are full and the Dead; for a Swine is good for nothing till it is kill'd. Many rise under their Burden more like Camels, than Palm-Trees. I find but one good thing in this World, which is, that a little Woman in high-heel'd Shoes, is half Wood. Of a bad thing the less the better. Mens Honour stands upon Stilts. Some Gentlemen will eat cold Meat, because the common People eat it hot; and a gaul'd Ass hangs a Wisp at his Tail. The Soldiers cover their Folly with Feathers, tho' they smell strong for fear. Long Sleeves are the first that dip in the Dish. All things lie Heads and Points. Spots are taken out by daubing; *Remarks.* and no Door creaks when the Hinges are greas'd. The old Dotard dyes his Hair, and would make us believe it is a Miracle, and not daub. All Men take less care to be good than to be famous, and have less regard to their Conscience than their Reputation. They do not look into Virtue, but what others think; and only account that just which is profitable. Like Men, they are only intent on human Affairs; and still covet what they ought not. They would fain be belov'd without loving, and be commended without opening their close Fists.

**Fists.** Let me tell them that the Bees do not meddle with the Flowers that are wither'd; and that a Man without Virtue is like Coin without a Stamp. We all know that Time and Straw ripen Medlers; and he who knows how to wait, finds every thing to his purpose. The Madman builds a House, and breaks a Colt for another. Every Pismire has its Shaddow, and then she is nearest being lost, like a Woman, when she takes her Flight. Good Service is rewarded with much Hatred. Where Embroidery is wanting, a patch'd Coat must serve. Blessed Poverty has no other Goods but that it deserves, and despises them. We know that those who complain of every thing never want the Head-ach; that there is no need of a Ferret to catch a Harlot; that every Body laughs at the Ape, and the Ape at every Body; that the Estate is not the Owner's but his that enjoys it; that there is nothing so tedious as planting an Oak, going to Law, and waiting for an old Man's Death; and that the Devil is good to his own. We know too that the Phenix, the Swans singing, the Seed of the female Fern, the Mermaid, the Fairies, the Truth, *Robin Goodfellow*, the wandring Jew, and many more of this sort, are the same as Fortune, Emptiness and Nothing. I would rather be fed with *Jack-Boots* well dress'd, than such unfavoury Stories. They are meer Notions, whipping the Shaddow, shutting up the Wind, ploughing up the Water, putting out an Almanack when the Year is past, and Clerks  
hearing

*Fictions.*



hearing no Prayers. The great Thieves <sup>Great Thieves, &c.</sup> punish the little ones; the large Fish devour the small. A rich Man's Follies are the Rule to measure him by. One Man carries his Brains in his Heels, like a Man going down Stairs, whose Wisdom appears by his setting down his Foot. Another is known by his Wife, by whose means he gets more than Importunity it self. The Scrivener claws, and writes, and scrawls, <sup>Scriveners</sup> till he brings a Man to make his Will upon his Nail, for all the rest he draws to himself. Another dies, and leaves abundance of Mourning to the Rich, orders Coaches and Plumes of Feathers to attend his Funeral, all Pomp and Majesty, as if he were to see it, but to the poor Relations he leaves their own Wants, Poverty and Beggery. Another to shew his Friendship, claps his Talons into your Hand like a Cat. One <sup>Mad Will</sup> comes home and beats his Boy, because he was affronted; another fills his Belly with Singing, because he has no Meat; another betwixt two Stools comes to the Ground; and another runs away to court the Widow at her Husband's Funeral. There are many who look fat like curl'd Dogs, and starve for downright Hunger. What shall I say; there is nothing in this World, but what is downright Falsehood.

The Physicians pretend to be continually <sup>Physicians</sup> at War with me, and are dreadful Men at the Weapon of the Book of Death; yet they advance me more than hard drinking, or other Excesses. No Stab of a Dagger is so fatal as their Bills. The Rings on their  
Fingers

Fingers look like the Spoils of those they have slain; their Coaches like Triumphal Chariots, for the Conquests they make. They drench a human Body as if they were pouring Liquor into a Tub. They make Men pay for killing them, and then send them all into Sanctuary; would they mistook the way to their Mouths as they do their Cures.

*Flights.*

*Etymologies.*

*Things not  
to be  
trusted.*

But let us advance one Step farther, for Enemies may serve for Witnesses, as well as Friends. What does it avail to draw one Foot out of the Mire, and stick the other in? Is it any Greatness to spit Blood upon a rich Carpet? Will it be any Cure to stroak the Eyes with the Edge of a Razor? Can it be Wisdom to let loose the Dogs and tye up the Stones? Is it any Devotion to pray to the Saint, only till you get over the River? Is getting upon Stilts the best way to run fast? Will an Egg be well dress'd that has no Salt? I ask'd a Sportsman, whether he was bound, and he answer'd, To kill the next that comes in my way. A Pedant seeking for Etymologies, which is like pulling down a Wall to see what it was made of, that Apothecary, was made up of, a Pot I carry. I heard a Widdow call for some Soup and Wine, before her Husband was bury'd, that she might be able to weep, when the Company came. There is no trusting to a holy Sister, who rubs down the Parson after his Sermon; nor to a Widdower that marries rather than burn; nor to a mincing Gate; nor a lisping Tongue; nor a fair Face and blew Eyes; nor to fair  
Words

words to soften a hard Heart, when Oyl of Flint is much better ; nor to a vain Man's unsteddy Brain ; nor to an ugly Woman's Washes ; nor to a Convert made by force ; nor to golden Locks, made such by a Poet ; nor to Love that claws, as the Cats do ; nor to a Glimpse of a Face through a Mask ; to the Learning of a poor Man ; the Strength of a Porter ; the turn of a Dye ; to past Prosperity ; to a Cloud in Summer, or fair Weather in Winter ; to a Mother-in-Law's Kindness, or a sanctify'd Lady ; to a new-built House, or a new Inn-keeper ; to a godly Visitor, or a Maidenhead that has been handled ; to Corn in a Granary, or Fire made of Straw ; to a left handed Lawyer, or to Wine in an open Vessel ; to a Man that has Reserves, nor to a Woman that lives every where but at home ; nor to one that takes your part for what he gets by you. Why does the Spark that would look like a Gentleman fast one night, and go the next supperless to Bed ? Why does the Linnen Draper darken his Shop, as if the Truth were to be sold there ? You little Gown-Man, that carry about *False Zeal* a Purse for a Gathering, all your Zeal is for a Cook's Shop. Good holy Sister, do not convert a Yawn into a Sigh, to inform me whereabouts you sit. Thou vain Fellow, do'nt you consider that in great Families there are Judges and Cobblers. Take notice thou nice Beau, that fine Cloaths hide a base Descent. Believe me, Hypocrite, when the Carrier prays, he has no Goods to carry. Thou eternal Talker, the Oven *Babler* is heated at the Mouth. Remember thou great Favourite, that the higher the Mason goes the greater is his Fall ; and he who was never sick dyes of the first Fit. Do not go to Weddings, thou toothless old Grandame, but to Funerals. Have a care Constable, how you cry, stand, and deliver your Purse. Thou tedious, everlasting Comforter, bring a Light with you, if you design to stay and weep all night ; for he who rings the Bells backwards, is out of danger of the Fire. Why do you, sick Man, who made a Promise to go a Pilgrimage, eat and drink so high there, *Sick Man* that you relapse ? You that look for Preferment, if  
D d you



*Woman's  
Qualities.*

*Maids.*

*Power of  
Gold.*

*To answer  
a Woman.*

you would not have it slip from you, be sure you make it fast with Gold. If you are modest and bashful, take notice that the little Finger never dips in the Sauce as the rest do, because it draws back, and that it is Impudence that makes a Fortnne. I do not value Mony without a Man, thou Cow-hearted Fellow, I had rather have a Man without Mony. Mind me, you splatterfac'd Cully, if you know not how to chide, marry; but take notice, that a Hog upon trust affords a pleasant Winter, but a sorrowful Summer; besides, you know that a Woman is to go abroad three times, to be christen'd, to be marry'd, and to be bury'd; and that she has four good Qualities, to beever complaining, to lye without thinking, to go where she pleases, and to cry without a cause. Chastity alone does not make her good. Of Women and Oranges the smoothest are best. A Woman and a Glass are gone in a trice. A Woman and a Mule must be manag'd with Mildness. Of Love and Pottage, the first is the best. A Vessel and a Maid keep the Relish of what was first put into them. Womens Love, and Fire of Broom, burns fierce, but is not lasting. The Flower of the Almond-tree no sooner blows but it fades. A beautiful Wife takes away her Husband's Name. Wine in an open Vessel is good in the Morning, and Vinegar at Night. Observe my Friend, that Love does much, but Mony does all things. A silver Key opens an iron Lock. Do not chuse to live next to a Potter. Take notice that when the Knife is gone, they put a Stick in the Sheath. It signifies nothing to play well, if you lose. The Smoke shows where there is Fire. Mony, Love and a Cough, can never be hid. An Ass loaded with Gold, climbs to the top of the House. Care prevents Horns. If the Lady is gay, cloath her with the Rainbow, or with May Flowers; if she loves Toys, toy with her; if she wants a Necklace, clasp your Arms about her Neck; if she is fond of Rings, bring her a bundle of Rushes; if she is frolicksome give her Rope enough; and if she is good make the best of her.

But

But considering that the File rubs it self smooth, *The Fever concludes,*  
 I will take care of my self; for unhappy is the rich  
 Man, who lives poorly. What concerns me I'll do  
 my self; but since you Mr. Dog, have learn'd Breed-  
 ing at Court, I desire you will give me some short  
 Instructions, for reforming of my Manners, because  
 the Vulgar smell stronger than a sweaty Sock. Ma-  
 dam, reply'd *Joler*, you would have me teach my *The Dog's*  
 Grandame to suck Eggs, or set up for a *Lent* Preach- *Answer,*  
 er. Let me tell you sweet Lady, it is good to ascer-  
 tain the Bounds between Brothers; but because true  
 Obedience does not consider its Strength, but the  
 Command; and he who errs out of Obedience, is  
 not blameable for his Error. I will let fly, and come  
 of it what will.

Whosoever you are that will not be like a Mill- *Behavi-*  
 Horse, that goes much and performs no Journey, *our.*  
 take heed of being uncivil in your Discourse, for that  
 will render you as odious as if you were wicked.  
 Keep your Head steady, do not let it swing about  
 like an empty Bladder hanging in the Wind. Do  
 not hang down your Arms like the Sleeves of a Coat.  
 Do not fix your Eyes on another's Face, as if you  
 would look through him. Do not stand so close to  
 him, as to blow into his Face. When you check  
 your self do not foam at the Mouth, like a Horse  
 that champs upon the Bridle. Do not flirt, or fly  
 from one thing to another, nor cramp your Hands  
 into your Pockets, like a Boy that has got the Itch.  
 Do not shrink your self up, like a Maid just come  
 from a Boarding-School. Do not twirle a Key up-  
 on your Finger, as if you were twisting Thread;  
 nor trample with your Feet like a Horse that is  
 fretted with the Flyes; nor with your Hands, as if  
 you were weaving; nor blow your Nose with your  
 bare Hand, making a Handkerchief of the same that  
 stroaks your Beard as the Cat does; nor keep Time  
 with your Hand like a Master of Musick. Do  
 not wear your Jaws with handling, nor draw  
 your Gloves through your Hands, as if you were  
 stroaking the Sweat off; nor belch aloud, as if you  
 D d 2 holloo'd;

holloo'd; nor breath so hard, as if you panted; nor pick your Ears, and roul the Wax, tho' you mean no harm; nor make Balls of what you pick out of your Nose, to strike another dead; nor chew with both sides of your Mouth at once, lest you look like a *Bacchus*: When you yawn do not show your Gullet; nor go on with your Discourse yawning, lest an Answer be return'd braying. Do not take him you talk to by the Hand, since you are not to be marry'd to him; nor do not punch him on the Breast, as if you would thrust him from you; nor handle his Cloaths, like a Taylor that feels for the Grain of the Cloath; nor finger his Buttons; nor talk in your Throat, like a *Turkey-Cock*; nor hum to your self, like an old Woman laying a Child to sleep, nor talk to your self, for all your Audience will be mad; nor grind your Teeth, to set other Mens an Edge. Do not laugh out gaping, that a Penny Loaf may be thrown down your Throat; nor take two Steps of the Stairs at once; nor sit with your Legs one over the other like a Figure of Four. Never magnify things beyond Credibility; nor snap your Nail against your Tooth to express you have nothing, as if you were nipling of Fleas; nor wipe off your Sweat with the Napkin, unless you would have it pass for Grease. When you chew do not smack your Chaps, as if you snapp'd your Fingers. When you take your Leave do not offer at it often; nor draw backwards like a Ram. Do not entertain the Spirit of Contradiction. Do not quarrel like a Mother-in-Law upon all occasions. Be not positive, for it will make you odious; nor as nice as a Woman in the Straw. Do not play the Jester; nor tell your Dreams; nor your Wife's good Qualities, or your Childrens Witticisms. Be not too ceremonious, nor lavish of borrow'd Wit; nor very full of Words; and do not look grave when others laugh. Do not bite your Nails; nor spit far from you; nor move as if you admir'd your self; nor jest with your Hands.

Endeavour to avoid all vulgar, nonsensical, insignificant, mean Expressions and Frases, which have



no Grace, Wit, Mistry, or Allusion, for such words and Sayings are a Discredit to your self, and a Scandal to the Beauty of our Language; as for Instance. Flim Flam; Hiſtius Doſtius; Tofsy Turvy; Higgleddy Piggledy; Kim Kam; to throw the Houſe out at the Windows; to fall a running; Slap daſh; I have ſeen it with my own Eyes; he does every thing hand over head; a little Whipſter; a meer Tom Dingle; my whither d'ye go; a Pimp-whiſk; a tatter demallion; tittle tattle; in ſpite of your Teeth; as fine as Five Pence, or as the fore end of a Fiddle; as clean as a Penny; hab nab at a venture; ſouze it came down; a ſwinging Fellow; a ſwopping Wench; Traſh and Trumpery; Whipſtitch; I am in election ſo to do; a ſtop in the Underſtanding; a Whipper-Snapper; I told him his own; an old Curmudgeon; he is in the Mumps; I'll tell you my Tale and my Tale's Maſter; ſo much for that; do you take me Sir; do not put Tricks upon Travellers; I'll do it in a Trice; the Devil and his Dam; he thruſt himſelf in, without ſaying by your Leave, or with your Leave; The Deuce take it; a Pies on it; go to; he took up his Heels and run; it is neither here nor there; he could not lay his Eyes together; he ſhow'd me his Teeth; he is in a quandary; he came in the nick; put that and that together; I value it not three Skips of a Louſe.

The Dog was in a fair way to hold on, and rip up all the Barbarities the Language could afford, and I no leſs deſirous to hear it out; but when he came thus far, I heard a Noiſe, and I went off, for fear of being catch'd liſtning. Farewel,

## By the mighty old Father Time, A PROCLAMATION.

**W**E the mighty old Father Time, the most knowing Master in the World, Universal Heir to all Mankind, Sovereign Lord of all things, Death's Champion, and one of her Privy Council, supreme Judge in Spirituals and Temporals, and general Overseer of the Universe; having our Commission from the Almighty, and being accordingly inform'd of very many great and intollerable abuses committed in this worldly Commonwealth, that our Zeal for Reformation may appear, do strictly charge and command all our Justices and other Officers in all parts whatsoever, that they observe and see all that is contain'd in this our Proclamation be observ'd, under the Penalties herein mention'd.

Inn-keepers.

Imprimis, In regard we have been inform'd of the great Cheat and Extortions by Inn-keepers; We do ordain then for the future, their Houses be not call'd Inns, but Exchanges of Thieves, because their Trade is rather robbing than selling, upon pain of his being oblig'd to make use of them, who shall be found guilty of the contrary.

Spungers.

Item, Being inform'd that there is a sort of spunging, eleemosinary Travellers, why lie at Friends Houses longer than they ought to do, It is our Will that the first day they be made welcome; receiv'd with a pleasant Countenance, and lovingly entertain'd; the second day they shall be treated after an indifferent manner, and the third with neglect and uneasiness, looking upon them no longer as Friends, but as Enemies to the House and Estate. And we order all who feed upon the Publick to be banish'd our Commonwealth.

Barbers.

Item, Perceiving that generally Barbers have a natural inclination to fidling and scraping, we direct that  
instead

instead of a long Pole and Basons, their sign be one, or several Fiddles, according to the Barber's Stock or Ability. And in regard that they throw away Mens Beards into the dirt, they being a thing of respect and honour, It is our Will that for the time to come they preserve them to make Brushes to clean Pictures and their own looking Glasses. That considering every time they trim, a Man looks ten years younger than he was before, which is like Flattery in Painting, therefore for the future they shall not be call'd Barbers but Painters.

Item, For as much as all Painters are natrally Painters. Flatterers, and make it their business to mend all the Faults of Nature, and perceiving they cannot do the same kindness to their own Sons and Daughters, who are seldome handsome, We do require that hereafter, since they can give no satisfactory reason for so doing, they paint the Ladies as they really are, and not with their hands on their Breasts, as if they were swearing by their honour the Picture was well done, nor in strange wild Habits, and so loose as if they were in a readiness to go to Bed with the first Man that comes in, and had all their Breasts expos'd to invite him to it. And if they fail hereof, We do ordain that they be call'd Sycophants and Flatterers, and that the Owner do not like the Picture.

Item, Observing the various Sects, and multitude Poets. of Poets it has pleas'd God to permit to over-run the World, as a punishment of our Sins, It is our Will that those there are be worn out, and that the time allow'd for spending them be two years; and if any shall remain after that time, since all humane means fail, they shall be laid by Charms and Spells, as they do the Devil. We do farther declare all those Poets Heathens and Infidels, who disguise themselves and their Ladies under Pagan Names, as Diana, Dapne, Coridon, &c.

Item, In regard that Astrologers, Poets and Rhe- Ill bred  
toricians have a Conceit that they alone are Masters Fops.



of Figures, with which they conceal and palliate their Cheats, We do declare that all those shall be look'd upon as scurvy Figures, who take off their Hats to no Body, especially if it proceed from Pride; those who speak ill of every thing; those who to be thought contemplative designedly speak from the purpose, tho' they do it with premeditation; those who have no Estate and yet boast of their Extravagancies; those who in dirty weather pick the Stones, and salute all the Women they meet, tho' they be old and ugly; those who would be thought to pray all the morning, and pick their Teeth all the afternoon; all old Men that endeavour to look young, and gallant Women; and do require that these last be not permitted to go abroad without Tutors, since notwithstanding their Age, they would make themselves Children. We also include in this Number all Women who are either handsome, or old, and yet paint, and all Widows that are ever talking of their late Husbands only to inveigle new ones; as also those Women, who when they are in a Coach do not take notice of their most familiar Acquaintance, that so they may be the more taken notice of themselves.

Footmen  
and Va-  
lets.

Item, Observing the Pride and Vanity of Valets de Chambre, and Footmen, grown sawcy by the encouragement they have from their Masters, and accordingly mimicking the Gentlemen, by running in debt, wearing Watches in their Pockets, powdering their Wigs, and talking of Races, Dogs, and Whores, We do ordain, that they be call'd Gentlemen Scoundrels, or Knights Pandars, and that they be oblig'd to lie with the Horses, or Dogs, upon Straw, or on lousy Flockbeds in the Stews where their Profession is.

Cringing.

Item, Observing the ceremonious submissive Impertinency of some Persons in bowing and cringing, beyond the bounds of Civility and Courtesy, We do ordain, that it be look'd upon as want of Breeding and good Manners; and if they do not amend it, that they be for ever oblig'd to continue bowing and crooked, like the Devil that broke his Back with carrying Taylors to Hell, and that their Breeches fall down when they are in most Company.

Princes.

Item, We make it known to all Kings and Princes in the World, that they must not think themselves the greatest be-

cause Men are uncover'd before them, for the heat is much greater to which they stand bare and uncover'd themselves.

Item, For as much as we have observ'd that there are a Giving bundance of Tricks and Contrivances in relation to giving and begging, and begging, for the better relief of Purfes, and that there gine. may be an easy Answer for all sharpening begging Women, We declare that for the future none shall give any thing but the time of the day, goodnight and goodmorrow, a hand to a Woman that falls, precedence to Superiors in all places, and good words to all People. We farther direct, that no Man presume to give Gowns and Petticoats, upon pain of being reputed an Ass; but may be allow'd to give as many Promises as he pleases, never to be perform'd, and that he give all impudent Jades to the Devil, who beg Treats and Entertainments. And if a Man be compell'd to give any thing, let it be a little at a time and often, as Physicians advise People to drink, for so it will last the longer, and every Gift is a fresh Obligation. And it is our Will, that all those who shall not fulfil these our Commands be for ever poor, and in love, and have neither Money nor Mistress.

Item, Being sensible that the World swarms with a sort Men of of impudent, shameless and impertinent Men of Business, Business. We direct that they be excluded all Offices and Employments, that only some few of them be admitted to be Clerks and Beadles of Parishes, and the rest be distributed about the Country to instruct bashful Wenches, and backward Schoolboys; and that as many as remain be bestow'd among Oyster and Herbwomen, and for their punishment, instead of Executioners, that they be deliver'd up to be tormented by Fools that have a conceit of their own Wit.

Item, We declare all Traders madmen, who make any Trade- account of great Mens Promises of payment; and these men. great Men to be reputed under the same Capacity, who value not what price they buy at, reckoning how long it will be before they pay; when they ought to consider there is no Term so long but comes at last, and that always too soon when they are oblig'd to part with the Money, and then they all look like Fools.

Item, In regard of the many Murders, and other Mis- Physi- chiefs, daily committed by Physicians, Surgeons, Apothec- ans, &c. caries, Bablers, Sir Positives, and Ignoramuses, We do here

## A Proclamation by Time.

here declare them mortal Enemies to the Lives and Reputations of Mankind, as we do Lawyers, Attornies, Filts, and Pickpockets to their Purses.

**Bullies.**

Item, Being satisfy'd there is a Generation of slaughtering Bullies, who kill none but such as suffer themselves to be kill'd, It is our Will, that none be call'd Braves but such as are or pretend to be descended from Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries.

**Old Women.**

Item, Considering the many Irregularities committed among those Women, who by reason of their Age might be call'd Mothers, We do require, that whensoever any that is above 38 years of Age shall not laugh, where there is occasion, it shall not be attributed to want of sense, or satisfaction, but of Teeth; and therefore for concealing of this defect, whensoever they have an inclination to grin, they may be allow'd to hold their Fan or their Muff before their mouth. And this and no other Formality shall be allow'd to any above the Age of twenty five.

**Give every thing its Name.**

Item, Calling to mind the many Extravagancies of leud Men, We do forbid all Persons calling any thing pink'd, which is torn; or taking pet at what Standers by say, because they lose at play; or being positive in any matter of no moment, upon pain of being brought into much trouble and danger. It shall therefore be an irrevocable Law, that no Man take pet at any time, or for any Cause whatsoever. It is also our Will, that no Man give the Title of Fasting, or Abstemiousness to that which is really want of Meat and necessary Hunger. And whereas it is a common saying, That Heats and Colds, Troubles and Surfeits destroy most People, We do declare, that tho it is true, Heats and Colds bring some to their end, and some few may come to it by Sorrows; yet that empty Bellies bring more to the Grave, than all of them together.

**Grey Hairs.**

Item, In regard that Troubles have complain'd to us that all grey Hairs are laid to their Charge, We declare that they are wrong'd, and those are only the effect of Age, and so we command all Persons to own.

**Madams.**

Item, Reflecting on the infinite multitude of Madams, there are now adays, which Title has been usurp'd by all sorts of Women, from the Palace to the Oyster Stall, We do ordain that the said Title be turn'd out of all Houses of Credit and Reputation, and condemn'd to Herb Women, Chandlers, Hawkers, Whores and Bawds.

**Friends.**

Item, For as much as there is a great scarcity of true Friends, in regard there are only Friends where there is no need, all Words and nothing of Sincerity, We direct that for the future all Friends be as well known as Money, whose value is try'd before it comes to be us'd.

Item,



Item, Perceiving how much every Gallant values every Gallants. thing that drops from his Mistress, that he may take and keep it as a Favour, We declare that what drops in publick is no Favour, but a slight that he may buy her better, and therefore he may as well take to himself what she drops in private, which tho not so sweet is less costly.

We farther ordain, that no Woman wear silk upon silk, nor one No im- Husband upon another; and that some Women passing for Maids sing. do not impose upon the World, what really is not. |

And for a Comfort to the Slaves in the Gallies and Mines, Slaves. we declare there are no greater Slaves than Husbands that have bad Wives,

Item, Being satisfy'd that Cuckoldome is become a matter of Cuckold. Honour and Profit, and that many mischiefs happen in the World, dom. because they who are so know not how to manage it, We do there- fore ordain that they be incorporated into a Company, and none admitted to it without being examin'd and approv'd of, tho' he be an Alderman, or a Seaman.

We also declare, all patient Husbands incapable of making a Patient Will, as not thinking fit they who had none of their own whilst li- Huf- ving, should be allow'd it when they are dead. bands.

We farther forbid all Men that have no Teeth, marrying, espe- Tooth- cially old or lean Women; for Women now a days are so loose and less Men. impudent, that they scarce value Men that show their Teeth; and if a Wife is old, or lean, a toothless Husband will have enough to do to gnaw her.

Item, In regard it is requisite to comfort the Husbands, and Comfort say something in behalf of the Women, We declare that the latter to Huf- give the former three good Days, or Nights, which are the Wed- bands ding night, the first time they are deliver'd, and when they die. and We- And in answer to foulmouth'd Railers, who call Women Lyars, men. We declare they speak Truth three times in their Lives; The first when they say, This head of mine makes me distracted; The se- cond, when the Husband in Bed bidding them, Turn this way, they reply, I have nothing else to think on, I'll warrant you. And the last, when they cannot eat at Table because they have cram'd themselves in private, and say, I shall never have much Stomach as long as this course of Life lasts.

We do farther ordain, that whosoever shall happen to kill a Bai- Reward lif's Follower, or an Informer, which is no better than an Apple- for Bil- woman's Cur, a Faylor's Tool, an useles piece of Lumber in the ling an Commonwealth, and the Devil's Instrument; or any other Offi- Inter- cer belonging to the Evidencing Trade, may be allow'd to plea mer. him, and carry about the Skin among all Persons who are in Law, that every one may give him a Reward.

Item,

**Lawyers.** Item, For as much as we are sensible there is a sort of Lawyers, who, like common Strumpets, admit of every Client, especially if he is but eager and passionate, and put Interpretations, and make Additions to the Laws according to the Crowns they receive, so inverting their true sense and meaning, We do ordain that they be look'd upon as Hackney Interpreters, and Men that plead for the increase of Controversies, and not for their Clients; and we declare those Countries happy which have none such, as those Seas may be call'd Pacifick, where there are no Pyrats. And in regard that the senseless multitude thinks all Learning and Wisdom consists in old Age and grizly long Beards, We direct that all Schollars, before they go to the Universities, turn Hermits for some years, to enhance their stock of Beards; and absolutely forbid their coming near the Barber's, lest they happen unluckily to take off all their Knowledge in their Beards.

**Unmannerlines.** We farther declare all those to be void of Sense and Reason, who otherwise being well enough qualified, take a Pride in being unmannerly, and incur the hatred of all Men for refusing the civility of the Hat, as if Pride and ill Nature were the only Ingredients for making a Man great.

**Familiarity.** Item, It is our Will and Pleasure that all those who make a practise of calling every Man Tom and Jack, tho' he be never so grave a Person, or very much above them, be oblig'd to make full restitution to all they have robb'd of their just Titles and Honours, and be themselves ever reputed incapable of any more respect than what they have shown to others,

**Poets.** To conclude, in regard that abundance of Poets are unhealthy and in a dangerous condition by the over swelling of their Veins, we ordain that all Surgeons take care in time to let them Blood, and that they do it with Flems, as Horses are serv'd, for fear of spoiling their Lancets, and incurring our high Displeasure.

All which Laws and Ordinances we do enjoyn our Justices to see strictly observ'd, as is usual in other Cases.

By Order of the invisible Council.

Odious Teltruth, Secretary.

A

*A Treatise of all things whatsoever and many more.  
By the most Learned and most Expert, Doctor  
Wiseacre, didicated to the Company of Busy-bo-  
dies, and the Society of Bablers, and the Tribe  
of old Impertinences.*

## CHAP. I.

*Containing many wonderful, unaccountable, and pro-  
digious Secrets, which can never fail.*

### ADVERTISEMENT.

*Curious or slovenly Reader, for either may serve to  
the business in hand, I first give you the strange and stu-  
pendious Propositions, where you may pitch upon the won-  
der you have a mind to perform, and observing what  
number it has before, seek the same in the Solutions,  
where you will find the method of performing. Be not  
discourag'd at the difficulty you find in the Proposition,  
for the Solution will make it as easy as pissing abed.*

#### *Propositions.*

1. **T**O oblige all handsome Women to follow you,  
if you are a Man, and the rich Gallants if you  
are a Woman.
2. To be sure of a good reception where-ever you  
go, and it is infallible.
3. To make the Woman you like, run after you  
wheresoever you go, tho' you have never seen her  
but once in your Life,
4. That Men and Women may grant all you ask of them.
5. To be rich and possess much Money.
6. To come at any Woman without every failing.
7. That no Cloaths you have may ever wear out.
8. That no Hawk may fly away from you, tho' you  
turn him loose.
9. That you may never be troubled with the Toothach.
10. That you may never grow grey or old.
11. How a barren Woman may have Children.
12. To prevent Tailors stealing your Cloth or Stuff.
13. That you may never die.
14. That you may not die without somebody to pray  
by you.



15. To be speedily advanc'd to high Posts and Places.
16. To be in great esteem.
17. To prevent growing old.
18. To prevent discovering a bald Pate, tho you have never a Hair on it, without wearing a Wig.
19. That you may be successful in all Law Sutes.
20. That you may never lie long sick.
21. That the Bugs may not bite you at night.
22. To be belov'd by all Men.
23. To prevent confessing on the Rack, do not discover it to Thieves and Murderers.
24. To shake off all Bolts and Irons in Prison, tho never so secure.

*Solutions.*

1. Be sure always to keep before them, when they are going.
2. Give something in every Place and you will find so good a reception that you will have cause to repent.
3. Steal what she has and she will pursue you to the end of the World.
4. Desire the Women to take all you have, and the Men to give you nothing and they will all grant it.
5. If you have Money, keep it, and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.
6. If she walks, put on, if she puts on, run, if she runs, fly, and you'll soon come at her.
7. Tear them to Rags your self and they will not wear.
8. Pull all his Feathers and he'll not fly a jot.
9. Draw them all, tho' it be no ornament to the Jaws.
10. Dye when you are young or new-born.
11. Let her conceive and bring forth, and breed them up.
12. Let them make no Cloaths for you, for that is the only Remedy.
13. Be not a Fool, for only they die; unfortunate Men are kill'd by the Sword, sick Men by their Physitians, and only Fools die of their own accord.
14. Commit some heinous Crimes, and at the Gallows you'll not want some body to pray by you.
15. Get upon the *Alps* or *Pyrenean* Mountains.
16. Get much Money, live high, and treat all that come near you.
17. Keep

17. Keep always in the Sun in Summer, and in the Wet in Winter; never give your self rest, fret at every thing that happens, eat your Meat cold and drink Water, meddle in every body's Business, for this is the sure way never to come to be old.
18. Wear your Hat eternally, do not take it off to go to bed; if another takes off his to you, requite him with a nod or a bow, and if any body says you are unmannerly, tell them it is better be so than bald. And if any one should quarrel with you because you are not civil, and should happen to kill you, it is better still to be dead than bald, and take care to die with your Hat on, as *Julius Caesar* did to cover his Head when they murder'd him.
19. Never pay your Councillor, nor your Solicitor, nor any Fees of the Court, for all that Money is certainly lost, and it is a daily charge upon you. And if you pay them and gain your cause, still your Money is gone, and if you are cast, still worse. And take notice, that before you go to Law, the Controversy is, whether the Money is yours or anothers, but when once the Sute is begun, the Contrivance is, that it be neither yours nor the others, but theirs who pretend to defend you both.
20. Send for your Physitian when you are well, and give him Money, because you are not sick, for if you give it him when you are ill, how can you expect he should give you Health, which he gets nothing by, and remove the Distemper he lives by.
21. Set up all night and go to bed by day.
22. Lend and never be paid, present, treat, bear, endure, do good turns, hold your peace, and suffer your self to be cheated.
23. Deny all that is laid to your charge.
24. Pay the Jailor and they'll all drop off.

## CHAP. II.

### *Divination and Astrology.*

**M**uch Rain is a certain sign of wet Weather.  
Coughing, Reums and Pains in the Teeth, be-  
token a Cold. The

The Moon in *Pisces*, signifies she has a Fish Dinner, she will decrease, and the Lanthorns will be carried about at night.

Whensoever the Moon is in *Taurus*, there is no doubt but they will have four Horns betwixt them, and the Sun will rise in the morning.

The old Moons make bad Winter nights, and then the Winds make anoise if they blow hard.

*Jupiter* in *Libra*, looks like a Grocer at his Scales, and denotes there will be Summer and Winter that year.

*Jupiter* in *Aries*, denotes melancholly in all that cannot be merry.

*Venus* in *Gemini* portends that Whores will not be satisfied with one.

*Saturn* in *Capricorn*, threatens the Heads of Husbands who have leud Wives.

*Mercury* in *Leo*, will not be unlike one that shows wild Beasts; foreshows Distempers in those that eat abundance of Melons and Cucumbers and drink Water on them, and that the Sick will die, if the Physitian take them in hand.

The Moon in the Dragon's Head signifies the Dragon has a Head.

The full Moon signifies that she can hold no more, and this is a certain rule.

An Eclipse of the Sun is the noblest Eclipse, denotes he will be darkened whilst it lasts, and that Astrologers will tell abundance of Lies, which Fools will believe, and mighty Men will dread.

A blazing Star with a long Tail, looks like Quality, and foretels abundance of People of all sorts will be gazing at it; and if it be fiery, all the Princes will die that year who cannot live till the next.

A great conjunction is a certain sign that many Kings will meet, and some be taken at Cards. Many great Men, as well as little ones, will contrive conjunctions with Females, and some of them will obstruct them. *Ptolomey, Origanus, Albumazar, &c.*



## CHAP. III.

*Of Omens.*

**I**F you are going to buy any thing, and when you should pay for it, cannot find your Purse, it is the worst Omen that can happen, and unlucky for your Marketing.

If you are going to fight and drop your Sword, it is much better than if your Nose had drop'd off. But if it happen to drop when you are fighting, and your Head is broken, the Omen is bad for you, but good for the Surgeon.

If you happen to see Crows fly across you when you go abroad, let them fly, and take heed where you set your feet.

*Tuesday* is an unlucky day for those who travel a foot without any Mony, and for those who are cast into Goal.

If you happen to spill the Salt, to prevent the ill Omen, take it up and eat a good dinner; or if you will not, rise presently from Table and eat nothing that day, which is the way to verify the Omen, for it is no small misfortune to fast.

All those are unlucky days and unfortunate Hours to them, on which the Constable seizes a Criminal, the Bailiff arrests a Debter, the Gamester draws in a Cully, the great Man discovers a Flatterer, and a Whore ensnares a young Man.

Three of the best things in the World are very odious to three sorts of People; Health to Physicians, Peace to Soldiers, and Sincerity to Lawyers.

E c

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*How things are to be done, and on what days that they may prove fortunate.*

**S**unday the Sun rules, it is a good day to sponge a dinner, and it does no harm, tho it be somewhat better than ordinary. For according to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, Surfeits that cost nothing are not dangerous, and the Sun is in his own house, and you in another Man's.

On *Monday* buy all that you can meet with at an under rate, and good, or take what is to be had for nothing.

On *Tuesday*, receive all that is given you, without once excusing your self or drawing back, for it is *Mars's* day, and he will look upon you with an ill Aspect, if you should refuse the first proffer, and not have a second.

On *Wednesday*, ask of every body you meet, and perhaps *Mercury* may give some one Vanity enough to grant you something.

*Thursday*, is a good day to believe nothing that Flatterers say.

*Friday*, is a proper day to shun a Creditor, or an Arrest, or any that would sponge a Dinner.

*Saturday*, is as convenient a day as any to lye a Bed long in the Morning, to walk at your ease, to eat a hot dinner, to talk at pleasure, to wear good Clothes and easie Shoos, because *Saturn* is old and loves his ease.

## CHAP. V.

*Of Physiognomy.*

**W**Hosoever has friezly black hard Hair, will put the Barber to more trouble; and he who breeds Lice will scratch his head often.

He that is bald will have no Hair; and if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place. If these Men wear Beards, their Heads shine, and their Faces look like hairy Heads, and their Heads like beardless Faces.

He who has a low Forehead, and full of wrinkles, will look like a Monkey, and be ridiculous to all that behold him.

He who has a high Forehead, will have his Eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life, and this is infallible.

He who has a long Nose, will have the more to blow, and the better handle.

Those who have little diminutive Noses sunk in their Heads, so that ill scents can scarce find them out, are Men, tho they look like something else, and begin to be Deaths-heads whilst they are living. They are seldom Cholerick, because they can scarce find their Noses to take Snuff.

A great Mouth from Ear to Ear, signifies much Foam and no Bridle, and these are not hard mouth'd, but all Mouth.

A little Mouth drawn up like a Purse, or a Snout, denotes darkness within, and looks more like a Loophole than a Window.



A watery mouth that is all foam when hot, sputters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a flaving Bib.

He who has great Hands will have large Fingers, and ten Nails on them and the Thumbs, and if he strikes hard it will fall heavy.

Sparkling Eyes, have no ill scent, and shine.

Green and blew Eyes look more like Birds than Women.

No woman that has good Eyes, a good Mouth, and good Hands, can ever be handsome, or avoid being a scarecrow; for if once she values her self upon her Eyes, she does so ogle, cast such languishing looks, gaze about, and dart such glances, that the Devil himself cannot endure her: If she has fine Hands, she is ever beating time to all she says, righting her dress, and playing with her Fingers, till she will put a dead Man out of patience. Then if she has curious Teeth, her Lips are ever tuck'd up, she laughs, she grins, she yawns, and is continually like a snarling Dog, or the picture of a Soul in Hell. So that you will find, that a Mouth like a Purse, blear Eyes, and clumsy Hands, are much better, as contented with the uses they were made for.

A Woman that has a Face like a Hotchpoe, with a Swines Snout, coarse Flesh, as it were Beef, and all other suitable features, and valuing her self upon her fine dress, pretending to Beauty that is only purchas'd at the Shops, deserves to be hung up for a Sign, or to be condemn'd to an eternal Mask, never to be taken off, for fear of disgracing her dress.

A Lanthorn-Jaw'd Woman, with a Hatchet-Face, sunk Eyes, a hook Nose, Paper Lips,  
Leather

Leather Cheeks, dark Gums, stragling Teeth, and such a low Fore-head, that her Hair serves instead of Eyebrows, if she happen to correct all these living enormities by her wit, when she begs may have a Hearing given her, but no Money, and she may be allow'd to take her degree in the University, but not to have a Lover. Let her Words and Wit be commended, but not her shape, or face; give her a place in Libraries, but none in your Affections; let her be heard at any time, but never look'd at.

There is a sort of conceal'd Old Women now in fashion, who have all the effects of Age upon them, and give out that they lost their Teeth by a Defluction, that their Wrinkles belong to the Family, and their Grey-hairs came with troubles and sickness. These are fit to be made House-keepers, or Nurses, for then it will be no shame for them to be Old, and they will not suffer the very Girls to be Young, which will be some revenge, tho they are past redress.

Women that have curious Eye-brows, in all likelihood will have Eye-lashes under them, and will be belov'd if any body takes a liking to them.

Whensoever you see a Man that has but one Eye, you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who squint will put others to much trouble to decide which way they look.

Left-handed Men are very ignorant, for it seems they do not know their right hand from their left, since the one has the Office and the other the Place; they are ill-contriv'd People, for they never do any thing the right way.

Never have any thing to do with a crooked Man, but conclude he is of an ill inclination, and can never be upright as long as he goes bowing.

An Eunuch, who is neither Man nor Woman, and yet looks like both, is not to be endur'd, as being of the doubtful gender, and never to be rely'd on.

They that have small Feet will need but little Shooes, and will have a light pair of Heels.

## CHAP. VI.

*Of Chiromancy, or predicting by the Lines in the Hands. A short Chapter.*

**C**URIOUS Reader, all the Lines you see in the Hands, signify that the Hand bows that way and not backwards, and that it doubles at the joynts; and therefore the great ones are in the Joynts, and the Skin being thin, the other small ones are made by the gathering of it: and to convince you of this truth, you may observe that there are Lines on the Neck, the Forehead, the Lips, the Hams, the Elbows, and the bottom of the Buttocks, where the Skin gathers; and therefore if these observations were true, as there is Chiromancy, there ought to be Frontimancy, Collimancy, Pedimancy, Nati-mancy, &c.

CHAP.



## CHAP. VII.

*How to learn all Arts and Sciences in a day.*

**I**F you desire to be Master of all Languages, speak them among such as do not understand them. *Probatum.*

If you would be a Welch-man, change all B's into P's, and the D's into T's, and the work is done; as for Blood, say Ploot; for Blew, say Plew, &c.

To be an Irish-man, say *Arra dear Joy*, and *be me shoul*, and change Wh into F, as for what, say Fat; for when, Fen, &c.

To be a Scotsman, turn e into a, i into e, and o into a, as for where, say whare; for Die, say Dee; for Soul, say Saul; speak very broad, and never stick at Bawdy, and that is enough.

To be an Italian, turn c into ch, and ch in k; say *Pian piano*, and *Cazzo en culo*, &c.

To be a Frenchman, swear Begar, Jerny blew, say me for I, and put all your accents on the last Syllables, and you need no more.

Dutch is as easie as the rest, for it only requires saying Dis for This, Dat for That, Turd for Third, then swearing Sacramenten, and calling upon Ten hundred thousand Ton of Devils, and the work's over.

As for Cant and Gibberish, every School-boy and Rogue is master of them. Latin is always taken for granted, *Greek*, *Hebrew* and the Oriental Languages, are so little known, that

it is but saying you speak them, and few will question it:

If you would be a famous Physician, keep a Chariot with a pair of old Horses, wear a great Stone Ring, a black Coat, and a Wig that's neither long nor short, without powder; and tho you cannot read, you'll be as absolute a Physician as *Galen* or *Hypocrates*; but if you walk a foot you'll never rise to the degree of a Quack, for the main knowledge lies in the Horses. When you come into a House be always in haste; feel the Pulse and look grave; then ask, was he Feavourish? If they say he was, answer, I thought as much. Next, did the fit last long? If they say it did; tell them, It plainly appears. If he has no stomach, charge him not to eat any thing that is gross, bid him drink Ptyfan, order a Clyster: if he says he cannot take it, say it is as much as his life is worth; write half a score Receipts that the Apothecary may sell his Trash, and be your Friend, and that the Patient may be sicker. If this does not do, bleed him, then blister from head to foot: if he dies not presently, repeat it till he does, and then tell them his hour was come; it was a malignant Distemper; there is no opposing the Will of God; you have done all that Art could devise; and the Heir will take it all for granted, and allow you double Fees. If by chance the Patient recovers, let him know his case was desperate, but that you had a *nostrum* which sav'd his life; that it has cost you many years study; that it is a most Sovereign Remedy, and little of it to be had. If you happen to cast the Water, be sure to shake it well, look into it narrowly, make Faces, and shake

shake your head at it. Then tho the Patient be only troubled with Chilblains, bid him make his peace with God, and settle his Affairs; so you gain reputation if he lives, and are thought to have foretold it if you kill him. To gain the credit of being employ'd by great Men, make always some excuse to stop at their doors, and go in, tho it be but to ask an impertinent question. Get some of your trusty Friends to call you up late at Night, crying out in the Street that all the Neighbourhood may hear, *Sir, the Duke* has sent for you in all hast. Quickly, *Sir*, my Lady Marchioness is like to dye. Make hast, *Sir*, the Bishop is fallen into a fit. Thus will you gain esteem, become a Doctor of Fame, and have power of Life and Death over all that believe you.

If you would be a great Person, tho you sprung out of a Dunghil, be very ignorant, write that no body can read it, talk much, tho it be Nonsense, run deep in debt, and pay no body, be very Lewd and Prophane, and keep where you are not known, and the work is done.

If you would be a Lawyer, to ruin all Causes but your own, always take care to talk of *Cook* and *Littleton*, get two or three Cases by heart, and apply them right or wrong. When any Man tells you his Case, say the Law is plain on his side, it is impossible to hurt him. When you plead, talk much, and very loud, and stand stiffly to what you say, tho it be nothing to the purpose, for in Law the most said is best, and tho the Judges should not approve of it, your Client will, if he sees you roar till you sweat and are hoarse. Assure every Man his Cause is good,  
and



and just, tho it be open Cheat and Forgery, or down right Nonsense; and be assur'd there is no Folly or Wickedness in the World but has some Law on its side. For what can be more absurd than not to drink Wine or eat Bacon, and yet the Law of *Mahomet* forbids it. If you do not understand one word of your Clients Case, yet tell him you take him, you have pleaded the like twenty times. Upon occasion, you may quote Statutes at random, and adjudg'd Cases out of any, tho they never writ. But be sure you have a Study well stor'd with large Folio's, tho they be nothing but old Romances, or some cast Pleadings which you may have cheap at the Grocers. If ever you happen to be gravell'd for an Author, say you met with the like Case at the Assizes in any Country at a great distance. And be sure to wear a very dirty ragged Gown, and to be always in a hurry.

If you would be a Chymist, and make Gold of Stones, Herbs and Dirt, turn Apothecary, and you will turn all the Trash you sell into Gold; and take heed of dissolving of Metals, and extracting of their Virtues, for by that means you'l sooner turn Gold into Dirt, then Dirt into Gold. Take my word for it, the only way to make Gold, is to trade; so you see the Mercer makes Gold of Silk, the Chandlor of Mops and Brooms, the Bookseller of Paper, the Baker of Bread, the Surgeon of Blood and Wounds, and the Physitian of the Excrements.

If you would be a Hec̃tor, tho you have no more heart than a Hen, bridle up your Hat round close to the Crown, wear dirty Linnen,  
bind

bind the Pummel of your Sword before you, talk hoarse, strut and stare, wear little Whiskers, keep your Skull hot with Brandy, Swear, Curse, Blaspheme, talk Bawdy, for these are the qualifications that make a Man brave. Speak of nothing but Quarrels and Encounters you have been in, and of the Wounds you have receiv'd. When Swords are drawn be very sedate, and very hasty and passionate when none appear; play the fury in jest, and take notice of nothing that is said in earnest. When any Man is hurt afar off, drop a few words as if you had done it, and drink to the memory of all the Bullies deceas'd; and by this means you'll be dreaded as much as a Pestilential Fever.

*A Letter, giving an Account of the Author's Journey into Andaluzia with the King.*

**I** Had a fall, but Lucifer had a greater; my feet need no great help to stumble, for my Legs naturally stammer, and I have a hitch in my Pace. The Admiral's Coach overturn'd, we were six of us in it, and Don Henrique Henriquez broke his head. I got out at the Garret Window, one tugging at me by the Jaws, whilst another cry'd, Don Francisco give me your hand; and I answer'd, Don, What is your name, give me your Foot. I got out of the Coach as if I had rose out of my Grave, and found the clumsy Coachman swearing, he never did the like in his Life. I told him, you have overturn'd us as cleverly, as if you had done it an hundred times,  
We

We came to Aranjuez, and that Night Don Henrique and I lay upon two VVasfers instead of Quilts, without Pillows. I slept as if I had been in the Stocks, and dreamt of a Bed, for that was all I could do. This is the way of living you would have news of, and wants nothing to make it wretched, since it wants your good Table; but all troubles and sufferings are less in an Admirals company. His Majesty is so hardy, that he is almost every day a Horseback, and neither Snow nor Hail puts him by it. The Common Council of Tembleque entertain'd his Majesty with a Bull-Feast, where many shew'd their courage at the Sport, and some their Skill. Boniface look'd on, and was concern'd at nothing. There were Fire-works, which succeeded well. His Majesty shot a Bull, whom all the Mob could not bough. Boniface the King's Jester, and the murderer of good Dishes, thrust in at the Admiral's Table. The next day we went on to Madrilejos, where Boniface again appear'd amidst our Dishes and Cups, saying, I am Boniface to whom nothing comes amiss. We set out for Membrilla, and to please the Magistrates of Manzanares, in complaizance to their request, his Majesty passed by your Estate, and every body lik'd the Town. Thence we went down to Membrilla, where we slept by the Pottle, for there was brave tof-sing of Pots, and Fox-hunting down our throats. Hence follow'd quarrels, and mislaying of Goods. It was agreed to rise betimes, and we set out for my Estate of Torre de Juan Abad, where his Majesty was fain to throw down the house allotted him, that he might go to bed; it was so good, that it was better down than up. Here Sir Holdfast Sparepen-ny was shy of being seen by any body. It was comical to behold Don Miguel de Cardenas, walking  
about



about the Road, and calling out with a wisp of Straw, burning in his hand, like a blazing Star, with a black Tail. From the Tower we went to Santistevan, where the Earl of that name had hung out a-bundance of Lights, and some Fire-works run along a Rope, as if they had been Rope-dancers; and then a Bull came and sing'd his Beard. There were Pipes and Waits brought from a far off; Gentlemen from Ubeda and Baeza, abundance of Quality standing about the Hangings, plenty of Belly-Timber, mighty presents; Tents set up all about the Country, with Wine, Bread and Cheese; Fellows with clear Throats inviting the Passengers, and begg'd for God's sake, saying, Take some of the Count de Santistevan's bounty. The People easily flock to them; the Skins of Wine were open'd, but there being a want of Cups, rather than drink out of their Hats, they left the Wine, and with it the Bread and Cheese. The Earl show'd his generosity, sav'd his Liquor, made the most of the Day; there was a want of Beds, and Coach-houses to spare. Thence we went to Linares, a journey towards heaven, and the way of salvation, narrow, and full of trouble and misery.

Sir, you have cause enough to laugh at me; e'en take your full revenge, make out all your predictions. In the Coach were Don Henry and my self, Matthew Montero, and Don Gaspar de Tebes: ten Mules follow'd; at night we came to a Hill, where the People of Linares hunt; there Coaches and Sump-tures were all stuck fast. February plaid all his pranks among us, it was ever a mad Month, but then rav'd downright. There was no getting out, and we resolv'd to lye in the Coach. The bill was all Coach-houses, for the Coaches were lodg'd, and full of wreaths of Straw burning, which set fire  
to

to the Olive Gardens about the Town. There were dismal lamentations of Mule-drivers; the Coachmen lash'd and swore, and the Travellers curs'd and bann'd. Those who were a foot lugg'd out their Leggs from the mire, without Shooes or Stockings, and some of them cry'd out, who is it that strips below there? It look'd like a short Purgatory. Thus we continu'd four hours, talking without Book, till the Admiral sent people to deliver us out of Thraldom. We got to Linares after the Admiral was a bed, and supp'd with what we could save from Boniface. When I went to bed, I found Boniface had stole one of my Blankets, but they soon brought me another. It is comical to see Boniface at night dancing about after Meat and Sleep, with a Candle in his hand, and asking, have you supp'd? Have you got Beds? For he has a wandring supper, is still in motion, and sharps for a Bed, pinching Blankets every where; insomuch that in this Country to hush their Children, they cry Boniface is coming, as in other places they call the Bulbegger. Grimaldos bears him company, and most nights takes an ambling Nap in a Chair, and snores like an old Judge upon the Bench. He dines and sups every where, and is half mad. Don Francisco Marbelli comes in a hackney Tumbrel, or Hei-ge-bo-a, with John de Arana and Mendoza, the half Black and whole Mulatto. For my part I am careless and bedless, for I have not heard of my Trunk these six days. Don Henry and I lie coupled. There are Beds that hold the seven Sleepers, and yet they are not safe from Boniface. It is remarkable enough to see his Majesty with two Escuyers, the one a Pigmey, the other a Goliath; and to behold Mathew Montero and me attending the Funeral of our Coach, and walking half a league a foot like Pilgrims,

grims, be laughing to see me limp, and hear me call for Oxen to draw out one of my Legs that was stuck; and me bidding him as we went down a little Hill, carry his Guts to the Bears in his hands. We got to Andujar last night, being Friday late, in the dark without any Guide, where we continue to day, because the River Guadalquivir is so much swell'd; and shall do the same to morrow, because we have no tidings of our Sumptures and Carriages. The Duke del Infantado was left behind at Linares, because his Horse-litter fell, and he was hurt. The Patriarch is not to be found, and they are crying of him about the Bogs. I am told my Shirts are safe in a Slow. His Majesty has put us all to it, without regarding the unseasonable Weather; this is a good presage of what we may expect, and other Nations fear his strong disposition. Amidst these difficulties he answers most affable to all Men, gaining the affections of those Subjects he has inherited from his Progenitors. He is a thorough pac'd King, and it is a comfort to have a King that can drag us after him, and not we to drag the King, and to see him lead us where he pleases. The sports at Carpio are put off, God grant they be not spoilt, for there is no doubt but they will be noble. Boniface has spoke to Mr. Aranel about your business, and both he and I are your humble Servants, and brother Spungers. If you will do me a singular favour, send me an answer under cover to the Admiral, and lay what commands you please on me, for I am an honest Man, and will do all you require. Hortensio has this day joyn'd our company, and so we have a Father Confessor in case of danger, and more society to divert us. Tell Don Andrew and Don Garcia, I kiss their hands. I make hast to sign, for the Letter is long.

Don Francisco de Quevedo.



*A Letter from Don Francisco de Quevedo, to the Son of the Duke de Olivares, Prime Minister to King Phillip 4th, of Spain, in which he sets down how he would have his Wife qualify'd.*

**A**LL I can covet in a Wife for my satisfaction, and honour, and for the good of my soul, is, that she be educated in your Excellencies family, and grown up in your service; for if she has known how to be obedient to your Excellency, it is to me a sufficient both temporal and spiritual portion, that she has been your Servant. But in case your Excellencies command should be of a greater extent, in obedience to it, I will set down how I could wish that Wife qualify'd, which God shall be pleas'd to bestow on me, by means of your Excellency and my Lord Duke. This I do rather to divert, than to inform your Excellency.

As for my self, My Lord, I am nothing but what My Lord Duke has made me; because what I was had ruin'd me, and destroy'd my Reputation; and if at present I am any thing, 'tis because I have ceas'd to be what I was, thanks be to God and to his Excellency.

I have been variously wicked, and having ceas'd to be so, am not yet good; for I left wickedness because I was tyr'd with it, not because I was truly penitent. All the advantage of such a reformation, is, that it secures me from being deluded into any manner of wantonness, because I am sufficiently warn'd and arm'd against it.

I am a Man of good birth in my Country, as your Excellency may understand, I have a House of my own

own in the Mountains, and am the Son of Parents whose memory is honourable to me, tho mine be a grievance to them.

I will ever give such an account of my Fortune, and Age, that my Fortune may afterwards be found greater than represented, and my Age less.

My Enemies say I am lame, whereas in truth through a negligent mein I appear so; and it being dubious whether I limp, or coupee, Wagers may be laid whether I am lame or not lame.

As to my Person, it is neither hateful, nor offensive, and as it claims no commendation, so neither does it move such as see me to cursing or laughter.

Now I have declar'd who, and what manner of Man I am, I will set down what sort of Woman I would have her be, whom God shall bestow on me. I confess, unless your Excellency had commanded, it were impudence for such a Fellow to prescribe what sort of a Wife he would have, when no Woman would be troubled with such a Husband as I am.

I desire positively she should be well Born, Virtuous, and Discreet; for if a Fool, she'l not know how to preserve or make use of the other two Qualifications, because, tho a Gentlewoman, I expect she be affable, and that her vertue be such as becomes a marry'd Woman, not an Anchoret, a Nun, or a Friar. Her Husband, and the care of her Family, must be to her instead of the Choir and the Oratory. Yet if she must be discreet with any touches of Learning, I had rather she were a Fool, for it is easier to bear with a Woman's Ignorance, than with her Conceitedness.

I would neither have her deform'd, nor beautiful. These extreams are reconcil'd by an agreeable countenance; which is a medium, that renders what is

handsome, lovely, and secures what in her appears Airy. A deform'd Woman is rather a scarecrow than a companion, and a beautiful one rather perplexes than delights; but if she must be either the one or the other, I had rather have her beautiful than deform'd, for it is better to be in care, than to be afraid; and to have a Wife to guard, than one to fly from.

I neither would have her rich, nor poor, but with some fortune, for neither is she to buy me, nor I her. There can be no mix of Riches where there is Virtue, and Gentility; for the Man is wilely rich, who having an Estate, refuses a Woman because she is poor; and he is basely poor, who having no fortune, covets a Woman because she is rich.

I had rather she were dispos'd to mirth than melancholly; for being ty'd to one another, and living always together, will breed us both trouble enough, and this grievance is in some measure eas'd by a sweet and chearful nature; for to have an hypochondriack Wife, always grunting in a Corner like a Mouse in a Cheese, is to be ty'd to continual sorrow.

She must be well dress'd to please me, not to gain the applause of others; and she must wear what is decent, not whatsoever the folly of other Women shall invent. She must not do as some do, but that which all ought to do. I had rather she were covetous, than prodigal, for this Vice is to be dreaded, the other may prove profitable. It were a great happiness to find one that were liberal.

I do not concern my self whether she be clear or brown of complexion, or whether her Hair be black or fair; only this I require, that if she be brown, she do not make her self white, for of necessity a Man must rather be jealous of that cheat, than in love with it.

Whether



*Whether she be tall or short, is indifferent to me, for the heels of the shooes supply the defect of stature, and like Death make all people alike.*

*As to her being fat, or lean, it is to be observ'd, that if I cannot have her interlaid, I am altogether for a lean, not a fat one; I had rather she were a Skeleton, or Shotten Herring, than a greazy Hostess, or picture of Bacchus.*

*I will neither have a Child, nor an old Woman, which are like the Cradle or the Coffin; for I have long since forgot to sing Lullaby, and have not yet learn'd to sing Dirges. It is enough for me that she be a Woman grown, and I shall be well pleas'd if she is young.*

*I could wish with all my heart she might have no fine hands, eyes, or mouth, for if she have these three things in perfection, it is impossible any body should endure her, because she will tire all the world with playing with her hands that they may be seen, and rowling her eyes that they may be observ'd, and it is intolerable to see a Woman always gaping and laughing to show her white Teeth. Anxiety destroys Beauty, and negligence hides faults.*

*I will not have one that has neither Father nor Mother, that I may save commemorating the dead, nor am I willing she should have all her kindred living. A Father and Mother I would have, because I am not superstitiously afraid of a Father in Law. As for her Aunts, I shall be glad if they are in Purgatory, and will allow Masses to be said for them over and above.*

*I should blefs God if she were deaf, and tongue-ty'd, which are parts that tire company and cut off visits; and above all should be proud she were ill natur'd, for a fair condition'd Woman is always harp-*

ing upon the same string, and saying, That if she were like other Women, and that her foolish good nature is to blame.

But the best of all were, if she would consent that we might live without an old Governant, or at least, if she would be satisfy'd, we should keep half a one between us, that is a little Old Woman with little Head-cloths and less Petticoats, that the eyes might be deliver'd from the nauseousness of the Governant, before they are quite off of the Specter. Besides, it were most reasonable, since the Governants are the Scare-crows of the Anti-chambers, plac'd there to secure the forbidden Fruit of the young Damzels, that they should be cloath'd like Peasants with a Cap, a Staff, Buskins, and instead of a mourning Veil, a mumping long Cloak, because they are skill'd in the art of Begging, and that they be call'd by an additional name Mumpers, as the Emperors are stil'd Cæsars. That I may end seriously and with Truth, as I began, I must tell your Excellency, I shall highly prize a VVife, if she be such as I wish her; and do know how to bear with her, if she be such as I deserve; for I may be unhappily marry'd, but I cannot be an ill Husband. God grant your Excellency a long and happy life, and prolong the days of my Lord Duke, giving you that issue that is requisite to your Family and Grandeur.

F O R-

---



---

# FORTUNE

IN HER

# WITS,

AND THE

## Hour of all Men.

**J**OVE in a Splenatick Rage rent his very Throat, and pierc'd the Earth with his Bawling; for to say it only pierc'd the Heaven, where he resided, had not been an Expression emphatical enough. He summon'd all the Gods in great hast to assemble before him in Council. The first that appear'd was *Mars*, that Celestial Don *Quixot*, arm'd Cap-a-pee, with his Spear advanc'd, and making Passes in the Air. Next to him came the Platter-fac'd Deity *Bacchus*, with a Periwig made of Vine-Branches, his Eyes overflowing, his Mouth like a Wine-Press, belching out Liquor at second hand, his Speech Stammering, his Steps Reeling, and his Brain intoxicated with the Juice of the Grape. On



the other side appear'd Hobbling *Saturn*, that Bugbear, Child-eating Deity, gorging himself with his own Sons. With him came Dripping *Neptune*, the Watery God, that bears an Old Woman's Jaw-bone instead of a Scepter; for that is the English of a Trident; about him hung the Sea-weeds like Rags, clung together with the Spawn of Fish, smelling strong as of a *Friday* Dinner; and with the Water that ran from him laying the Dust of the Charcoal rais'd by his Follower *Pluto*, a God of Devils, with his Head and Face powder'd with Soot, perfum'd with Brimstone and Gunpowder, and cloath'd in such profound Darkness, that he was scarce discernable, tho close follow'd by the Glaring Sun, with his Brazen Face and Tinsel Beard: That Fox-colour'd rambling Planet, that winds up the Threads of all Lives, affects being close Trimm'd, doats on the Guitar and the Lute, and yet is employ'd in tacking of Days one upon the back of another, and heaping of Years and Ages, having conspir'd with Cares and Appoplexies for the Peopling of Church-yards. *Venus*, as she came, fill'd the Heavens with the vast Circumference of her Fardingale, hiding the Five *Zones* under her Petticoats, her Face but half lick'd, and the Tower that was to cover her bald Skull hanging all awry for hast. After her came the *Moon* with her Face cut into Quarters, the Night-walking Lady that only serves to save Candle and Lanthorn. The God *Pan* rush'd in with a great noise, being follow'd by two vast Herds of *Silvans*, *Faunes*, and other Hairy and Cloven-footed Gods of the Woods.

All

All Heaven swarm'd with *Manes, Lemures, Lares*, and other little Deities, who all took their Chairs, the Goddesses \* squatting down like Taylors upon their Legs, the whole Assembly attentively fixing their Eyes upon *Jove*. *Mars* ratling his Armour like the Harmony of a Tinkers Kettle, started up, and looking stern as a Bully after a Beating, thundred out these Words: *Open thy Mouth with a Vengeance, thou mighty Hector of this upper Region, open thy Mouth, I say, and prate, for you seem to be in a Dream.* *Jove* thus accosted in so rough a Dialect, whilst, tho it was Summer, he held the sparkling Thunderbolt, (when it had been much properer to have cool'd himself with a Fan) raising his Voice, that it might sound the greater, answer'd; *Keep your Prating Tongue betwixt your Teeth, and let us call Mercury.* In the twinkling of an Eye *Mercury* dropt before him, holding his little Wand like a Juggler, his Heels fledg'd, and his little Hat in the shape of a Mushroom on his Head. Then *Jove* said, *Thou Ubiquitary God, shoot thy self into the World, and in a trice drag Fortune hitber by the Ears.* In an instant the Spright of *Olympus*, clapping Wings instead of Spurs, to his Heels, vanish'd with such swiftness, that the sight could not distinguish between his departure and return. He came like *Lazarillo* leading Blind Fortune, who with a Staff in one Hand felt out her Way, and in the other held a String, which was a Bridle to a little Dog. She stood a tip-toe upon a Globe, in the midst of a Wheel wound with Threads, Breads, Ribbans, Cords, and Ropes; all which, as it mov'd, knit them-

\* In Spain the Women do not sit on Chairs, but on Cushions upon the Ground.

selves together, and unknit again. Behind, as her Maid, came *Opportunity*, a Broad-fac'd, Flat-nos'd, Bald-pated Wench, only on the top of her Forehead was one single Lock, scarce big enough to make one good Whisker. This Lock was as slippery as an Eell, and play'd in the Air, being mov'd at the breath of every Word. By her Hands it appear'd that *Opportunity* liv'd upon hard labour, and doing all the Drudgery of *Fortune*. All the Gods appear'd disgusted at the sight of *Fortune*, and some of them made signs as if she had turn'd their Stomachs; when she in a squeeking Tone, and speaking at a venture, said; *My Eyes being in their Swadling Clouts, and my sight in the dark, I cannot discover who you are that make up this Assembly; but be you who you will, my discourse is directed to you all, and particularly to thee, O Jove, who spittest thy Thunderbolts after the drippings of the Clouds; tell me what Whimsey came into thy Head to send for me, whereas for so many Ages past thou hast never so much as thought on me: Perhaps thou and the rest of thy Mob of Godlings have forgot how great the extent of my power is, and that I have toss'd about both thee and them no less than I do poor Mortals.* *Jove* swelling, and looking stern, reply'd; *Thou Sot, thy Extravagancies, thy Follies, and thy Wickedness, are so great, that Mortals believe, since we do not curb thee, there are no Deities, that Heaven lies wast, and that I am a poor insignificant God: They complain, that thou givest to Villanies those Rewards which are due to Merit; that Virtue is unregarded, and Vice encourag'd; that thou placest those in the Judgment-Seats, who ought to be prefer'd to the Gal-*  
*lows;*



lows; that thou bestow'st Dignities on those whose Ears should be Nail'd to the Pillory; and that thou oppress'st and impoverish'st those thou oughtest to raise and enrich. Fortune looking pale with anger, and chafing, said; I am no Fool, I know what I do, and all my actions are guided by Prudence: You who call me rash Sot, remember you Kackled like a Goose to Leda, that you play'd the false Coiner with Danae, that you Bellow'd and acted the Bull for Europa, and have been guilty of a thousand other Roguish mad Pranks, and that all those who attend you have been only Crows and Magpies; None of which Fopperies can be laid to my charge. If Persons of Merit are laid aside, and Virtuous Men pass unrewarded, the fault is not altogether mine; many despise what I offer them, and their Modesty is laid at my door as a Crime; Others rather than stretch out their hands, let slip what I tender them; Others snatch it from me without my consent; More Men are enrich'd by forcing it from me, than by my free gift. There are more that steal what I refuse, than that keep what I give them; Many receive of me that they know not how to preserve, they lose it and pretend I take it from them; Many accuse me for misplacing Gifts on others, which would be much worse employ'd on themselves; There is no Man happy without being envy'd by many, and no Man is miserable without being contemn'd by all; This Maid has always serv'd me, without her I have never done any thing; her Name is Opportunity; hear her, and learn of a Drudging Wench how to judge of things. Then Opportunity letting her Tongue run for fear of letting her self slip, said; I am that sort of good natur'd Female that offer my self to all Men, many find but few enjoy me; I am

*a Female Sampsones, for all my strength lies in my Hair; he that can hold fast by my Lock, need not fear to be thrown by my Mistress: It is I that manage, I that distribute her, and when Men know not how to pursue their own interests, and make their advantages, they lay all the blame upon me: Folly and Ignorance have furnish'd Men with these Hellish Sentences; Who would have believ'd? I did not think. I did not reflect on it. I did not know. It is well enough yet. What matter's it. It is neither here nor there. To morrow will do. There's time enough. There is no wanting an Opportunity. I slipt my time. I know my own business. I am no Fool. Let not that trouble you. I am bound to see it. That's a Jest. Never believe it. I'll do my own business. I shall not want. God will provide. All days are not alike. If one thing fails, another hits. 'Tis well enough. What is that to him? It is my Opinion. It cannot be. Do not tell me. I can see into it. Time will shew it. Let the World run. It is I that am to answer for it. I am no such Man. Very likely. Let them talk as they please. Over Shooes over Boots. I understand Trap. Time will shew, they say, and But, and Perhaps, and the Conclusion of all positive Blockheads, Come what will. These Follies make Men Conceited, Sloathful and Careless; These are the Gaps that I slip out at; These are the Rubs that overset my Mistress's Wheel; and these the Gusts that split her Sail. Then if the Fools let me slip by them, what fault is it in me to be gone? If they lay the Rubs in the way of my Mistress's Wheel, why do they complain of its jolting? If they know it is a*  
*Wheel,*

Wheel, whereof every part is sometimes up and sometimes down, and that each part descends in order to rise, and rises in order to fall again, why do they entangle themselves in it? The Sun has stood still, the Wheel of Fortune never did. Who-soever has thought to fix it, only gave it a check that it might whirl again with the greater fury. Its motion, like that of Time, puts a period to all Worldly Felicities and Calamities, to all the Lives in the World, and by degrees to the World it self. This, O Jove, is matter of fact, let who will Gainsay it.

Fortune encourag'd at these Words, and turning on all hands like a Weathercock, said; Opportunity has discover'd how unjustly I am accus'd; however, I am resolv'd my self to convince thee, thou Supream Thunderer, and all thy Company, carousing in Nectar and Ambrosia, notwithstanding that I always had, now have, and shall ever continue to have as much power over you, as over the meanest Rabble in the World. I hope to see your Divinities starving with Hunger and Cold for want of Victims, and that not so much as as black Pudding shall be sacrific'd to you, but you shall only serve to fill up Ballads, and be brought in for Rhime sake in Love Songs, for the Diversi-on of the Mob, and Encouragement of Hawkers.

A Curse light on all thy Designs (quoth the Sun) for so impudently blaspheming against our Power. Were it permitted me, as I am the Sun, I would swelter thee with Heat, scorch thee with my Rays, and make thee run mad with the Head-ach. Go dry up the Dirt (said Fortune) ripen Cucumbers, furnish Plagues for the good of Physicians, and assist those that louse themselves at thy Light; for know



*I have seen you keep Cows, and run after a Wench, who, tho you was the Sun, left you in the dark. Remember your Son was burnt to death like a Heretick, therefore be silent hereafter, and let those speak to whom it belongs. Then Jove with all his gravity utter'd these Words; Fortune, both you, and that impudent Wench thy Servant, are much in the right, in many things you have said; however, for the general satisfaction of all People, it is irrevocably decreed, that on the same day and hour throughout the whole World, every Man be put into those Circumstances he justly deserves. This must be, therefore appoint the day and the hour. Fortune reply'd, To what purpose is it to delay what must be, let it be to day, let us know what time of the day it is. The Sun, who is the Standard of Clockmakers, answer'd; This is the 20th of June, as to the time of the day, it is Three and three quarters and six minutes after Noon. Mind then (quoth Fortune) and as soon as it strikes Four, you shall see how affairs go upon Earth. Then falling to work, she began to greaze the Axletree of her Wheel, to settle the Spokes, remove the Nails, and entangle several Cords, slackning some, and straining others, till the Sun cry'd out, and said; It is just Four, neither over nor under, for this very instant I have brought the shade of the Gnomons of all Clocks upon the fourth Postmeridian Line. No sooner had he utter'd these Words than Fortune, as if she had been playing on a Cymbal, began to unwind her Wheel, which whirling about like a Hurrican, hudled all the World into an unparalell'd confusion. Fortune gave a mighty Squeek, saying, Fly Wheel, and the Devil drive thee. That*

That very moment, a Physician riding along on his Mule, a Snails Gallop, in pursuit of Diseases, was surpriz'd by the wonderful influence of that Hour, which was to give all Men their due, and on a sudden he found himself in the Posture of a Hangman, with his Legs a-cross the Shoulders of his Patient, crying, *Credo* instead of *Recipe*, as if he had been going to turn him off the Ladder.

At a small distance follow'd in the same Street a Criminal that was Whip'd, the Cryer before proclaiming his Misdemeanours, the Hangman behind lashing him, he riding upon an Ass, and naked from the Waste upward like a Galley Slave. This was his posture at the Striking of the Clock, which was no sooner over, but the Horse

the \* *Alguazil* rid on, threw him, and the Ass the Criminal; The Horse took up the Criminal, and the Ass the *Alguazil*; and thus having chang'd Stations, he began to be lash'd who before attended the Execution, and he to attend who before was lash'd. The

\* Scribe alighted to set all again to rights, and taking out his Pen it grew out into a Galley Oar, and instead of Writing, he began to Row.

† The Scavengers Carts passing through another Street at the first moment of the Hour, stopp'd before an Apothecary's Shop, and on a sudden all the Dirt began to fly out of the Cart into the Shop, whence the Pots and Glasses leap'd out into the Carts with wonderful

*The Physician.*

*The Alguazil.*

\* *Alguazil is an Officer in Spain that apprehends Criminals, and attends the Execution of Justice. Criminals in Spain are carried to the Gallows, and Whip'd upon an Ass.*

\* *The Scribe, in Spanish Escrivano is a sort of Clerk almost inseparable from the Alguazil.*

† *The Apothecary.*

derful noise and confusion. But the Dirt and the Pots meeting, as the one went in and the other out, it was observ'd, that the Dirt very squeamishly cry'd out, *Keep off*. Mean while the Dust-men were not idle, but with their Brooms and Shovels swept together and threw up into the Carts heaps of Painted Whores, Pocky Beaus, and Powder'd Fops.

*The Cheat.*

A certain notorious Knave had built a sumptuous House, not much inferiour to a Palace, with a stately Porch, and over it a Noble Coat of Arms cut in Stone, and an Inscription as if he had been of some considerable Family. The Owner was an errant Thief, who under the shadow of his Employ had stole the whole Cost of the Fabrick. He was then in the House, and at the Door was a Bill signifying three Apartments were there to be let. The Hour came, O good God, who can express such a Prodigy? Every Stone, every Brick in the whole Structure, fell asunder, the Tiles flew some to the top of one House, and some to another, the Rafters, Doors and Windows hurry'd into severall Houses, to the terror of the Owners, who look'd upon this Restitution as the effects of an Earthquake, and thought it was the end of the World. The Iron Bars and Grates walk'd about the streets seeking whom they belong'd to. The Arms that stood over the Doors posted away to a Country Gentleman's seat, whence this Cursed Villain pretended himself to be descended. The Rogue himself stripp'd of his Fabrick, was left alone at the Corner of a Street, with only the Bill upon him which had been at the



the Door, but so chang'd, that whereas before the purport of it was, This House is to be Lett unfurnish'd, inquire within of the Landlord: Now it was, This Thief is to be Lett unfurnish'd, whosoever will hire him may come in without knocking, *since the House does not binder it.*

Opposite to this Man liv'd a Pawnbroker, *Pawn-Broker.* who seeing his Neighbour's House vanish, thought to secure himself, saying, *The Houses remove from their Landlords, this is a base invention.* But tho he us'd the utmost diligence to secure himself, the hour was come, and on

a sudden an Escritoire, a Silver Table, and a rich Hanging which he kept in Captivity, being Pawn'd to him, flew from the Walls with such violence, that a piece of the hanging in its way to the Window wound it self about him, and carry'd him through the Air above an hundred paces, where he drop'd on the top of a House, not without some bruises. From thence to his unspeakable Grief, he saw all he had hurry'd away to the right Owners.

After all the rest came out the Letters of Nobility, upon which he had lent a Sum of Money to the Gentleman they belong'd to, for two Months, on condition to receive five and Twenty per Cent. Interest for that short time. These Letters, to his astonishment, as they pass'd by him, said, *Thou Barbarous Tyrant over Pawns, if our Master for our sake cannot be arrested for Debt, what reason can you show, to keep us in Prison?* This said, they leap'd into a Cooks shop, where the Gentleman that own'd them sat with a hungry Belly, envying

*In Spain  
Gentlemen  
take out  
their Letters of  
Nobility,  
which  
whosoever  
can show,  
is free  
from Arrests.*

ing every bit he saw another put into his Mouth.

*The Talker.*

An Eternal Talker, who lavish'd as many words, as would have furnish'd half a score intolerable Bablers, and whose Tongue seem'd to be the perpetual motion so long sought after, was busy confounding his whole Neighbourhood with the overflowing of his clack; when, on a sudden, the hour being come, his Tongue was ty'd up, and he struggling to run on, only stutter'd and stammer'd the same syllables over, without end; and finding his Mouth stopp'd, his very Eyes and Ears seem'd to forget their own Office, and burst out into talk.

*The Judges.*

Five Judges were sitting on the Bench upon a Tryal; one of them meerly out of ill nature was projecting how he might cast both Parties. Another being a downright Ignoramus, and understanding nothing of the matter, was resolv'd to give his opinion, as all Blockheads do, at a venture. The Third, a doating old Fellow, who had slept most part of the Tryal, giving Judgment like *Pilate's Wife*, by Dreams, was considering with which of his Fellows he should close in opinion at random. The Fourth who was a Learned and Upright Judge, sat like a Cypher next to the last, who being corrupted with Bribes, strain'd the sense of the Law, and drew over to his Party the other three; but at the very instant of giving Judgment the hour commenc'd, and instead of saying, The Court is of opinion, that such a one is Cast and Condemn'd, he said, *The Court does award, that we be Damn'd, and accordingly*

*we*

we are Damn'd. Be the Sentence fulfill'd, said an unknown Voice. In a moment their Gowns were converted into Snake-skins, and they falling together by the Ears, soon stripp'd one anothers Faces, every one carrying away his Neighbours Beard, to show that their Judgment lay in their Fingers, and not in their Heads.

A Match-maker was busie intoxicating an Honest Man's Brain, who being weary of a quiet Life and a good Estate, was thinking to Marry: he propos'd to him a consummated Jilt, and set her off in this manner. *Sir, I will not commend her Birth, because, God be prais'd, you have quality enough to bestow on her; as for Riches, you are plentifully provided; Beauty in a Wife is a thing of dangerous consequence; as for matter of Judgment, it is you that are to govern her, and you do not take her for a Counsellor; ill humours she is not troubled with, her Tears are but few, (yet he meant she had but few to live) she has all the other good Qualities you could wish. The poor Man in a passion cry'd out, Thou accursed Devil, what other good qualities can she have, since you own she is neither well Born, Rich, Beautiful nor Discreet; and all you can say for her is, that she is not ill-natur'd. Scarce had he done when the Hour began, and the Cursed Match-maker, who acts the Taylor at Weddings, Stealing, Lying, Cheating, Patching and Piecing, found himself Marry'd to the Monster, he would have vamp'd upon the other Man; and the new Couple falling upon one another, went off Kicking and Scratching, and Crying-by turns,*

G g

Who



*Who are you? What Fortune did you bring, you are not worthy to wipe my Shoes.*

*A Poet.*

A Poet having seated himself among an Assembly of Wits, was reading to them a Pedantick obscure Poem of his own composing, so stuff'd with Latinisms, so cramp'd with Syncopa's, so entangl'd with Parentheses, and so perplex'd with Similies and Allusions, that none of the Company could find either head or tail to it. Upon the turn of the Hour he had gone half way through his *Jargon*, or confusion of Languages, and all the Hearers pressing upon him, to pick out, if possible, some meaning from that Chaos of hard Words, one of them who held a Candle in his hand to inform himself the better by over-looking the Paper, put it so close that the unfortunate Poem took Fire. The Poet stamp'd and tore his Hair, seeing all his labour condemn'd to the Flames; but he that had fir'd it pacify'd him, saying, *These Verses are like old tarnish'd Silver Lace, they must be first burnt, and then perhaps you may separate the pure Metal from the Dross.*

*The Whore.*

A Topping Whore sailing out of her Lodging with a mighty Fardingal, so large she could scarce crowd through her narrow Entry, and fill'd both sides of the Street with the vast compass of her Coats, was overtaken by the first Minute of the all-ruling Hour, and on a sudden being set upon her Head, appear'd like a Bell inverted. Here was discover'd a vast Fardel of Rags that compos'd a Rump-rowl, with a Piece of Tapestry Hanging rowl'd up to set out her Hips, which in the turn loosening, and falling over her Belly, there appear'd

at

at the bottom of it an *Holofernes's* Head. The whole Street was alarm'd with the Shouts of the Rabble that beheld her. She Skreik'd, but her Voice being drown'd in the labyrinth of her Petticoats fallen about her Head, the noise sounded as if it came out from a deep Cavern. She had certainly been stifled in the Crowd, but that at the same time a Beau strutting along the Street with false Calves, and three false Teeth; and two Dotards with their grey Hair, and Beard coloured black; and 3 old Bald-pated Fellows that wore Periwigs; They were all surpriz'd by the Influence of that Hour. The Beau feeling his Calves sink away, thought to cry for help, believing his Legs would be stolen; but at the first motion of his Tongue, out drops his Teeth. The Dotards Beards and Hair became as grey as a Badger, so that they scarce knew one another; and the Bald Fellows Periwigs flew away with their Hats, leaving them nothing differing from bare Skuls, but that they wore Whiskers:

A certain Nobleman had a Favourite Do-  
mestick who devour'd his Substance, this Do-  
mestick was cheated by his Servant, the Ser-  
vant by his Man, the Man by his Friend, the  
Friend by his Wench, and the Wench was  
deluded by the Devil. Now the Hour being  
come, the Devil who seem'd to be at such a  
distance from the Lord, seizes upon the  
Whore, the Whore on her Spark, the Spark  
on the Man, the Man on the Servant, the  
Servant on his Master, and the Master on his  
Lord, and the Devil possessing him, after run-  
ning the Gauntlet through the Whore, the

*The No-  
bleman.*

Bully, the Man, the Servant and Domestick, in a Hellish Rage he falls upon his Domestick, the Domestick on his Servant, the Servant on his Man, the Man on his Friend, the Friend on his Whore, and she lay'd about upon them all; and thus exagitated by Furies, they tore one another to pieces: All their Frauds and Villanies were laid open, and the Devil, who had manag'd the whole Contrivance without discovery, swept them away all in a Cluster.

*The Rich  
Wife.*

A Rich Marry'd Woman sat at her Dressing Table, plaistering up her wrinkled freckly Skin, sleeking her Weather-beaten Forehead, drawing Eye-brows with a Pencil, colouring her decay'd Cheeks with Spanish Wooll, and dying her pale Lips of a lively Cherry colour. By her, as an Assistant, kneel'd a Decrepid old Governant like a Skeleton, Dress'd up, holding a Tour of an extraordinary magnitude. Next to her stood a young Chambermaid, yet a Novice at the Trade of Daubing, and in her Hands a pair of Iron Bolster'd Bodies, contriv'd to rectify two mighty Excrescencies that discompos'd the Figure of the Body. In this posture sat the Lady confounding and shaming her very Looking-glass, when the Hour commenc'd, and she led by the powerful influence thereof, began to lay about her, applying the White-wash to her Hair, the Black Lead to her Teeth, the Red to her Eye-brows and Forehead, clapping the Tower on her Jaws, and lacing on the Bolster'd Bodies the wrong way. Thus in a moment she was converted into a Scarecrow, with a curled Beard, and four Hunches more gastly and frightful than an Hobgoblin. The Gover-



Governant thinking she was distracted, started up, and fled with might and main; the Chambermaid sounded away as if she had seen the Devil, and the Lady enrag'd in that horrible posture scour'd after the Governant. The noise brought the Husband, who seeing his Wife, thought she was possess'd by some Malignant Spirit, and ran with speed to call a Priest to apply Exorcisms to her.

A Sovereign Prince resolv'd to be present *Abuses in* himself at a Goal Delivery, being inform'd *Goals.* that his Officers made the Prison their Market, where they bought and sold Crimes and Criminals at all sorts of Rates and Prizes, exchanging Robbers for Gold, and Murderers for ready Money. He order'd the Prisoners to be brought before him, and found they had been apprehended for the Crimes they had committed, but were detain'd through the Avarice of their Keepers, who computed what some had and might have stolen, and what others had or might have of their own: so that their Cause was depending as long as their Stock lasted, and the day it expir'd was the day they were punish'd; it being plain they were apprehended for the ill they had done, and executed for what they had not. Among the rest were two condemn'd to be Hang'd the next day. One of these having compounded with his Adversary, was kept as a Prisoner at large. The other they design'd to Hang for Robbing, after having been three years a Prisoner, during which time they had devour'd all he stole, and all he, his Father, and Wife, by whom he had two Children,

were worth. Thus far had this Prince proceeded when the Hour commenc'd, and he turning pale with anger, said ; *This Man you design'd to discharge because he has compounded with his Adversary, shall be hang'd to morrow ; for the contrary would be exposing of Lives to Sale, and the Price of buying off an Appeal would prove the purchase of a Husband's Blood from the Wife, of the Father's from a Son, and of a Son's from the Father ; so that Pardon's for Murder being to be bought, a Rate would be set upon every Man's Life, and thus all Examples of Justice would cease, it being an easie matter to perswade the Appellant, that a Thousand or five hundred Crowns will do him more good, than the Hanging of his Enemy.* There are two Parties concern'd in all Publick Offences, viz. Justice, and the Person Offended, and it is no less necessary that the former should punish, than that the latter should forgive. *This Thief, whom after three years imprisonment you intended to Hang, shall be discharg'd ; for as it had been justice to Hang him three years ago, so now it would be a Barbarous Wrong, because in him you would hang his Father, Wife, and Children, who are innocent, and whose Substance by these delays you have devour'd.* I remember a Story of a Man, who enrag'd that the Mice gnaw'd his Papers, Crusts of Bread, Parings of Cheese, and old Shoes, took in Cats to destroy the Mice ; but perceiving the Cats not only eat the Mice, but stole his Meat out of the Pot, and tore it off the Spit, that one day they spoil'd a Fowl, and another a whole Joint of Meat, he kill'd the Cats, and said, The Mice for my Money. Do you apply the Moral to this Fable, since you like Devouring

*vouring* Cats, instead of cleansing the State from Vermin, do catch and eat the Thieves, who are little Mice, that pick a Pocket, cut a Purse, snatch a Hat, or steal a Cloak; and at the same time you waste the Country, consume Estates, and destroy whole Families. Infamous Wretches, I will rather endure Mice than maintain Cats. This said, he order'd all the Prisoners to be discharg'd, and the Officers to be apprehended. There was a wonderful Noise and Confusion, those lamented who before were inexorable; and the Prisoners loaded those with Fetters and Chains, who before had Fetter'd them.

Several Women appear'd in a Street, some of them a-foot, and tho many were well stricken in years, they trip'd it along like young Girls, proud of their little Feet and white Petticoats. Others were pack'd up in a Coach, dissembling their Age with their Coy Looks, and playing with their white Hands. Others Dress'd like *Bartholomew* Babies, and afraid the Air should discompose them, were set up in Glass Cupboards or Sedans, carry'd by greasy Fellows, the farthest prospect of the Lady's Eyes being the neighbouring Haunches of the foremost, and the next Perfume to their Noses proceeding from his sweaty Feet, which being free from the encumbrance of Socks, sent it up the fresher. All of them were as gay as young Girls, striving to be taken for such, concealing their Age as they would their Shame, and Ogleing with those Eyes that were ready to sink into their Heads. Upon the very

*Old Women hiding their Age.*



entrance of the Hour, they were met by *Maximus*, *Origanus*, *Argolius*, and a pack of other ancient Astrologers, with their Ephemerides in their Hands, who presently attack'd them, to fix upon every one the date of her Life to the very year, day, hour, minute, and second of their Nativity. These Conjurers set up a Cry, *Own your Age, ye Wretches, since it is your Doom, you are Forty two years old, 2 months, 5 days, 2 hours, 9 minutes, and 20 seconds*, says one of the Astrologers to one of the Ladies. Good God! who can express the terrible Shreiks she rais'd; all that could be understood was, *You lye, it is false, I am not Fifteen; Lord, what a Rogue this is to say such a thing!* Another cry'd, *I am not Eighteen;* a Third, *I am but Thirteen;* *I am a mere Child, an Infant*, crys another. *Origanus* was writing her Age upon the Back of one, as if it had been a Bill upon a Door, and it was to this effect; *This Woman was deliver'd into the World in the Year 1629.* She perceiving by this means, it would appear she was 67 Years of Age, all in a rage cry'd out, *Thou old doating Emblem of Death, I am but just come into the World, my Teeth are not all cut. Thou decay'd piece of Antiquity*, reply'd *Origanus*, *Teeth will never spring under old Stumps, look upon your Date: I'll own no Date*, quoth she, and thus falling together by the Ears, the controversie ended in a wonderful confusion.

*Sycophants.*

After a sumptuous Dinner, a mighty Potentate fate lulling his Pride with the false Flatteries that fell from the mouths of his Servants.

A

A grumbling noise resounded from his cram'd Gutts, which could not agree in the Cooks-shop of his Belly, with the strange medly of varieties he had devour'd. He foam'd at the Mouth, the Wine boiling over, and his whole Face was inflam'd and bloated with the exhalation of his Stomach. At each word he utter'd, tho never so stupid, the standers by, like Men in a Frenzie, pour'd out Superlative Encomiums : An admirable sentence crys one ; nothing could be exprest finer, says another ; most incomparable words says a Third ; and lastly, a Parasite who labour'd to out-flatter all the rest, straining a lye to the utmost pitch, exclames, *Learning it self stands amaz'd to hear you, and even admiration is out-done.* The great Man strutting, and fetching up two or three Gulps, the fore-runners of a Vomit, drivell'd out these words, *I am much concern'd for the loss of my two Ships.* Immediately the Parasites renew'd their Flatteries, and Romancing without measure, one of them reply'd, *That that loss redounded to his Honour, that it fell out as could have been wish'd, and nothing could have happen'd more opportunely, since it administred an Opportunity of falling out with his Neighbours, from whom he might take two hundred in lieu of those two, which might easily be compass'd.* To prove this, the false Flatterer produc'd many examples. Another said, *That loss was the greatest Testimony of his Grandeur, for only he was a great Prince who had much to lose ; that losing was a better demonstration of Power, than gaining and acquiring, which were the Practice of Pyrates and Robbers.* That damage sustain'd, he added, would be the enriching

enriching of him; and then began to fill his Ears with sentences out of Tacitus, Salust, Polybius, Thucidides, and other Authors; representing the vast losses of the Greeks and Romans, and a Thousand other extravagancies. The mighty Glutton, who only study'd how to excuse his sloath, took these falsehoods as full satisfaction for his loss. The Devil himself could not have contriv'd a better way to infatuate him. At this time the crudity of his Stomach, for want of digestion, cast up a Belch, which made the room to Eccho. No sooner had the Cursed Parasites heard it, than kneeling down to make him believe he had sneez'd, they unanimously said, *God bless you.* That very minute began the Hour, and the great Man raving as if exagitated by furies, cry'd out, *Villains, since you would impose upon me so far as to make a Belch pass for a Sneeze, tho my Mouth and my Nose are so close together, what can I expect you would do in those things I neither see nor smell.* Then shaking his Hands about his Ears, as if he were driving away their Lyes, he ran at them and kick'd them out of the Palace, saying, *Had these Fellows come upon me when I had a Cold, they had utterly undone me; one sense that was left me prov'd their ruin; there is no greater happiness than Smelling.*

The  
Cheats.

The Misers warn'd by costly experience, separated themselves from the Cheats, and these rather than lose their Trade attack'd one another, disguising their Words, and counterfeiting Plain Dealing. Says one Cheat to another, *Sir, having paid dear for dealing with Sharpers, who have been my ruin, I come to you*  
who



who are no stranger to my Honesty, to desire you will lend me 3000 Royals \* in Brass, upon a Bill \* There which is accepted and payable in Silver within two are such Months ; the party the Bill is drawn upon is so re- quantities sponsible, the Money is as good as if you had it of Copper- Money in in your Pocket, and you will have no further trou- Spain, ble than telling of it. But the Man upon whom that great he gave the Bill was the very sink of Fraud Sums are and Deceit. The Sharper who heard the o- often paid ther Sharper commending the Third, preten- in it, and ding not to be acquainted with the qualifica- great Con- tions of either, and arming himself with his sideration is allowed own Weapons, with a doleful Deliberation for Pay- answer'd, That he was just then come abroad to ments in borrow 4000 Royals upon a Pawn that was worth Gold or Silver.

Eight. They all accosted one another with gilt Chains that were to pass for Gold, counterfeit Bills that were accepted, sham Securities, false Notes, Plate they had borrow'd for a Feast, and bits of Glass and Bristol stones under the Title of Diamonds. It was wonderful to hear the discourse that pass'd betwixt them. One said, *Honesty is the best Policy, and plain-dealing is a Jewel. I had rather die in a Ditch than do a base thing. I stand upon my Reputation, 'tis a great blessing not to be afraid to show ones Face ; this has been my Education from my Cradle.* Another of the Cheats answer'd, *There is nothing like keeping touch, an honest Man's Word is as good as his Bond, I never desir'd ill-gotten Riches, I will have nothing that may require restitution, my Soul is more precious to me than all the World, I would not be guilty of one Cheat for all the Riches in the Earth, I value my Conscience above all the Universe contains.* Thus were

were these Dissemblers disguising their sly designs with fair Speeches, when the Hour came upon them, and every Sharper believing his companion, they all ruin'd one another. He that had the false Chain gave it for the Counterfeit Bill, he that show'd the Glass Diamonds exchang'd them for the borrow'd Plate. The Three ran to the Goldsmith, the other with his Bill to the Banker, to compound for half in ready Money, before the Cheat of the Chain was discover'd. The Banker told him the Bill was not his, neither did he know any such Man, and sent him away with a Flea in his Ear. Away slunk the Sharper with his Bill instead of his Tail betwixt his Legs, saying, *O Dog, what a trick had he serv'd me, but that the Chain was made of old Iron.* He that parted with the false Diamonds for the Plate being at the Goldsmith's, selling it for less than the weight, rejoyc'd to think how he had bubbled the other with bits of Glass. In comes the right Owner, and seeing his Plate swing in the Scale, calls an *Alguazil*, and seizes the Cheat for a Thief, and they fell together by the Ears. At the noise out runs he with the false Diamonds: He that was selling the Plate cry'd out, *That Rogue sold it to me.* The other answer'd, *He lies, he stole it from me.* The Goldsmith cry'd, *That Scoundrel would have sold me pebbles for Diamonds.* The Owner of the Plate was for seizing them both; The Scribe was for securing all three till the matter were decided. The *Alguazil* seiz'd the two Cheats, and the Scribe led the Owner of the Plate by the Gloak; after the Rogues had well buffeted one another,

and

and thus well-attended by the Mob, they were led to Goal, and there put into custody of the Hangman's Master of the Wardrobe.

There is a small Island on the Coast of *Den-Projectors*. mark, in which there are Five Towns. The Lord of this place was very poor, rather because he coveted much, than that he wanted for any thing. God had afflicted the Inhabitants with a general inclination in them all to be Projectors, so that the Land seem'd to be infested with as many Monsters as there were Men. All the Neighbouring People shunn'd these Islanders as they would the Plague, for the very Air that came from them was so contagious, it consum'd their Stocks, blasted their Fields, wasted their Treasure, and ruin'd their Trade. So prodigious was the natural Prone-ness to Projecting in that Country, that the very sucking Babes instead of *Daddy* and *Mammy*, cry'd nothing but *Project*. The whole Island was a confus'd Chaos, for Man and Wife, Father and Son, Neighbour and Neighbour, were ever jangling and bawling about their Projects, and they were as intoxicated with them, as if they had been drunk with Wine. The Lord of this place, (Avarice, which is one of the worst Devils that distract the World, having gain'd the ascendant over him) order'd a general gathering of Projects. Legions of Projectors assembled before his Palace, with Skrips and Scroles of Paper stuck in their Girdles, run through their Button-holes, and peeping out of their Pockets. The Lord having made known his Wants, demanded their Assistance, and they all at once laying



ing hold of their Papers, and crowding till they had almost stifled one another, in an instant heap'd up four Tables with their Memoirs. The hurry being somewhat over, he began to look over them. The first Paper he open'd was Entitled to this effect: *A Project for getting an infinite quantity of Silver and Gold, without asking, or taking it from any body.* A difficult Proposition in my mind, says the Lord. The second: *How to gather unmeasurable Treasure by taking what they have from all Men, and enriching them by taking it away.* The first part, quoth the Lord, of taking from all Men, I like; but as to the second, which is to enrich them by taking it from them, I am dubious, yet let them look to that. The third: *An easie, pleasing, and just Project for amassing of many Millions, in such manner, that they who are to pay them shall not miss them, but rather shall think they are bestow'd on them.* This I approve of, leaving the perswasive part to the Projector. The fourth Project undertakes to make what is deficient to superabound, without adding any thing, or taking away, and without giving any Body cause of Complaint. A Project so inoffensive can have nothing of truth in it. The fifth, which offers to furnish all that shall be desir'd, directs to take by fair and foul Means, and to ask of all Men, and they will give themselves to the Devil. This Project having to do with the Devil, seem'd practicable. The Author encourag'd by this Approbation, added: *And, I propose, that those who levy it, shall be a comfort to them that suffer by it.* The Devil put it into his

his Head to let slip that Word, Furies possess the Projectors, who thunder out Reproaches against him, calling him, *Sot and Dog*, and crying, *Thou Scoundrel, Hell it self could never have propos'd a Comfort in Tax-gatherers, they themselves being the greatest of Grievances.* They call'd one another *Sons of Projectors*, as it had been *Sons of Whores*, condemning one another's Proposals, and each approving only of his own. In the height of this Fray, many of the Lord's Servants came running, and crying, the Palace was a-fire in three several places, and the Wind blew high. Just then began the Hour, the Smoke was great, and the Flame ascended. The Lord in that Consternation knew not which way to turn himself. The Projectors bid him sit still, and they would set all to rights in a moment; and rushing out from his Presence, some laid Hands on all they found in the House, casting the Cabinets, Tables, Glasses, and all that was of value, out at the Windows; others with Sledges overthrew a Tower; others saying, the Fire would cease as soon as it had vent, uncover'd a great part of the House, breaking down the Roofs, and destroying all that stood in their way. None of them went about to quench the Fire, but all were employ'd in pulling down the House, and confounding all that was in it. The Lord seeing the Smoke decrease, went out, and found, that the Common People with his Officers and Servants had overcome the Fire, yet at the same time perceiv'd the Projectors were tearing up the very Foundations, had demolish'd his Palace, and spoil'd all his Furniture:

niture: Incens'd and raging at this hideous sight, he cry'd out, *Dogs, you are worse than the Fire, and such are all your Projects; it were better I had been burnt, than to have given ear to you, so destructive are all the Remedies you apply. You overturn a whole House for fear a Corner of it should fall, and throw the best Goods into the Street, pretending to save them. You feed a Prince with his own Limbs, and pretend to maintain him, when at the same time he is devouring himself. If the Head devours its whole Body, it will remain a Cancer and not a Man. Villains, justly did the Fire come to burn me for gathering and suffering you to live, but when it perceiv'd me in the power of Projectors it ceas'd, concluding I was already consum'd. Fire is the the most Merciful of Projectors, for Water quenches it, but you increase in spight of all the Elements. Antichrist will be a Projector, and shall burn you all alive, and keep your Ashes to make Lye to wash out the Stains of all Commonwealths. Princes may be Poor, but when once they have to do with Projectors, they cease to be Princes to avoid being Poor.*

*Bawds  
and Filts.*

The Bawds and Whores had gather'd a wicked Council, where they rail'd at the Purfes they could not come at, and spoke ill of Money that was out of their reach. The ancientest of the Bawds, mumbling her Words betwixt her Gums with a hollow Tone, proceeding from the want of Teeth, grunted out these Words to the Assembly; *The World is now at the last gasp, it is a starving Age, things are at the worst, Fairings and New-years-gifts are long since out of date, Love-Offerings are scarce remembered, Money is come to that pass no body knows*  
it,



it, and it is vanish'd from our sight; a Crown Piece is shewn about as if it were an Elephant, and Pistoles are Stil'd of Blessed Memory. Promises have succeeded in the place of ready Coin. A Compliment, with, You may rely upon my Word, is the common Stop-gap, and an empty Note passes for current Cash. Your Spruce Beaus with Busby Wigs and long Sword-knots, will reduce you to a Morsel of Bread. Our business is to have and to hold, to seize the ready Rino, and to be pay'd before-hand. I recommend to you certain Men that are half-rotten, that live in the space betwixt Dotation and the Grave, that trim up a walking Skeleton, and lay up for no Heir but their Luxury, paying well for the weakness of their Limbs. Interest takes away all squeamishness; shut your Eyes, and stop your Noses, as if you were swallowing a Purge; a Bitter Draught is sometimes a wholesome Medicine. Make account that you burn old Lace for the Silver, or suck a Bone to get out the Marrow. I have half a dozen of dry old Dotards who spit Pieces of Eight for every one of you. I do not desire the thirds, but shall be satisfy'd with some small Allowance to keep up that Reputation I have preserv'd all my Life. She said, and closing her Chin with the tip of her Nose, made a Face like a Nut-cracker. One of the young Harpies reply'd; Thou Antiquated Contriver of Delight, Coupler of Male and Female, Tacker of Nations, Foyner of GIBLETS, and Counterfeiter of Faces, consider we are too young to be sold to impotent Curmudgeons, make use of your Rhetorick among the decay'd Governants, who are but Walking Carcasses playing about the Grave, as Butterflies do about a Candle, till they drop into it. Young Blood is more inclin'd to the Flesh than to Money,

and prefers Pleasure before Riches, therefore let me advise you to choose some other Trade, for *Quality* has now taken up that of Bawding, and I hope to see rotten Eggs thrown at their Coaches instead of the Pillory. Scarce had the Night-walker spoke the last Word when the Hour began, and a whole Shoal of Creditors rushing in, fell upon them. The Landlord seiz'd the Beds and Hangings for House-Rent, the Upholsterer their Cloaths for the Hire of his Goods, till both with a hideous Noise fell foul of each other. At the same time a Broker puts in for his Cloaths. The Wenches they Skreik'd, calling them, Rude unmannerly Fellows, threatening what they would do, and swearing they would never put up such an Affront. The damn'd old Bawd bless'd her self with both Hands, and roar'd as high as the loudest. In comes a Bully to one of the Jilts, and without asking Questions draws his Sword, and falls upon the Creditors, calling them Thieves and Robbers. They drew, and in the Fray overturn'd and broke all the Goods in the Room. The Wenches ran to the Windows, crying, *Help, Help, Murder, Murder*. At this Summons up comes an *Alguazil* with all his Retinue, bidding them keep the King's Peace. The Broil grew hottest upon the Stairs, till out they rusht into the Street, some Wounded, others with their Cloaths rent. The Russian with a broken Head, but without Hat or Cloak, took sanctuary in a Church. The *Alguazil* entered the House, and seeing the old Woman, laid violent Hands on her, saying, *Art thou here still, old Beelzebub, after having been thrice banish'd? Thou art the Ringleader of all this Mis-*  
chief.

chief. Then seizing her with the young Fry, and securing all they had, he drove them away half Naked, with their Hair about their Ears, to Goal, all the Rabble attending and shouting, *Away with the Whores.*

A Councillor at Law whose greatest Learn-<sup>The Law</sup>ing lay in his grizly Beard, like *Sampson's* yer. Strength in his Hair, sat in a Room better furnish'd with Books than he was with Conscience. His whole Study was how to embroil his Clients, not to consult his Authors, and yet was so proud of his Library, that being a meer *Ignoramus*, it might truly be said, he knew not the value of it. He had gain'd a great Reputation by his Roaring Voice, his moving Gestures, and a wonderful fluency of Tongue, wherewith he bore down all other Lawyers. His Chamber could scarce contain his Clients, every one pressing forward to lay his Case open, and empty his Purse. All his Answers were: *I am fully inform'd. I have Studied the Case. Your Right is undeniable. It agrees with the express Letter of the Law. It is as clear as the day. There is no difficulty in this Suit. It is a Case adjudg'd. The Law is directly on your side. It will easily be determin'd. The Judges are for us. Your Adversary has nothing to say for himself. All that has been done is void in it self. That Judgment must be Revers'd. Be Rul'd by me.* Some he order'd to Petition, others to Appeal, others to Demur, others to put in their Interrogatories, others to bring their Writ of Error, and others to Suborn fresh Witnesses. All that immense number of Volumes was turn'd over, and nothing resounded but an unintelligible confusion



of Law-Gibberish. The Councillor demanded his Fee, the Solicitor his Due, the Attorney his Reward, the Clerk his Perquisites, and the Scrivener his Pay. Whilst they were in this Debate the Hour began, and the Clients, unanimously, as if it had been one Man, cried out; *Good Mr. Serjeant, in all Suits the Adversary is the least of Evils, for he Sues at his own Cost, and you Plead for us at our own; and you, the Solicitor, the Clerk, and the Attorney, run away with our Money. The Adversary waits for Judgment, and pursues upon an Appeal, but you and your Adherents give a definitive Sentence in your own behalf. Our Suit may go for and against us, but in the following of it we must of necessity be cast four times a day, so that in the end we may obtain our Right, but have lost our Money. All those Authors cannot perswade us, but it is a madness to spend what we have, to get what another Man has, and perhaps be at last disappointed. We had rather have one Adversary than five; for supposing the Suit should go on our side, it will be when it has ruin'd us. Lawyers defend their Clients, as Seamen do their Ships in a Storm, throwing over all they have, that if it be God's will they may be brought into their Port empty. The best Advice is to agree amongst our selves, for by agreeing we shall save what you take from us. We are all going to Compound with our Adversaries. Your best Revenues arise out of our Obstinacy, and if we by Compounding should lose all we su'd for, at least we shall gain all that you lose. We would advise you to put a Bill upon your Door, for we think it better to spend our Money upon Whores than Lawyers; and for your part, since*  
*your*

*your only Business has been to set Men together by the Ears, it will be your best course to turn Soldiers or Statesmen.*

The Vintners, a perverse Generation, who *The Vint-  
ners* raise the Price of their Wine, at the same rate that they Brew, Water, and Debase it, selling the Rain disguis'd and discolour'd with Sloes, and the Dregs of their Hogsheads, for the Juice of the Grape, were met in a Tavern to the number of 6 or 7, with as many Bullies and Highway-men, and a *Quorum* of Draggel-Tail Jilts newly whip'd out of *Bridewell*, who Danc'd themselves Dry, and Drank to Dance again. The Bumpers flew about like Lightning, to the Tune of Three in a Hand. *Delicate Wine*, quoth one of the Sparks, perceiving the Cheat, and winking upon the Knave that was to Pledge him. The other, who fear'd it would breed Frogs in his Belly, rather than send Fumes into his Brain, reply'd, *This is truly a Rich Wine, and we Poor Rogues; for the Waters belong to the Rich and not to the Poor.* The Vintner hearing their Flouts, call'd them Sots, bidding them Drink and hold their Peace, *Drink and Swim you should have said*, reply'd one of the good Fellows. This minute began the Hour, and the whole Company growing Mutinous, threw the Pots and Glasses at the Vintner, crying, *Inhuman Water-seller, we are more like Drown'd Rats than Drunkards, thou makest us pay by the Quart for the River Water thou bringest in by the Hogshead, and would put the Fox upon us when thou hast made meer Geese of us. We should wear Jack-boots to drink in your House, that we might keep the Water from our Legs.* The Vintner having nothing

to say for himself, cry'd, *Water, Water*, as if his House had been a-fire, and rowling his Hogheads into the Street, knock'd out the Heads of them, letting the Liquor run down the Channel.

*Pretenders  
to an Em-  
ployment.*

A Swarm of 32 Candidates, all aiming at one Employment, were waiting to speak with the Nobleman in whose Gift it was. Each of them fancy'd himself as deserving, as the rest unworthy of it. Every one bless'd himself, and admir'd at the Madness and Impudence of the rest, for pretending to what he imagin'd to be due to him alone. They beheld one another with Evil Eyes, and Hearts full of Malice, and Meditated how to Slander and Defame. Their Looks were Sower and Starch'd, but their Joints in continual Motion. Every time the Door creak'd, they made a thousand Bows on all Hands, and as many Submissive Graces. Not so much as a Page could pass by without a Loving Salute and kind Look. The Secretary happening to rush through the Room, their Submissions were so profound, as if they would have kiss'd the Ground he trod on. He casting a Glance like a Shame-fac'd Girl, press'd through, saying, *Excuse me Gentlemen, I am now in haste*. The Nobleman call'd for his Desk, and sat to Dispatch Business, when upon a false alarm thinking themselves summon'd to appear, one of the Candidates cries, *It is I*; another, *I come*; and others, *Here I am*, crowding themselves to death against the Door. The poor Lord understanding what a Peal of Petitions attended him, knew not which way to turn himself. He silently curs'd himself, saying, *I*  
was



was one of the greatest Blessings in the World to have to give, provided there were none to ask; and that Favours, that they might not be a plague to him that bestows them, ought to be freely offer'd, and never su'd for. The Dunners impatient of delay, wasted inwardly, considering there was but one Employment, and the Candidates were many. They Calculated the Account Arithmetically, dividing one betwixt 32, and then says they, *What comes to every Mans share?* Then would they have substracted 32 from one, but that could not be, therefore every Man suppos'd himself that one, and apply'd, it cannot be to all the rest. The Lord consider'd, he could please but one, and must disoblige 31; however to be rid of them, he resolv'd they should be admitted, and in order to it, put on a stern Countenance, and look'd like a Statue, that he might appear with more Majesty. In they rush'd in a Crowd, and he perceiving they would all Tongue-pad him at once, said; *There is but one Employment, and you are a Number, I would gladly bestow the Place upon one, and satisfie you all.* As he had dropt the last Word the Hour commenc'd, and the Lord bestowing the Employment upon one, entail'd the Reversion of it upon them all one after another, World without end. The wretched Presumptive Heirs began to wish one another dead, praying for Plurisies, Astma's, Consumptions, Plagues, Apoplexies, Fluxes, sudden Deaths, and all manner of Disasters. Scarce were two Minutes past since the Entail, when every Man thought his Predecessor had liv'd to the Age of *Methusalem*; and tho the

Tenth Man computed his turn could not come till 500 years after, yet every Man was pleas'd to wait the death of his Predecessor. Only the 31<sup>st</sup> finding by his reckoning that his turn fell out exactly with the end of the World, and after the coming of Antichrist, said; *My Possession and the general Conflagration hit exactly together, I shall make a fine Business of my Employment; when I am burnt at the Day of Judgment, who will oblige the Dead to pay me my Wages? For my part, I wish the 30<sup>th</sup> Successor a long Life, for when the Employment comes to him, the World will be at the last gasp.* The Lord left them striving to out-live and destroy one another, and went himself away in a passion, to see them protracting their Ages beyond Doomsday, and even coping with Eternity. He that had carry'd the Employment stood amaz'd to consider what a long succession of Heirs he had got, and at last flunk away, resolving to eat light Suppers, and prevent taking Cold. The rest look'd upon one another as so many mutual Plagues, and reciprocally cursing their Lives, each fancy'd Diseases in the other, and added to the number of his years; every Successor threatening his Forerunner with Death, giving him over as a gone Man, and wishing him in the Hands of Physicians; which is the same as to be deliver'd up to the Hangman.

*Mumpers  
that bor-  
row, never  
to pay.*

A sort of Men that borrow after the manner of the day that is past, never to return again, who snap at a Purse as a Spider does at a Fly that's entangled in her Web, lie tumbling in Bed till the Evening for want of Rags to cover their Nakedness. Among them they had laid

out

out half a Crown they had Mump'd, in Wafers, Ink, Pens and Paper, which they had consum'd in begging Letters all to the same effect, expressing how urgent the Occasion was, their Reputation lying at stake, and even their Life, with Assurances of a speedy Return, and Professions of Eternal Acknowledgment. However in case they should not meet with Money, they concluded with the *Ne plus Ultra* of impudent Beggary, desiring in case there was no ready Cash, they would be pleas'd to send them something of value to pawn, which should be most carefully secur'd. By way of Postscript they begg'd Pardon for the Boldness, protesting they would not be so free with any other Person. They had drawn about an Hundred of these Notes to be dispers'd in all the Corners of the Town, whither they were convey'd by one of the Fraternity, a notable Spunger that had a Tongue well hung, and with his grave Beard and long Cloak, not a little resembled a well-travell'd Mountebank. The Herd of Letter-Beggars remain'd, computing how much Money the Messenger would bring, and a cursed noise there was about the Sum. Nor did it stop here, for they wrangled about the laying it out, and having given one another the Lye, at last they leap'd out of their Beds, with such Fragments of Shirts, that there was no occasion to take them up to discover their Lower Parts. In came their Mumping Post with an Air that spoke no Relief; both his Hands were at liberty, and his Arms open, which foreboded Emptiness. All that appear'd was a great Bundle of Notes. They all stood amaz'd, seeing their  
Con-



Contrivance had ended in empty Answers, and in a doleful Tone said, *What have we got? No Money*, (reply'd the poor Scoundrell) *you may divert your selves with Reading, since you have no occasion of Telling.* They began to open the Notes. The first was to this Effect; *I was never so much concern'd at any thing in all my Life, as my not being at present in a condition to serve you in a matter of so little value. He might have serv'd me* (quoth the Reader) *and have had more cause to be concern'd.* The Second Note; *Sir, had I receiv'd yours yesterday, I could have oblig'd you, and been proud of the Occasion.* A Curse of yesterday, (says he) *that is the daily Plague of all Mumpers.* The Third Note; *It is such a miserable time. O Damned Almanack-maker,* (cries the Shark) *we ask for Money, and you tell us what Weather it is.* The Fourth Note; *Sir, your want cannot be so grievous to you, as to me it is that I cannot relieve you. Who the Devil told you so* (exclaims the poor Wretch) *dost thou pretend to Divination, thou Miser, and Prophecy when you ought to give.* No more reading (they all cried) and making a Hellish Charm, they added; *It is now night, to make up what has been expended, let us gnaw the Wafers of the Letters for our Supper, and sell these and two other Parcels of Notes we have by us to the Confectioner, who will give at least four Royals for them to paper up Comfits, wrap Sugar, and lay under Biscuits in the Oven.* Says the Letter-Carrier, *This Trade of Borrowing has been out of the World these ten years. A Man had better give what he asks, than endure the Gestures and Scurvy Looks of those he Accosts; and if you calculate the whole, the Expence of Paper and Shooes*

is greater than the Profit, your only way is to look out sharp. In this posture were the Paper-Mumpers when the Hour began, and the lightest of Equipage said; *We are very Ceremonious with other Mens Money, and if we expect it should fly in at our Windows, we may die in a Ditch.* Rhetorick is no good Picklock, and fine Words reach the Ears, but not the Pockets; to listen to one that begs is the Devil. It is much easier to take than to ask. When all Men board, it is no time to wait their generosity. Our business is to steal bare-faced, and with consideration, that is, considering we must steal in such manner, that there may be enough for the Accuser, for the Clerk, for the Constable, for the Attorney, for the Solicitor, for the Councillor, for the Taylor, for the Judge, and for our selves; for when what is stolen ends, the Hangman begins. My Friends, if they banish us, it is better than that they should bury us; if they Pillory us, it breaks no Bones; and as for the shame of it, none of our Spectators have any; if they whip us, we may be content, for Beggars must not be Choosers, and at least we shall have the satisfaction of hearing our white Skins commended; and as soon as the shew is over, the Doublet hides the Lashes. If they put us upon the Rack we are in no danger, for all they endeavour is to make us speak the truth, which we never do; therefore let us be like the Taylors, and we are safe enough. To be sent to the Gallies is only going into the King's Service with a \* bald Pate, and Galley Slaves serve only to supply \* The Gal-  
the want of Sails. If they shall Hang us, which is the  
utmost Extremity, that day twelvemonth will be a  
year, and every Man that is Hang'd honours his  
Parents, for tho he be never so mean a Scoundrel, Shav'd.  
the

*the Blockheads of the Spectators say, He is very well born, and of a good Family. Nay, if it were only for the pleasure of chousing the Doctor and Apothecary at ones Death, a Man might be well enough pleas'd to die of the Hempen Disease. Gentlemen, mind your Hits. Scarce were the last Words out of his Mouth, when wrapping the Sheets about them, and swallowing the Oil that was in a Lamp, they let themselves out of the Window with a Blanket into the Street, and away they all scour'd to search Chests, Pick-Locks, and Dive into Pockets.*

*Russians  
and Physicians.*

Two Russians were brought to the Gallows for half a dozen Murders. One of them had already taken his swing, and the other was mounted on the Ladder, with the Hangman astride over his Shoulders. Among the Crowd of Spectators, two Physicians riding after Fevers and Plagues, made a halt, and beholding the Criminals, began to weep like Children, with such a Deluge of Tears, that the People about them ask'd, *Whether those that suffer'd were their Sons.* They answer'd, *They did not know them, but wept to see Men dye without paying any thing to the Faculty.* That moment began the Hour, and the Criminal spying the Doctors, said, *Gentlemen of the Faculty, here is room for you if you please, for you have kill'd enough to deserve my place, and your skill in dispatching Men renders you worthy of the Hangman's.* Galen and Hippocrates must not send all to the Grave, Hemp is as effectual as an Aphorism. *Those Mules that carry you about to commit so many Murders, are no better than Ladders to mount you to the Gallows. This is a time to speak truth, had I us'd the Recipe instead*  
of



of the Dagger, I had not come to this end, tho I had massacred all the Spectators. I beg a dozen Masses for my Soul, which you may easily foist into one of the Wills you forward.

A cheating Gamester was at play with a sharpening Bully, upon tick, as believing it the way to draw him in deeper than if the Money had lain upon the Table; and scor'd the loss with Counters. He pack'd the Cards, having let him win something at first, the better to secure him, and now and then gave him a tolerable hand, but then fetch'd it back with Interest; so that the Bully ran down a pace, yet not without being very sensible of what was put upon him. The Hour came upon them, and the Gamester reckning his Counters, said, Sir, you owe me two hundred Crowns. The Bully counting them over again, as if he had design'd to pay, answer'd, Good Sir, I must confess you are an absolute Master at your Trade, and have as much slight of Hand as any Jugler, but you have not learn'd my Trick yet, which is never to pay what I lose; add that to the rest and you'll be compleat. You may reckon you play'd for nothing, and that all we have lost will be our time, and that neither of us can recover.

A lean ragged Chymist, who look'd as if he had extracted the Juice out of his Flesh, and calcin'd his Cloaths, had wheedled a Miser to give Ear to him, as he stood at a Fellow's Door that sold Charcoal, and was telling him, I am a Natural Philosopher, and by the Grace of God a Chymist. I have found the Philosophers Stone, which is a Medicine of Life, and produces a transcendent Transmutation infinitely multiplicable; for

with the Powder of this Stone, by Projection, I turn into the purest and most refin'd Gold, Quicksilver, Iron, Lead, Tin, and Silver. I can make Gold of Grass, Egg-shells, Hair, Blood, Piss, and of the very Dirt. This I can do in a few days, and with small Expence. I dare not discover my self to any body, because, if the King should hear of it, he would clap me into Goal to save India Voyages, and the trouble of digging in the Mines. I know you to be a Person of Discretion, Quality and Worth, and therefore have resolv'd to trust you with a Secret of such importance and so admirable, that in a few days it will make you Master of many Millions. The Miser listned to him with a greedy Ear, and so wrapt in Comtemplation of the Millions, that his Fingers wagg'd for eagerness of telling them. His Avarice could not contain it self within bounds, but gush'd out at his Eyes, and he had in his imagination already converted his Frying-Pans, Spits, Kettles, and Candlesticks into Bars of Gold. He ask'd, what would be the Charge of the Operation; the Chymist reply'd, Little or nothing, for 50 Crowns was enough to convert all the World into Gold and Silver, because the greatest Expence would be in Lymbecks and Crucibles, for the Elixir, which is the vivifying Spirit of Gold, would cost nothing, and might be had gratis every where; neither should a Farthing be spent in Charcoal, because he sublimated, digested, separated, rectify'd, and circulated all with Lime, and Dung. The Coalman was listning to this Tale of a Tub, fretting to hear him say he would use no Charcoal; but just then began the Hour, and the Coalman well powder'd with Charcoal-Dust, and smelling of the Devil's Perfume, falls upon the Chymist,

Chymist, saying, *Thou Vagabond, Scoundrel, Rascal, why dost thou feed up that honest Man with imaginary Gold?* The Chymist in a fury gave him the Lye, which the Coalman so readily answer'd with a Cuff, it was scarce discernable which was first. They both fell to Loggerheads, and in a trice, the Chymist's batter'd Nose ran like a Lymbeck. The Miser could not part them, not daring to meddle because of the Duit and Smoot. They stuck so close to one another, it was impossible to discern which was the Coalman, or who had smooted the other. At length they were parted by the People that pass'd by, but in such a condition, they look'd as if they had been rowl'd in Lampblack, and trimm'd with Snuffs of Candles. Says the Charcoalman, *This poor Devil tells thee, he'll make Gold of Dirt and old Iron, and at the same time his Cloaths are all in tatters, and he looks as if he had been robbing the Rag-woman. I know these Fellows, for one of them cheated a Neighbour of mine, and made him lay out at my own House at least a thousand Crowns in Coals only, and that in the space of two Months, telling him he would make Gold, and he only made Smoke and Ashes, but at last ran away with all he had. But I (quoth the Chymist) will perform what I undertake, and since you make Gold and Silver of Coals, and of the Stones, Dirt and Rubbish you throw among them, and of the Cheats of your Weight, why may not I with my Art, and the Assistance of Rualdus, Geber, Avicen, Morienus, Hermes, Vulstadius, Crolius, Libavius, and Hermes's Samaragdine Table, make Gold as well as you.* The Charcoal-man in a Fume replied, *Because all those Authors make you mad,*  
and



and you make him that believes you a Beggar. I sell Coals, and you burn them, which is the reason I convert them into Gold and Silver, and you turn them into Soot. The true Philosopher's Stone is to buy cheap and sell dear, and a Pox on all your Catalogue of hard Names. I declare, I would with more satisfaction freely give my Coals to burn you with all your Papers, than sell them for ready Money. As for you, Sir, you may make account, that this day you became Master of your Money, and if you desire to increase it, Trade is the only thing that multiplies Coin, and makes one Pistol in a month produce another. But if you are weary of your Bags, empty them into a House of Office, and whensoever you repent; you may take them out with more ease and cleanness, than ever you will recover them from the Bellows and Distillations of this miserable Wretch, who being himself a meer Ragamuffian, pretends to out-do the Treasures of India, and defy the Mines of Potosi.

*The French  
Pedlars,  
and Proud  
Spaniard.*

Three Frenchmen were travelling into Spain over the mountains of Biscay; one of them trundled before him a Wheel with the implements for grinding Knives and Scissers; another carry'd before and behind two great fardles of Bellows and Mouse-traps; and the third had a Box of Combs and Pins. A poor Spaniard who was travelling into France a Foot with his Cloak on his Shoulder, met them about half way in the ascent of a scraggy steep hill. They sat down to rest in the Shade, and began to confer notes. The Spaniard being ask'd, *Whither he travell'd*; Answer'd, *He was going to France, being fled from Justice for some unlucky pranks; that thence he would go into Flanders to appease*  
the

the Judges, and gain Honour in his King's Service, because a Spaniard out of his own Country could not serve any other Master. Being again ask'd, how it came he had no Trade or Handicraft to maintain him in that long Journey: He reply'd, The Spaniards had no Trade but War; that those who were poor and honest, borrow'd or begg'd by the way; and those that were not so, Robb'd, as they did in all other Countries. Moreover, he said, He admir'd they travell'd from France through strange Countries and desolate Mountains with their Goods, being always in danger of falling into the hands of Highway-men. He desir'd they would inform him what mov'd them to leave their Country, and what profit they could propose to themselves in that Lumber they were loaded with, which at a distance made them look frightful, and put Travellers into a quandary, to determine what they were. The Grinder, who stammer'd the best Spanish of the three, said, We are Gentlemen disgusted at the King of France, and have lost our Fortunes by being Malecontents; but I have made three Journeys into Spain, where with this Wheel and these Stones I have gather'd many Spanish Pistoles, which you call Doblones. The Spaniard with a sour look reply'd, Much good may do the King of France with his faculty of curing the Evil, if he suffers Grinders and Pedlars to be Malecontents. Quoth the Grinder, You ought to look upon us Grinders as a Land-Fleet, for with these Stones we sharpen and wear away your Bars of Gold more than your Knives and Scissers; take notice of this crack'd Pot that drivels out the Water; this serves us to convey home our Plate, without being expos'd to the Troubles of the Sea, and Dangers of Storms; these Wheels instead of Sails carry us into all parts,

and being dispers'd through all Countries with our Grind-stones, Combs and Pins, we gently draw after us the Revenues of your Indian Mines; and you may be assur'd it is no small Treasure that France catches in its Mouse-traps, and sucks in with its Bellows. 'Swoons (saith the Spaniard) tho I knew not all this, yet I could easily perceive your Bellows blew away our Money, and your Traps increas'd your Stock, but diminish'd not our Mice; and I have observ'd, that ever since you sell Bellows, we spend more Coals, and our Pots boil never the better; that since you bring us Traps, we are devour'd by Traps and Mice; that since you grind, all our Tools rust, wear, notch, and grow dull; and that in grinding our Knives you spoil them, that we may have occasion to buy more of you. I am now convinc'd you Frenchmen are the Lice that devour all parts of Spain; that you bite us with the Teeth of your Combs, and grind us with your Stones; nor do I think that scratching is any remedy against this itching, but that it increases it, and makes us tear our selves to pieces with our own Fingers. I hope in God I shall soon return, and then will make it known there is no remedy against this itch, but picking you out, and pressing you to death. What shall I say of your Combs, but that they have made it fashionable to be bald, by wearing all the Hair off of our Heads. I will make the Spaniards more cheary of their Mice, their Dandruff, and their Rust, that you may go to Hell to vend your Combs, Bellows, and Mouse-traps. At this moment began the Hour, and the Spaniard foaming with Passion, said, The Devil is at my Elbow, tempting me to Murder you all, and make these Mountains as famous as formerly Roncevalles, for the overthrow of Charlemaign,



lemaign. The Pedlars seeing him change Colour, and rave, rose up gabbling amain, crying, *Mon Dieu*, and calling him *Coquin*. In an ill hour did they name it, for the *Spaniard* drawing his Dagger, and running at the Grinder, made him quit his Wheel, which receiving the Stroak, tumbled down the Rocks, and was beaten to shivers. Mean while the Trap-Merchant threw a Pair of Bellows at him, but he falling on with his Dagger, cut all the rest, and clove the Traps. The Comb-Pedler laying down his Box, began to throw Stones; the other two follow'd his Example. All three ply'd the *Spaniard*, and he answer'd them all, there being such plenty of that sort of Ammunition in the place, that they stumbled upon it. The *Frenchmen* kept their distance for fear of the Dagger. The *Spaniard* guarded himself with his Cloak, and giving a Kick to the Pin-Box, it tumbled down the Rocks, and flew open, strewing the Mountain with Pins and Combs; he seeing the Merchandize confounded, cryed out, *I have already begun to do my King good service*; and seeing some Passengers on Mules come up and part them, desir'd they would give him a Certificate of the Victory he had obtain'd over the Vermin that infested Spain. The Passengers laught, understanding the cause of the Fray, and carrying away the *Spaniard* behind one of them, left the *Frenchmen* busie stopping the Holes in the Bellows, patching together the Mouse-traps, mending the Wheel, and picking up the Pins that were scatter'd about the Clifts. The *Spaniard* being at a good distance, cry'd out to them; *If you were Malecontents in your*

and being dispers'd through all Countries with our Grind-stones, Combs and Pins, we gently draw after us the Revenues of your Indian Mines; and you may be assur'd it is no small Treasure that France catches in its Mouse-traps, and sucks in with its Bellows. 'Swoons (saith the Spaniard) tho I knew not all this, yet I could easily perceive your Bellows blew away our Money, and your Traps increas'd your Stock, but diminish'd not our Mice; and I have observ'd, that ever since you sell Bellows, we spend more Coals, and our Pots boil never the better; that since you bring us Traps, we are devour'd by Traps and Mice; that since you grind, all our Tools rust, wear, notch, and grow dull; and that in grinding our Knives you spoil them, that we may have occasion to buy more of you. I am now convinc'd you Frenchmen are the Lice that devour all parts of Spain; that you bite us with the Teeth of your Combs, and grind us with your Stones; nor do I think that scratching is any remedy against this itching, but that it increases it, and makes us tear our selves to pieces with our own Fingers. I hope in God I shall soon return, and then will make it known there is no remedy against this itch, but picking you out, and pressing you to death. What shall I say of your Combs, but that they have made it fashionable to be bald, by wearing all the Hair off of our Heads. I will make the Spaniards more cheary of their Mice, their Dandruff, and their Rust, that you may go to Hell to vend your Combs, Bellows, and Mouse-traps. At this moment began the Hour, and the Spaniard foaming with Passion, said, The Devil is at my Elbow, tempting me to Murder you all, and make these Mountains as famous as formerly Roncesvalles, for the overthrow of Charlemaign,

lemaign. The Pedlars seeing him change Colour, and rave, rose up gabbling amain, crying, *Mon Dieu*, and calling him *Coquin*. In an ill hour did they name it, for the *Spaniard* drawing his Dagger, and running at the Grinder, made him quit his Wheel, which receiving the Stroak, tumbled down the Rocks, and was beaten to shivers. Mean while the Trap-Merchant threw a Pair of Bellows at him, but he falling on with his Dagger, cut all the rest, and clove the Traps. The Comb-Pedler laying down his Box, began to throw Stones; the other two follow'd his Example. All three ply'd the *Spaniard*, and he answer'd them all, there being such plenty of that sort of Ammunition in the place, that they stumbled upon it. The *Frenchmen* kept their distance for fear of the Dagger. The *Spaniard* guarded himself with his Cloak, and giving a Kick to the Pin-Box, it tumbled down the Rocks, and flew open, strewing the Mountain with Pins and Combs; he seeing the Merchandize confounded, cryed out, *I have already begun to do my King good service*; and seeing some Passengers on Mules come up and part them, desir'd they would give him a Certificate of the Victory he had obtain'd over the Vermin that infested Spain. The Passengers laught, understanding the cause of the Fray, and carrying away the *Spaniard* behind one of them, left the *Frenchmen* busie stopping the Holes in the Bellows, patching together the Moufe-traps, mending the Wheel, and picking up the Pins that were scatter'd about the Clifts. The *Spaniard* being at a good distance, cry'd out to them; *If you were Malecontents in your*



own Country, ye Scoundrels, thank me for making you so in mine.

Italy  
Dancing  
on the  
Rope,  
France  
and Spain  
watching  
to catch  
her if she  
falls.

Italy, once the Mistress of the World, and now only retaining the Memory of its former Grandeur, seeing its vast Monarchy cut out into so many Parcels, to enlarge the Dominions of several Princes, and its Territories rent asunder to patch up many scatter'd States, was now at length convinc'd how easie it was for others to take from her all that she alone had, with wonderful felicity taken from them all. Now therefore finding her self poor, and extreamly light, as being eas'd of the Burden of many Provinces, she resolv'd to turn Rope-Dancer; and for want of Ground to walk upon, exercis'd her self upon the Streight Rope, to the astonishment of the whole World. She fix'd the ends of her Rope, the one at *Rome*, and the other at *Savoy*. *France* and *Spain* were the Spectators. The two Kings kept a watchful Eye upon her, observing to which side she inclin'd as she danc'd, each striving to be ready to catch her if she fell. *Italy* perceiving what they aim'd at, laid hold of the Republick of *Venice*, and grasping it with both Hands as a Pole to poise her, leap'd and skipp'd at a wonderful rate; sometimes making as if she would fall to one side, and sometimes to the other, diverting her self with the eagerness of both Parties stretching out their Arms to catch her, and surprizing others with her Skill in recovering her self, and deceiving them both. As they stood thus upon the catch, the Hour began, and the King of *France* seeing no probability of laying hold on her, began to loosen the end of the Rope which was fix'd

in

in *Savoy*, that she might come tumbling towards him. The *Spanish* Monarch perceiving it, clap'd in the State of *Milan*, and Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily* as Supporters. *Italy* skipping in the Air, discover'd that *Venice*, which she us'd as a Pole to poise, at the same time crucify'd her, and therefore casting it from her, and laying hold of the Rope, she said; So much for *Rope-Dancing*, for it is not for me to rise high, when the Lookers on wish I may fall, and the Pole that should poise crucifies me. Then suspecting the support of *Savoy*, she betook her self to *Rome*, saying, Since all are for seizing me, I'll take Sanctuary in the Church, where, if I chance to fall, I shall not want some body to absolve me.

The *Neapolitan* Courser, from whom some have stolen his Oats, and others drawn away his Hay, while some strove to make of him a Gelding, others a Mare, and others a Post-Horse, perceiving, that whilst he was in the keeping of that incomparable Viceroy and invincible Captain General the Duke of *Osuna*, he could cope with *Bucephalus*, his Furniture being compos'd of the Treasures of *Venice* and *Brindisi*. That he had made him a Sea-horse by his many glorious Naval Victories; that he had turn'd him to Grass in *Cyprus*, and Water'd him at *Tenedos*, when he dragg'd after him the mighty Ship *Sultana* from *Theffalonica*, for which Action *Neptune* own'd him for his first begotten Son, brought forth in opposition to *Minerva*. He remembred that Great Duke had shod him with the Turkish Half Moons, and that kicking up his Heels, he had dash'd out the Teeth of the

The Kingdom of Naples, and Duke of Osuna.

netian Lion, at the prodigious Battle near Ragusa, where with only 15 Sail he defeated 80, obliging them shamefully to retire, with the loss of many Gallies and Gallies, and of the best of their Men. Calling to mind these Triumphs, and considering he had not now so much as a Horse-Cloth, but was gaul'd, and snuffed because they had thrown Feathers into his Manger; and that he was now put to draw a Coach, having been once so Mettlesome, that the *Frenchmen*, tho good Jockeys, could never sit him; The Miserable Condition he saw himself reduc'd to, drove him into a desperate Melancholly, and that into raving Madness, so that neighing fiercely, and Breathing Fire, he thought to have imitated the *Trojan Horse*, and kicking and plunging to have overthrown the City. At the Noise, in came the Magistrates of *Naples*, who throwing one of their Gowns over his Head, blinded him, then stroaking and speaking him fair, they put on his Collar and Fetters; but as they were tying him to a Ring in the Stable, the Hour began. Two of them that were farthest off said; *It was more convenient and cheaper to give the Courser at once to the Pope, than every year to send him a Nag with a Purse, for by their malicious Eyes it might be judged the Popes Nephews would some time overlook him.* The others surpriz'd at this Motion, answer'd; *That the King of Spain had secur'd him against that Distemper, by placing three Castles on his Forehead as a Spell, and that they would sooner cut off his Legs, than see him serve like a Mule under long black Trappings, resembling a Pall.* The two first



first reply'd, *They talk'd like Hereticks, in refusing to be Papists, and that no Saddle would fit the Courser like that of St. Peter.* The others in a Passion said; *That to prevent the Hereticks making the Pope loose his Stirrups in that Saddle, it was convenient only the King of Spain should mount the Horse.* Some were for the Mitre, others for the Crown, and Words passing, at last they came to Blows, so that a terrible Havock had been among them, but that the Elect of the People came in, in the Godspeed, and understanding the cause of the Quarrel, said; *This Horse, tho hard Mouth'd, has had many Masters, and for the most part has gone to them of his own accord, and not suffer'd himself to be led. It is requisite he be carefully look'd after, for there are in Italy many a-foot that look for Baggage Horses, and Jockeys ready Booted and Spurr'd, and the old Horse-stealer who catch'd him sometimes before, and has now got a back Door to the Stable. Neither is it convenient any French Groom should Curry him, for they tickle and do not make him slick; and pray look to the Monsieurs, who wear the Canonical Robes, that they may have the better opportunity to throw their Leg over him.*

The Great Czar of Moscovy being exhausted by the continual Inroads of the Tartars, and frequent Inroachments of the Turks, found himself necessitated to impose new Taxes upon his Subjects. To this effect he summon'd his Favourites, Servants, Ministers, Counsellors, and the Commons of his Court, and spoke to them to this effect; *That they could not but be sensible of the great Expence he was at in maintaining an Army to protect them against the Malice of their Neighbouring Enemies; That no State*

*The Czar of Moscovy consults about raising Taxes.*

could

could subsist without Taxes; That those which were impos'd in pressing Necessities were always just, and must be accounted no burden, being employ'd in the defence of those that pay them, who purchase their Security, Lives, and Estates, with that small Pittance, which in a moderate and well regulated Tax falls to every Mans share to be disburst; That he had assembled them to consult their own conveniency, and therefore expected their Answer would be suitable to their Common Interest. The first that spoke were his Creatures, and Ministers, saying; The Proposition was so good and just, it carry'd along with it its answer and concession; That all was due to the support of the Prince, and Defence of the Country, and therefore he might contrive according to his pleasure, to lay whatever Taxes he thought fit upon his Subjects, because all that they pay'd was for their own Interest and Security; and consequently the greater the Burdens he laid upon them, the more he would convince them of the confidence he repos'd in their Loyalty, and the greater would be their Honour. The Czar heard them with satisfaction, but not without some mistrust, and therefore order'd the Commons to answer for themselves. They, whilst the Courtries Harangued, had privately whisper'd about, and pitch'd upon one to be their Speaker, and deliver their Sentiments. He having taken a convenient place, said; Great Sir, your Dutiful Subjects, whose Mouth I am, render you their most humble Thanks for your Care in Protecting and Defending them; They yield a blind Obedience to your Will, and wholly submit themselves to your Pleasure, as becomes a People born under your Jurisdiction, who have ingrafted in them an Hereditary Love

Love and Reverence for you ; and they beg Leave to put you in mind, it is their Glory they have made this appear during your whole Reign, which God long continue over us ; They are sensible you make their Protection your Care, and that it is that which makes you descend from being a Sovereign over them and their Fortunes, to become a Father to every one, a Testimony of your Goodness which they infinitely value ; They are not ignorant of the many pressing and unexpected Accidents which bring upon you unavoidable Expences, not to be spar'd, with Honour to you or Safety to them, and they are convinc'd you are too far exhausted to defray them. I, in the Name of all your Subjects, do freely offer all they possess without reserving any thing, but must also offer two things to your Consideration. The one is, That if you now take all your Subjects have, you will drein that Source which is always to supply you and your Heirs ; and if you undo them, you do that which you fear your Enemies should do ; and the Consequence is so much the more fatal to you, by how much their being ruin'd by the Enemy is dubious, and by you certain ; and they who advise you to destroy your self, to prevent being destroy'd, are rather Pensioners to the Enemy, than faithful Counsellors to you. Remember the Countryman (in Æsop) to whom Jove gave a Hen that every day laid an Egg of Gold for his maintenance ; He suffering himself to be deluded by avarice, fancy'd, that a Fowl that laid every day a Golden Egg, must have rich Mines of that Metal within her, and therefore thought it better to seize all at once, than receive it by little and little. The Gods having so order'd it, he kill'd the Hen, and was left without the Treasure or the Egg. Do not you, Great Sir,  
verify



*verify this Fable of the Philosopher, for if you do, you will become a Fable to your People. A Prince of a poor People, is rather a Poor Man, or Poverty it self, than a Prince. He who enriches his Subjects, has as many Treasures as he has Subjects. He who empoverishes them has so many Hospitals; he has as many Terrors as Men, and fewer Men than Enemies. Riches may be forsaken at any time, but Poverty cannot. We seldom endeavour to quit the former, but always the latter. The other thing I offer to your Consideration is, That your present Wants proceed from two Causes. One, the immense Frauds and Depredations of those about you. The other, the present extraordinary Emergencies. There is no doubt but the first nam'd is the foremost as to time, and whether it be not the greatest, belongs to you to examine. Divide therefore the Supply you require as you shall think fit, laying one part on those who have made a Property of your Revenues, and the other as a Tax upon your Subjects, and then none but a Traytor can complain. Thus had he spoke when the Hour began, and the Czar rising up, said; Let them that have taken it from me restore what is wanting of what I had; and what is wanting after that, let my People pay; and that this may not be delay'd, all you and your Friends, who at a distance like Spunges have suck'd my Revenue, shall be left as you were when you came to my Service, only allowing your Sallaries. So great and universal was the Joy of the Commons, hearing this just Decree of the Czar, that they unanimously gave him the Title of *Augustus*, and kneeling before him, said; As an Acknowledgment, we agree to pay whatsoever you shall impose*

pose upon us; and that done, will of our own accord double the Sum, and ordain, that this Free Offering may remain as a perpetual Duty payable every time you shall resume what has been taken from you, whereby it will come to pass that Covetous Men will be afraid to receive what you freely give them.

The *Hollanders*, who are beholding to the Sea for the Ground they live on, which is only some scraps of Land they have stolen from it, under the shelter of heaps of Clay they call Dykes; having quell'd their intestine Broils by an universal Trade, after they had surreptitiously erected themselves into a Free State, and extended their Territories by Treachery, pretending to be the first begotten of the Ocean, and conceiting, that the Sea, which gave them the Land it once cover'd, for their Habitation, would not refuse them that which compasses it; having cover'd it with Ships, and Peopled it with Pyrates, resolv'd at once in several places to encroach upon the East and West: They go to our Fleets for Gold and Silver, as our Fleets go for it to the *Indies*. They look upon it as the cheaper and shorter way to take it from those that bring it, than from the Earth that produces it. The negligence of an Admiral, or the favour of a Storm, furnish them with Plate at an easier rate than the Mines could do. In these Undertakings they have been forwarded, favour'd and assisted by all the Princes of *Europe*, who behold the Grandeur of the *Spanish* Monarchy with envious Eyes. Encourag'd by these powerful Supports, they have establish'd a Trade in *India*, settled Commerce in *Japan*, and still persisting, after many Disappointments, have at length

*The Dutch  
their Rise  
and  
Growth.*

\*This was writ before the conclusion of the Peace betwixt Spain and Holland, when the Dutch stood possessed of a great part of Brazil, and invaded the Portuguese Conquests in India.

length possess themselves of the best part of *Brazil*, \* where they have not only the power of Government, but the Profit of the Sugar and Tobacco, which enriches them, and beggars us. In this place, which is the Inlet to the *East* and *West-Indies*, they reside like Cormorants, ready to swallow Ships and whole Fleets, alarming *Peru* and *Potosi*; for that it appears by Geography, that they may gradually, without wetting their Feet, steal to those Mountains, if weary of the Sea, they should think much to creep along the Coast down to *Rio de la Plata*, and *Buenos Ayres*, and to secure to themselves the Streights of *Magellan*. That World-Devouring Assembly sat consulting over a Terrestrial Globe, and Sea-Chart, with a pair of Compasses, leaping over Climes and Countreys, and making choice of Provinces that were none of their own, and among them the Pensioner with a pair of Scissers in his Hand, ready to cut out the World according to his fancy. In this posture they were when the Hour began, and a decrepid Old Fellow snatching the Scissers out of his Hand, said; *Gluttons, who are greedy of Provinces, always dye for want of Digestion; no Surfeit so dangerous as that of Dominion. The Romans, from a narrow spot of Ground too little to Sow half a Bushel of Corn, swallow'd up all their Neighbours; and extending their Avarice, brought the whole World under the Yoke of their first Plough; and it being certain, that whosoever pours himself out, wastes as much as he extends; so they no sooner had much to lose, but they began to lose much; for Ambition gathers more than Force can preserve. Whilst they were poor they conquer'd the rich, who*  
making



making them rich, and being left poor, took to themselves the Customs inherent to Poverty, infesting them with those of Riches and Luxury, and by that means destroy'd them, revenging themselves on them with the very Riches they gave them. The Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans are so many Skeletons to instruct us; it is fitter for us to take warning by, than to imitate those ruin'd Monarchies. The more we raise our small Weight, and the nearer we bring it in the \* Roman Ballance of Power, to the great Mass we would outweigh, the less we shall appear; but the more we draw it back, the better our small Portion will turn the vast weight that stands against it; and if we draw back to the last Notch, one Pound of ours will poise a thousand of theirs. Trajano Boccalini hinted at this Secret in the Weight of his Politick Touchstone, and it is verifys'd in the Monarchy of Spain, from which we aim to draw away Weight, which added to ours, will diminish it by the addition. Of Subjects to become a Free State was prodigious; to keep our selves so, is a Work that requires all our application. France and England, which assisted us to cut off from Spain that part of its Dominion which was formidable to them, will not for the same reason permit us to swell to that greatness they may have cause to fear us. The Ax which joins to it self all it cuts off from the Tree, will not be esteem'd a useful Instrument, but rather an Encumbrance. They will bear with us as long as they think we stand in need of them, but if once they imagine they can have occasion for us, they will meditate our Ruine and Destruction. He who sees a Beggar on whom he has bestow'd Alms, grown rich, either asks him to refund, or lend. We can gain nothing, but what the Princes who look on

\*The Still-yard, which weighs great or small things by putting forward or drawing back the weight upon the Beam.

will covet for themselves. As they despise the Neighbour that is upon the losing, so they fear him that is upon the getting hand. We by dispersing all for the King of Spain against our selves; for should he, to divide and weaken us, wilfully lose the Countreys we take from him, it were in him a Stratagem and no Loss; and he will never be so able to take what we have, as when he has suffer'd us to take what he has so far from him and us. Brazil rather sucks and unpeoples Holland than strengthens it. It is enough for Thieves not to restore what they have stolen, without continuing their Thefts for ever, which sooner prefers them to the Gallows than to the Throne. The Pensioner snatching back the Scissars in a Pet, said; Tho Rome lost it self, yet Venice holds out, and was at first but a Town-stealer as we are. The Gallows you speak of is oftner the Lot of the Unfortunate than of Robbers; and all the World over the great Thief hangs the little one. He that Picks a Pocket is ever a Thief; he that stole Provinces and Kingdoms was always a King; the Right of Monarchs is in the longest Sword. It is natural for one to be engendred out of the Corruption of another, he that is Corrupted is the Cause of him that is Engendred. A Carcass complains not of the Worms that eat it, because it breeds them. Let every Man look to himself that he does not putrify, otherwise he will be Father to his own Worms. All things consome, but the small sooner than the greater. When it shall come to pass that they fear who pitied us, we will pity them we fear'd, which is a good exchange. If we can, let us be what they are, who were what we are. All the hints you have given are good, let not the Kings of France and England bear of them;

them; but do you put us in mind hereafter, for that is an Obstacle in the beginning, which proves good Advice when well advanc'd.

The Great Duke of Tuscany, who by adding five Letters, which compose the Word Great, to his Title, has gain'd the ill will of all other Princes, was private in his Closet with a Servant whom he intrusted with his greatest Secrets. They discours'd of the Beauty of his Cities, the Greatness of his Territories, the Trade of Leghorn, and the Victories obtain'd by his Gallies. From this they chang'd Subject, and fell upon the great Honour his Family had attain'd to, being ally'd to most Monarchs and Princes of Europe, by its Matches with France, whereby the Kings of France, Spain, and Great Britain, were by the Mothers side descended from it. Thus were they discoursing when the Hour began, and the Servant, as it were in a Prophetick Rapture, said; Sir, Your Highness of a Private Citizen was made a Prince: Memento Homo: Whilst you were content to be a Prince, you was the richest among them, and now you look upon your self as Father-in-Law of Kings, and Son-in-Law of Emperours, Pulvis es: and if you happen to be Father-in-Law to France, and the Curses of Match-making fall upon you, In pulverem reverteris. Your Country is Fruitful, your Cities Wealthy, your Ports full of Trade, your Gallies successful, your Alliances great, and on all these accounts your State is truly Regal; but this minute I have discover'd in it such Stains as fully and lessen the value of it, which are these; The Remembrance the Subjects retain that once they were Equals; The Republick of Luca, which started up in the midst of

The Duke of Tuscany his Favourite's Advice.

Scene 2. of Venice the Policy



us; *The Garisons the King of Spain has in Tuscany; And the addition of the Title Great to that of Duke, which all your Neighbours envy.* The Duke, who before had not reflected upon any of these things, said; *What Method shall I use to take out these Stains?* The Servant answer'd, *They are so grounded in, it is impossible to take them out without cutting off the Piece, which is a Remedy worse than the Disease, because it is better to be Stain'd than Ragged.* If the Stains I speak of be taken out with the Piece, your Highness will scarce have a Rag left, but will be rent to tatters. The nature of these Stains is, they are cleans'd by sinking in deeper, and not by being taken out. Your Highness must make use of Fasting-Spittle, and suck in by little and little; and what you now spend in Portions for Queens, lay it out in stopping the Eyes and Ears of those who observe you, that they may not perceive you suck.

*Senate  
of Venice  
its Policy.*

The most Serene Republick of *Venice*, which in regard of its great Wisdom and Prudence, is as it were the Brain of *Europe* where the Judgment resides, was assembled, in full Senate. That Assembly was compos'd of several Sounds, some more solid, others more quick, the common difference betwixt old and young, yet all Skilful, some by Experience, and others by Information, making together such a Harmony, that all the Princes in the World dance to their Musick. The Doge Crowned Head of that powerful Free Nation, sat on a high Throne with three Counsellors on each side; on his Right was one Chief of the *Quarantie*, and on the left two; next these were the Secretaries who count the Balls, and in their places stood

two

two Officers, whose business it is to gather them. The Silence was stupendious in so numerous an Assembly, and so far exceeded that of a Desert, it was hard to persuade the Eyes, but that the Audience was made up of Statues and not of Men, so very mute were the very Diseases in the old, and so bridled the fierceness of the young. At length the Doge broke the Silence with these Words; *Malice brings Discord into the World, Double-Dealing continues it, and Dissimulation makes him that sows it below'd even by him that suffers by it. The Wars we have occasion'd among our Friends, not those we have made with our Enemies, have given us Peace and Victory. We shall be free so long as we employ others in subduing one another. Our Light springs from Dissention: we are like the Spark that is produc'd from the collision of the Flint and Steel. The more Monarchs batter one another, the more we shine. Italy, since the decay of the Empire, is like to a Rich and Beautiful Heiress, who, her Parents dying, was left to the Care of Guardians and Trustees, and desires to be Marry'd. But the Trustees having divided her Fortune between themselves, and being loth to restore, and covetous to keep what they have, some of them mis-represent her to the King of Spain, who courts her; and the others to the King of France, who asks her in Marriage, at the same time finding those Faults in the Suitors which they see in themselves. These false Trustees are the Princes of Italy, and among them it is not to be deny'd, but that we also have seiz'd a great part of her Fortune. The two Suitors now press hard to carry their Mistress. We have made use of the King of France to put by the Catholick King, who being so near a Neighbour in*

K k

Naples

Naples and Milan, makes signs to her, and from his own Windows overlooks her. The most Christian King, who being at a distance, could not gallant, nor so much as see her, and therefore made Love by Letter: Now by the assistance of Savoy, Mantua, and Parma, and his approach to Pignerol, he Ogles and Courts her, and this obliges us to cheat him of her. This is easie to do, because there is less trouble in casting out the French, than in bringing them in; they expel others with their Fury, and themselves with their Haughtiness. However this Snare must be so laid, that at the same time we break the Match, we may receive Thanks for promoting it. The Most Christian King has bent his thoughts upon Lorraine, his Success in Germany is dubious, and Subjects poor, which things discourage his Partisans in Italy, so that we shall not find any great difficulty in attaining our ends, for his own Motions will disguise ours, and we need not raise Jealousies in those that have confided in him, since their repentance saves us that labour. It is my Opinion we shall subdue the King of France by encouraging him to go on in his great Undertakings, and by heightning his credulity. Our utmost endeavours must be us'd to raise the Esteem he has of his Favourite, for this Man who takes from him all that he adds to himself, lessens him as he grows great. As long as the Subject has the ascendant over his King, and the King is subject to his Servant, the Subject will be hated as a Traytor, and the King undervalu'd as of a mean Spirit. The way to destroy a King publickly with safety, is to stand up for his Favourite. I know not whether Ravilliac was more fatal to his Father, than Richlieu has been to him. This I know, that betwixt them they have robbed him of both Parents, the first of his Father,

the



the second of his Mother. May Richlieu continue, for he is like a Disease, which by continuance either consumes it self, or him that endures it. It is requisite we cast an Eye upon the Succession of the Crown of France, which is like to fall to the King's Brother, whose generous Nature we have reason to hope we may impose upon. He is like a Fire that may be blown away, yet kindles it self. He is disobligh'd at the Favours he receives, whereby he has offended the King of Spain, and sown the Seeds of Dissention, which we may improve to our benefit. France is dissatisfy'd at the Prime Minister's pretending to be of the Blood-Royal, which he claims by forg'd Genealogies, and is disgusted to see all Places of Profit and Trust in the Hands of his Kindred and Friends. They remember the Beheading of Montmorency, and the Banishing so many great Men, and they suspect that Violence, and not Right, will take place in the Succession to the Crown. The Affairs of Germany are past composing, the Palatin being dispossess'd, the Duke of Lorraine outed, and the Duke of Saxony and other Protestants of the Empire conspiring against the House of Austria. Italy seems to despair of Peace by reasons of the Garrisons the French have within it. The King of Spain has his hands full with the Dutch, who have taken what he had in Holland, and aim to rob him of what he has, being already possess'd of the best part of Brasil, which furnishes their Fleets with the Trade of Sugar, Tobacco, and Brasil Wood, and having fortify'd themselves in one of the Leeward Islands. Besides all this he is engag'd to support the Emperor, and maintain the State of Milan against the French. We, like the Spring in a striking Watch, must move these Hands every Hour and every Moment, with-

Lewis the 13th had at that time no Issue, and consequently it was suppos'd the Crown would devolve to his Brother, the Duke of Orleans.

out being perceiv'd, continually sounding abroad without ever turning back. Our Politicks work like the Glass-makers, who blow things into form, and we sow Fire to produce Ice. Hither was he come when the Hour began, the wonderful influence whereof inspiring the Politick Brain of a Republican of the *Capi-Duchi*, made him Discourse to this effect: *Venice is the very Figure and Resemblance of Pontius Pilate. Probo. Pilate, out of meer Policy, condemn'd the Just, and wash'd his Hands: Ergo. Pilate dismiss'd Barabbas, who was Sedition it self, and apprehended Jesus that was Peace it self. Igitur. Pilate positively said, What I have written, I have written. Tenet consequentia. Pilate deliver'd the Peace and Safety of the World to Mutiniers, to be crucify'd. Non potest negari. All the Assembly lifted a Cry, and fell into Confusion, the Doge order'd the Republican, Nemine contradicente, to be put into Irons, and that his Genealogy should be enquir'd into, for that it was visible he was some way descended from some body that depended on another, who was a Friend to some one that was acquainted with some Person that came from another that had something of a Spaniard.*

Geno1.

The most Illustrious Duke of *Genoa*, assembled the Senate of that Republick, to give Audience to his most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, who harrangu'd them to this Effect: *Most Serene Republick, the King my Master, who has always had the same regard for the Liberty of Italy, as to the Majesty of his own Crown; endeavouring to support it with all his Power, and Zealous for your Good, without aiming at any other Interest, but that of the several Princes, who there possess the*  
most

most beautiful part of the World, has commanded me, in his Name, to put you in mind, that he, as a most dutiful Son of the Church, and good Neighbour to all the Princes about him, is willing to justify his proceedings before you; and make known his good Will and Affection to all the rest. You better know what you endure than we, who only bear, or see it at a distance. You have been long in continual Wars, proceeding from your Controversies with the Duke of Savoy, whose Neighbourhood was ever troublesome, and a cause of Jealousie to you; wherein his Catholick Majesty stood by you, under the Title of Arbitrator. This has given you occasion to behold the Plains overflow'd with Blood, and cover'd with dead Bodies; Cities ruin'd with long Sieges and Storms; the Country devour'd by quartering of Soldiers; your Territories over-run by Germans, a fierce Nation, attended by Heresy in Spirituals, and Plague and Famine in Temporals. You will not find the King, my Master, any way concern'd in the introducing of these Calamities; for he has only supported the weaker side, not with a design it should grow more powerful by Victory, but that defending it self, the Adversary might not become more Formidable, that so every Man's Right might subsist, and be supported; and Monferiat, which has been the Original of all these Troubles, might not become the reward of any Man's Ambition. To this purpose he has maintain'd mighty Armies, and sometimes headed them in Person, overcoming the difficulties of Winter-Snows on the Alps, to make way to relieve you, and return'd Triumphant with no other profit but this Glory. Now all the World is in Distraction, since the supporting of you has made him powerful Enemies in all parts, he



flatters himself with the hopes, that this Republick will look upon him as no less a Friend than the King of Spain, in regard to the liberty of its parts, for by observing an exact Neutrality, you will shew you are sensible of the King my Master's goodly Zeal, and the justice of his Arms. The Duke perceiving the Embassador had ended his Speech, answer'd thus: We bless God, that we can do no more than what we have hitherto done towards serving his most Christian Majesty with true Zeal and Affection. We have been Eye-witnesses of what you have said; and it is easy to perswade Men to believe what they see. It is true, this Confidence might be some-what disturb'd, by your King's countenancing, in the relief of Aldiguerre, the Troubles the Duke of Savoy rais'd, to ruin, or at least disturb this Common-wealth, which had it not been reliev'd by his Catholick Majesty, must have been in great Distress; besides that, it might be alarm'd at the French possessing themselves of Pignerol, Susa, and Casal in Italy; not unlike those, who under colour of parting a Fray, run away with the Cloaks of those that Quarrel; and to add to this jealousy, his most Christian Majesty has been to the Duke of Lorraine, like a smoaky Chimney, which turns a Man out of his House with Tears in his Eyes. However, without regarding these Actions, we are, and ever shall be most truly affectionate to his Crown, as far as is consistent with the great Obligations this Republick, and all the Members of it owe to the Monarch of Spain, by whose Power we are protected, by whose Grandeur we are enrich'd, and in whose Sincerity and Piety we rest secure; and therefore, that we may come to a Resolution, as to the point of the Neutrality you demand; it is requisite we assemble in Council

cil all the Members of this Common-wealth, who are the Support of our Commerce. The Embassador and Senate approv'd of it, which was done, with Orders to the Messenger to acquaint them to what end they were Summon'd, and that they must appear immediately. The Officer obey'd his Orders, delivering his Message, and requiring their speedy Compliance. The Hour came upon them just then, and the Genoeses growing into a Fume, bid the Messenger tell the most Serene Duke, *That having heard the Proposal made in the King of France's name, and being about to go to obey his Commands, they found themselves so entangled in the Spanish Funds, that they were not able to stir; yet would have gone to wait on him with those Funds at their tails, but that they were fix'd in Naples and Sicily, and rivetted to the Revenues of Spain: That they could not but acquaint his Serenity, that the King of France was like one that rows in a Boat, who turns his back to the place he is going to and draws towards him, and therefore it became him to look out sharp.* The Messenger returning, deliver'd his Answer with an audible Voice: The Embassador took Snuff, and was out of Countenance, setting his Hat and Wig to be gone: The Duke, to nettle him the more, said, *Tell his most Christian Majesty, that since this Republick cannot serve him as he desires, they promise him, in case he continues his Resolution of entring Italy, an Anniversary for the Souls of the French, that shall happen to go bear those Company, who made a Church-yard of the Wood of Pavia, paving it with their Skulls, and to bear his Majesty's Charges all the while he shall be Prisoner in the Dutchy of Milan, and an hundred*

thousand Ducats ready Money towards his Ransom. And do you take that History of the Emperor Charles the 5th to divert you by the way, after which it may serve your great King for an Itinerary. The French-man, in a Passion, reply'd; You have spoken like good and loyal Subjects of the Catholick King, whom those very Funds you talk of, and for which you refuse me a Neutrality, have made his transmarine and foreign Slaves and Vassals.

The Germans, Lutherans, and Calvinists-

The Heretical Germans, among whom there are as many Heresies as Men, who consume themselves in supporting the Tyranny of the Swedes, and the Treachery of the Electors of Saxony, and Brandenburg, and the Landgrave of Hesse, perceiving themselves infected with the French Disease, resolv'd to cure themselves at once. Considering that the Salvation of so many past Calamities, nor the Flux they were put into at Norlinguen, nor the many Bleedings, *Usque ad animi deliquium*, of so many overthrows, had avail'd nothing, they gather'd all the Physicians, Chymists and Mountebanks they could find, and having made known to them their Distemper, ask'd their Advice thereupon. Some were of Opinion, that the only Remedy was to Purge out the French Humours that were crept into their Bones. Others affirming the Distemper lay altogether in their Heads, prescrib'd Medicines to carry off the Humour, and discharge them of dull Notions, by the help of *Hypocrates* his *Tetragonum* so much applauded by *Galen*, to which the smoak of Tobacco exactly answers. Others more Superstitious, and Magically inclin'd, affirm'd it was no natural Disease they were troubl'd



troubl'd with, but were exagitated by evil Spirits, and that as Persons possess'd they stood in need of Exorcisms. In the midst of the Learned Dispute the Hour began, and a Physician of Prague with an Audible Voice said; *There is no Cure for this Disease of the Germans, because all their Maladies and Distempers are only to be cur'd with a Regular Diet, and as long as Luther and Calvin keep their Taverns open, and they have thirsty Throats, and as long as they do not abstain from French Cooks Shops and Bawdy-houses, they will never be so temperate as they ought to be.*

The Grand Seignior, or Emperor of the Turks, a Monarch rais'd by the Forgeries and Deceit of *Mahomet* to a vast Dominion, summon'd together all his Vissiers, Bassa's, Begler-begs, Generals, and other eminent Men of his Mighty Port, all or most of them being Renegadoes, as also the Christian Captives, who lying in perpetual Slavery, suffer a lingring Death in the Seven Towers of *Constantinople*, without hope of Redemption, by reason of the Pride of that Haughty Monarch, who looks upon it as a Diminution of his Grandeur to Ransom Slaves, and deems that Heavenly Virtue of Mercy as proper only to the Vulgar. The Concourse was therefore extraordinary, and greater the Expectation of all Men, because there had been no Precedent of such an Assembly in the Memory of Man. The Grand Seignior looking on it as too great a Condescension that his Voice should be heard, or his Person seen by his Subjects, being seated on a lofty Throne behind a Curtain, which allow'd only some scant passage to the sight, made a sign to the Assembly to give

The Grand Seignior, the Advice given him by a Spanish Morisco, refuted by Sinan Bassa.

Ear

\* *The Mo-  
riscoes  
were the  
Race of  
the Moors  
in Spain,  
most  
whereof  
were coun-  
terfeit  
Christians,  
and con-  
spir'd to  
bring in  
the Moors  
again, for  
which rea-  
son they  
were all  
expell'd by  
King Phi-  
lip III.*

Ear to what things one of the \* *Moriscoes*, who had been expell'd Spain, offer'd to him by way of advice. The *Morisco*, after prostrating himself at the Emperor's Feet, arose again and said: *We the true and constant Mahometans, who through the Course of a tedious Captivity in Spain, have for many years privately entertain'd in our Hearts the Law of the Prophet descended from Agar, humbly acknowledging the unparalell'd Goodness of the Almighty Monarch of the World, the Great Emperor of the Turks, in receiving us the miserable Relicks of that Expulsion, have resolv'd among our selves to do his most Potent Majesty some considerable Service, which must be grounded on our Knowledge and Experience, having no Fortunes to offer, as being a Multitude stripp'd of all we possess'd. To this effect, the first thing we propose is, That for the Honour of our Nation, and as a Reward to our invincible Generals and Commanders, in continuing the Memory of their Exploits, it is convenient, that after the manner of Greece, Rome, and Spain, Colleges and Universities be erected, and Rewards be assign'd to Learning, for by it, after the Death of the Monarchs, and Extirpation of the Monarchies, the Greek and Latin Languages still gloriously survive, and in them in spite of Death, do still flourish their Heroick Actions, Virtues and Names, being rescued from the Oblivion of the Grave, by those Studies which enrich'd their Minds, and made their Nations cease to be Barbarous. The second Proposition is, That the Laws and Customs of the Romans be receiv'd, so far forth as they are not directly opposite to our Law; to the end that Policy may be advanc'd, Disorders suppress'd, Virtue rewarded, Vice punish'd, and*  
the

the Distribution of Justice may be so establish'd, that neither Affection, Malice, nor Bribery may have place, but a sure and universal Method be settled in all parts. The third is, That for our greater Benefit in Fight, our crooked Semiters be chang'd for Spanish Tucks, because they are more handy either to defend or offend, the great circular Motion of cutting being sav'd by thrusting, by which means whenever we have come to Handy-blows with the Spaniards, we have sustain'd unspeakable Loss, that Nation exceeding all others in handling their Rapier; and besides the Swords are lighter of carriage, and easier to wield. The fourth, That to preserve Health, and recover it when Impair'd, the use of Wine be by all means allow'd, because moderately taken it is the best Vehicle of Nutriment, and most Efficacious Medicine. It is also a rich Fund to increase the Grand Seignior's and his Subjects Revenues, there being several Liquors produc'd by the Grape which create a considerable Trade. Nay, it is more powerful and effectual than Opium, to raise the Spirits and excite the Blood to bold Undertakings. Neither ought the prohibition in our Law, which has been already partly dispens'd with, to be any hindrance, for a proper Interpretation to our purpose may be found. For the putting all we have propos'd in execution, we offer to furnish Schemes and Directors, who shall carry it on without any Charge or Trouble to the Publick; and are assur'd it will add much to the Grandeur and Glory of all the Great Emperor of Constantinople's Dominions. Scarce had he utter'd the last Word, when Sinan Basla, a Renegado, started up, foaming with rage, and said; If all the Devils in Hell had conspir'd against the Turkish Monarchy, they could not have inven-  
ted



ted four such cursed Plagues as have been propos'd by this Morisco Dog, who among Christians was an ill Mahometan, and would be an ill Christian among the Turks. These Fellows would have rebell'd in Spain, and here they would destroy us. The reason for expelling them there was not greater than this; it will be convenient we revenge our selves on those who sent them among us, by returning them back. Don John of Austria had not more destructive Designs against our Power, when at Lepanto opening the Veins of so many Janisaries, he caus'd the Fish to swim in Blood, and made a new Red Sea not inferior to the old. The Persian Green Turbant doth not more maliciously aim at the overthrow of our Empire; Nor did D. Peter Giron Duke of Ossuna, and Viceroy of Naples and Sicily, with his Fleets and Land Forces, and Terror of his Name, more fiercely endeavour to obliterate the Memory of our Half Moons, whose light he often sully'd, when our Vessels scarce thought themselves secure of him at Pera and Constantinople, than thou infernal Dog with those Four Propositions hast labour'd to do. Hell-hound, Monarchies are upheld by the same Arts that erect them. They have always been rais'd by Souldiers, and always corrupted by Pedants. Kings hold their Dominions by the Sword, not by their Books. Armies gain and defend them, not Universities. Victories make them great and formidable, not Arguments. Battles bestow Kingdoms and Crowns, Learning Caps and Degrees. Whenever a State begins to assign Rewards for Learning, Dignities are conferr'd on Drones, Craft is honour'd, Subtilty exalted, and Favour rewarded, and then the Conqueror depends on the Doctor, the Soldier on the Scholar, and the

Sword

*Sword on the Pen.* The ignorance of the People is the greatest Security of Princes. Learning which instructs makes them mutinous. Learned Subjects rather conspire than obey, rather examine their Sovereign than respect him. No sooner they understand, but they despise him. No sooner can they know what liberty is, than they desire it. They can judge whether he that Reigns is worthy to Rule, and then begin to Reign over the Prince. Learning is the cause that Peace is sought after, because it stands in need of it; and Peace that is sought after, draws on the most dangerous War. No War is so destructive, as that he endures who seems to covet Peace; The latter sues with Words and Embassies, and the former makes its advantage of the fear that appears in the Intreaties. When a Nation affects Scholars and Writers, Goose Quills take place of Swords and Muskets; Ink in Writing is more meritorious than Blood spilt; a Sheet of Paper sign'd, is of more force than Armour-proof against Shot; and the Hand of a Coward, by virtue of the Pen, extracts from the Inkborn Honours, Revenues, Titles, and Grandeur. Many Vile Wretches wear the Black Robe. Many raise Estates by their Writings, and many great Men are descended from Scriblers. Rome, when beginning in a small Circumference, scarce big enough to sow two Bushels of Corn, it grew to a vast Commonwealth, us'd neither Doctors nor Books, but Soldiers and Weapons. All there was Violence and no Study, they ravish'd the Women they wanted, subdu'd what was near, and aim'd at what was farther off. No sooner did Cicero, Brutus, Hortensius, and Cæsar introduce Harangues and Declamations

clamations, than they began Seditions, and conspiring destroy'd one another, and others, themselves, and even the Commonwealth. The Emperors and the Empire were destroy'd, and overthrown by the ambition of the Orators. Even among Birds only those suffer imprisonment in Cages which talk and sing, and the more perfectly they do it the closer they are kept. Then the Schools were made the Magazines against Arms, Orations sanctify'd Crimes, and condemn'd Virtue, and whilst the Tongue reign'd, Triumphs were subject to the power of Words. The Greeks suffer'd by the same itch of Learning, they were proud of their Academies which vy'd with their Armies, and their Philosophers were a plague to their Generals. Wit became the Judge of Valour, and they grew rich in Books and poor in Triumphs. You say their Heroes still live in their famous Authors, and their Language still survives, tho their Monarchy be extinct. The same happens to a Dagger which wounds a Man, which continues when the Man is gone, and yet that is no satisfaction to the dead Man. It were better the Monarchy surviv'd, tho dumb and without a Language, than that the Language should last without a Monarchy. Greece and Rome are become Echoes, forming in the hollow emptiness of their Majesty, not whole Sounds, but the very extremities of absent Words. Those very Authors that extoll'd them, could allot themselves but so short a Life at the pleasure of the Reader, that in some it reaches only the Understanding, in others, goes not beyond Curiosity. Spain, whose People in danger, were always prodigal of Life, covetous of Death, and impatient of Age, when  
with



with unparalell'd Resolution it rais'd its Head out of ruin, grew to a mighty Flame from scatter'd Embers, and became a prodigy from a Skeleton, rather attended to furnish Matter for Writing, than to Write, and to deserve Praises than to Compose them. Their Drums and Trumpets spoke for them, and all their Speeches were repeated Huzza's before Battle. They furnish'd the World with Subject of Admiration under Viriatus and Sertorius; they gain'd glorious Victories for Hannibal; they oblig'd Cæsar, who till then every where fought for Honour, to fight for his Life, and they exceeded Valour and Resolution it self at Numantia. Yet of these and many other their Brave Actions they writ nothing, all was Recorded by the Romans. Their Valour made use of Foreign Pens, they thought it enough for them to Act, and for the Latines to Write. As long as they knew not how to be Historians, they deserv'd them. Artillery was not long since invented to take off Lives before secur'd by distance, to overthrow the strongest Walls, and to bestow Victories by aim, not by true Courage; but presently after was Printing invented in opposition to Cannon, it is Metal against Metal, Ink against Powder, and Letters against Bullets. Wet Powder takes no effect, there is no doubt but it is moistned by the Ink that sends down Orders to provide and dispose it. There is no doubt but there is a scarcity of Lead to make Bullets, ever since it is consum'd in casting of Letters. But it was Battles that gave us Empire, Souldiers gain'd the Victories, and the Victories the Rewards, which ought always to be bestow'd on those who always made us Triumph. They who call'd Letters and Arms Sisters, knew nothing of their Pedegree, for no Families

*milies are less of Kin than Saying and Doing. The Steel is never join'd to the Quill but to cut it, but the Quill, with those very Wounds it receives from the Steel revenges it self. Most contemptible Morisco, it is our desire that among our Adversaries there be many Learned, and among us many Victorious, for it is Victory over our Enemies that we covet, and not their Practises. The second thing you propose, is to receive the Laws of the Romans, which if once you had compass'd you had ruin'd all. Our whole Empire would run into confusion betwixt Plaintiffs and Defendants, and Inferior and Superior Judges, and the People would be all taken up in the Employments of Councillors, Solicitors, Attorneys, Clerks, Apparitors, Serjeants, and other Dependants of Courts. Thus War, which now makes choice of Men, will be forc'd to take up with the Refuse of Embroilers of the Nation, and there will be more Suits, not because there will be more occasion, but because there will be more Laws. Following our own Methods, we enjoy as much Peace as we stand in need of, and as much War as we please to make with our Neighbours. The Laws in themselves are just and good, but where there are Lawyers they are dull and senseless. This cannot be deny'd, since the Lawyers themselves own it as often as they impose what sense they please upon the Law, supposing of it self it has none. Every Judge affirms he is an interpreter of the Law, and by giving a meaning to it, supposes it has none. I, for my part, am a Renegado, and was a Christian, and do avouch as an Eye Witness, there is no Law either Civil or Rational but what has as many meanings as there are Lawyers, Commentators, or Judges, who give it so many, that it proves at last to have none at all.*

*When*

When then there is no reason to dispossess a Man of his Estate, there never wants a Law, which being either strain'd, or ill interpreted, is ground enough for a Suit, and both the Plaintiff and Defendant are in the end Sufferers. Consider now what Two wholesome Propositions have been made by this thankful Morisco. The third thing is, that we should change our Cimeters for long Swords. In this particular, as there is no considerable ill consequence to obstruct, so I can find no great advantage to encourage us to put it in Execution. The Half Moon is our distinctive Character, and that we always brandish in our Cimeters. To take up the Fashions and Customs of Enemies, is a Ceremony proper to Slaves, and a Garb for Conquer'd People, or at least it is an Omen or Forerunner of both. If we are to be permanent, let us stick to the old Proverb, which says, Let that ever be done, which was always done; for by keeping to it we shall be free from Novelties. Let the Christian thrust and the Turk hew, and let this Morisco, expell'd by the former, be impal'd by the latter. As to the fourth and last point, which relates to the use of Vineyards and Wine, let thirsty Souls agree about it with the Alcoran. No small toleration has been given in this case long ago. But I must observe, that if there be an universal Toleration of Wine and Taverns, it will only serve to enhaunce the price of Water, and to make us buy Rain by the Quart. My Opinion is therefore, weighing what has been propos'd, that this Cur is a greater Enemy to those that harbour, than to those that expell'd him. All the Assembly heard this Discourse with profound Silence. The Morisco look'd pitioussly, a cold sweat running down his Forehead. Then *Hali*, the Prime Visier, who stood next to the Curtain that was before the



Grand Seignior, after consulting his Looks, said; *Christian Slaves, what say you to what you have heard?* They seeing the blindness of that deluded Nation, and perceiving they lov'd their own barbarity, and plac'd their Security in Tyranny and Ignorance, abhorring the light of Learning, and the Justice of Laws, caus'd a *Spanish Gentleman*, who had been thirty years in slavery, to answer for them all, which he did in these Words: *We Spaniards shall not advise you to any thing that is for your good, because it would be a piece of Treachery against our Monarch, and an Offence against our Religion; neither will we deceive you, because we do not stand in need of frauds to defend our selves against you; therefore we Christians have resolv'd thus silently to wait our doom.* The Grand Seignior influenc'd by the Hour, and drawing the Curtains before his Throne, (a thing never before seen) with an angry Voice, said; *Let those Christians be set free, their generous goodness shall be their Ransom, clothe and furnish them plentifully for their Voyage, out of the Estates of the Moriscoes. And let that Dog be burnt alive for proposing of Innovations, and all that shall follow his Example shall suffer the like pain. It is my choice to be call'd Barbarous Conqueror, rather than be Learn'd and overthrown. All our knowledge must be to know how to overcome, for an ignorant People is the safety of a Tyrant. I command all here present to forget what they heard from this Morisco, the powers of the Soul shall obey my Orders, as well as the Corporal Senses, therefore let your Memories dread my Anger.* Thus the Hour gave to every one what they deserv'd, the Barbarous Infidels were harden'd in their Ignorance,

rance, the Christians obtain'd their Liberty, and the *Morisco* was punish'd.

A *Dutch Ship*, by stress of Weather, was forc'd into one of the Ports of \* *Chile*. The *Indians*, who guarded that Harbour, being a People, who in that Conquer'd World Manfully defended their Liberty, to the damnation of their Souls in their Idolatry, with Weapons in their Hands attack'd the Ship's Crew, thinking they were *Spaniards*, whose Dominions enclos'd them, and from whose Subjection they have still exempted themselves. The Captain pacify'd them, saying, They were *Hollanders*, and came as Ambassadors from that Commonwealth, with a Message of importance to the Caciques and Chief Men. Then sweetning these Words with rich Wine, brew'd after the manner of the North, and mollifying them with Butter and other Rarities, they were admitted and caress'd. The *Indian*, who commanded, gave an account to the Magistrates of the new People that was arriv'd, and of their Intentions. All the Principal Men, and a great number of People assembled with their Weapons in their Hands. This Nation is so provident against Possibilities, and so jealous of Appearances, that they receive Embassadors with the same precaution as they meet an Enemies Army. The Captain of the Ship came before them, attended by four of his Men, and a Slave serving as an Interpreter: They ask'd of him, Who he was? Whence he came? To what purpose? And, From whom? He answer'd, not without some dread of the Warlike Audience, *I am a Dutch Captain, and come from Holland, a*

*The Dutch Proposals to the Indians of Chile, and their Answer. \*Chile is on the Coast of America on the South of Peru.*

*Commonwealth in the West, to offer you our Friendship and Trade. We live in a Land which the Sea from above looks down upon with indignation, to see it dry below its billows. We were not long since Subjects, and part of the Dominion of the Great Monarch of Spain and the New World, where only your Valour has exempted it self from his Crown, which like the Sun extends its compass round the Earth. We gain'd our Liberty with immense labour, because the Severity of King Philip the Second pre-*

*\* The Two* ferr'd the Bloody Execution of *\* two Noblemen,*  
*Counts,* before the Sovereignty of so many Provinces. *Horn and* Revenge inflam'd our Courage, and carrying on a War  
*Egmont.* which lasted above 60 Years without interruption, we have sacrific'd Two Millions of Men to those two Lives, and made the Fields of the Low-Countries an universal Burial-place to all Europe. Our Success has made us absolute Masters of half those Countries; and not so satisfy'd, we have taken many strong Holds in the other Provinces, have gain'd large Dominions in the East, and in Brazil have Conquer'd Pernambuco and Paraiba, enriching our selves with Brazil Wood, Tobacco and Sugar: And to conclude, of Subjects that we were to the King of Spain, are become his most implacable Enemies. We have taken it into our Consideration, that the Spaniards have not only subdu'd these Provinces, but that in few Years they have destroy'd in them many Towns, peopling them again with Strangers, so that there scarce remains the Memory of the Natives in their Tombs, and that the mighty Emperors, Kings, Caziques, and other Princes, are so wholly extinct and buried in Oblivion, as if they had never been. We perceive that you alone (either that you are Wiser, or warn'd by the Fate of others) main-



tain an Hereditary Liberty, and by your Valour the American Race is preserv'd from Slavery. It is natural for every Creature to love its likeness, and since you and our Commonwealth so much resemble one another, it was decreed to send me through such vast Seas, and such dangerous distance, to tender you their sincere Amity and Friendship, and to offer, not only for your Defence, but to promote your further Designs, to furnish you with Ships, Cannon, Officers and Souldiers, who are such as are prais'd and admir'd by all, by whom they are not fear'd. By way of Trade they offer you free Commerce in their Dominions, with a Brotherly and perpetual Alliance, desiring, for themselves, the freedom of your Ports, and the settlement of a League Offensive and Defensive upon equal Terms on both sides. And the more to express their Affection, by their great Interest, they will secure you the Friendship of many Kings, Princes and Commonwealths their Confederates. The Indians return'd a courteous Answer, telling him, That to receive his Proposals it was enough to hear him, but in order to give their Answer they must consult in Council, and the next day at the same time would give him their Resolution. It was so agreed, and the Dutchman knowing the Indians are naturally inclin'd to Toys and Curiosities, the better to gain their Affections, he presented them with Barrels of Butter, Cheese, Casks of Wine, Swords, Hats, and Looking-glasses; and lastly a Telescope, highly extolling the use of it, saying, By the help of it they might see Ships at Ten or Twelve Leagues distance, and discover by their Colours, whether they belong'd to Friends or Enemies; that the same they might do by Land.

He added, that with it they might find Stars in Heaven which they had never seen before, nor could not be discern'd without it; That through it they might plainly discover the spots in the Face of the Moon, which look like Eyes and Mouth, and might perceive a black spot in the Circle of the Sun. That it wrought these Wonders by drawing with those two Glasses close to the Eyes, things that were at a vast distance. The Principal Man among the *Indians* ask'd for it, and the *Dutchman* having open'd it to the due distance, and instructed him how to use it, deliver'd it to him. He clapt his Right Eye to it, and levelling it towards the Mountains, set up a Cry that testify'd his Admiration to the rest, telling them, He had at four Leagues distance plainly seen Men, Beasts and Birds, and the Rocks and Shrubs, so near at hand, that they seem'd bigger than natural, close to the farthest Glas. Here the influence of the Hour affected them, and they having gabled in their Language some Discourses in appearance passionate, he that took the Glas, holding it in his Left Hand, directed his Discourse to the *Dutchman* in these Words. *An Instrument that finds a Spot in the Sun, proves the Moon a Lyar, and discovers what Heaven hides, is a mischievous Instrument, a Glas-Pickthank, and cannot be grateful to Heaven. Its attracting things at a great distance, is a sufficient cause to raise a Jealousie in us who are far remov'd from you. With this doubtless it was you discover'd us so remote, and through it we have descry'd the design you labour to hide under your Specious Offers. By this Artifice you pry into the Elements, and thrust your selves in-*

to Sovereignty. You, as you say, live dry below the Water, and wrest your Land wrongfully from the Sea. We shall not be such Fools to take those for our Friends who could not be good Subjects, nor shall we trust them with our Habitations, who have stolen theirs from the Fishes. You were Subjects of the King of Spain, and having usurp'd his Dominion, value your selves upon being Rebels, and would have us through a fond credulity become a Prey to your Treachery. Neither is it true that we resemble you, for in maintaining that Native Country which Nature gave us, we only defend what is our own; we preserve our Liberty, but do not steal it. You offer to assist us against the King of Spain, yet confess at the same time you have taken Brazil from him, which was his; if you take the Indies from him who took them from us, how much more reason have we to be afraid of you than of him. You must observe that America is a rich Beautiful Harlot, and since she was false to her Husbands, she will never be true to her Bullies. Christians say, Heaven punish'd the Indies because they ador'd Idols; and we Indians say, Heaven will punish the Christians, because they adore the Indies. You think you carry Gold and Silver, and you only carry well colour'd Envy and precious Misery. You take from us, that you may have for others to take from you. That which makes you our Enemies, makes you Enemies to one another. Be gone then within two hours out of this Port, and let us know if you want for any thing. If you have a mind to gain our good will, since you are so good at Invention, invent an Instrument to remove what is by us at a great distance, for we promise you, we will never look upon your Country nor Spain with this that attracts things that are far off. Carry



away this Glass Spy, this Discoverer of the Firmament, for we have no need of it, being able, with the help of our Eyes only, to discover more in you than we like; and let me tell you, the Sun is beholding to it for shewing you the black spot in his Circle, or else for the colour sake you would have endeavour'd to cut out and stamp him into Money.

*The Blacks  
consult  
how to de-  
liver  
themselves  
from Sla-  
very.*

The Blacks assembl'd in mighty numbers to consult about obtaining their Liberty, a thing they have often earnestly solicited. The numerous Concourse being seated and silent, one of the chiefest among them, who in that swarthy Audience appear'd blacker than the rest, and had propos'd this Affair in the Court of Rome, spoke to this purpose: *There is no cause for our slavery but our colour, and colour is an accident, not a crime. Yet certain it is, those who Lord it over us have no colour for their Tyranny, but our colour, which is produc'd by the presence and nearness of the greatest Beauty, to wit, the Sun. Flocky Heads, and clotted Hair, squab Noses, and Blubber Lips, are no better grounds for our Captivity. Many Whites might be Slaves if these three things carry'd it, and it were more reasonable they should be so who are hideous with their mighty Noses, like Rudders in their Faces, and snivle through Elephants Trunks, than we who have nothing to lose by the Pox, and are the very Opposites to the Snouts. Why do not the Whites consider, that if we look like Blots among them, one of them looks like a Stain among us. Did they make Slaves of the Mulattoes, it were more excusable, for they are a Rabble without a King, a Compound betwixt Light and Darkeness, Wainscot Fa-*  
ces

ces compar'd with White Men, Foils to the Brown, the next degree to the Blacks, and the very Picture of Soot. In all Ages there have been Men of our Complexion Famous for Martial Exploits, Learning, Virtue, and Sanctity; it is needless for me to repeat a Catalogue of them, for they are sufficiently known. Nor can it be deny'd, that we are preferable to the Whites, for not endeavouring to disguise the colour Nature gave to our Skins. Among them the Women that are swarthy or brown, plaster themselves like Walls to become White, and they that are White never satisfy'd with Whiteness, wash to encrease it. Only our Women contenting themselves with their Natural Complexion, are beautiful in the dark, and the whiteness of their Teeth shining the brighter through their blackness, when they smile they sparkle like the Stars in the night. Neither do we bely our Age, dye our Hair, or wear false Locks. Why then are we contemn'd and chastis'd? This is it I offer to your Consideration, that you may consult what Means may be us'd for obtaining our due liberty and rest. The Hour prevail'd, and a Black whose Head through Age was become grey, contrary to the receiv'd Opinion, That Black takes no colour, rose up and said; Let Ambassadors be immediately sent to all the Kingdoms in Europe, with two Proposals. The first, That if Colour be the Cause of Slavery, they will take notice of the Red Beards for the sake of Judas, and pass by the Blacks on account of one of the three Kings that came to Bethlem. And since Cats and Dogs of that colour are hateful, it will be but reasonable there be no Men nor Women of it, and let him in our Name propose means for the speedy destruction of all Fox-heads with their Apurtenances.

purtenances. The second Proposal is, that they mix their Breed with ours, and blending their Brightness with our Sootiness, produce a *mungril Race*, that so *Swarthiness* may become *Fashionable*; being sufficiently warned by the clearness of the Germans and Flemmings, who have embroil'd and distracted the World, stain'd so many Fields with Blood, and fill'd so many Nations with *Rebellions* and *Heresies*; but particularly let them remember the Frenchmens yellow Beards. As for our Ambassadors, let them take this Advice along with them, that if the \* People Sneeze at them, they may take Snuff for their comfort, and shall answer, God bless us; bestowing the Prayer upon themselves.

\* It is a custom in Spain to Sneeze at the Blacks by way of contempt. England in the year 1640. This was spoke in the Person of King Ch. the I. in whose time it was writ.

The mighty Monarch of England, whose Island is the most Beautiful Mole upon the face of the Ocean, having Assembled his Parliament, spoke to them as follows. 'My Dominions are encompass'd by the raging Sea, hemm'd in and defended by the Waves; my Kingdoms, as to the Publick Worship, are of the Reform'd Religion, but in their Hearts they are Catholicks. I have engrafted the Papal Power upon the Regal, wear at once the Crown and Mitre, and have two Heads, the Spiritual and the Temporal. I suspect, tho' it is not visible, a Spiritual Schism among my Subjects, and that the City which holds St. Peter's Keys, influences the private Councils in London. This is of so much the more dangerous consequence, by how much it is the more Private. It is a great Eye-sore to me to behold the *Rebellious Hollanders* grown up into a *Commonwealth*. I confess, mine and my



my Ancestors Jealousy of the greatness of  
*Spain*, has rais'd them from a contemptible  
 Spawn, to a Bulk that exceeds the *British*  
 Whale. I see them daily encroaching upon  
 the *East* and *West-Indies*, and am devour'd  
 by the Lice I bred. I know, most years they  
 have rich Fleets from their stolen Dominions,  
 and sometimes they snap all, or a considerable  
 part of those that belong to the King of  
*Spain*, which brings them in inestimable Treas-  
 ure. By Land so many years continual ex-  
 ercise has made them Soldiers, with the re-  
 putation of innumerable Victories; and their  
 experience in obeying has render'd them fit  
 to Command. By Sea their Ships are not to  
 be counted, their Fortune is matchless, their  
 Conduct not to be Paralell'd, and their Repu-  
 tation above their Neighbours. On the other  
 side, I see my Neighbour the King of *France*  
 (whom I hate upon ancient grudges) aspire  
 to the Empire of *Germany* and *Rome*, having  
 already got footing in *Italy*, being possess'd of  
 Towns, favour'd by some Princes, and in  
 all appearance countenanc'd by the Pope.  
 He is a Youth born and grown up amidst  
 Arms, and gain'd Triumphs with them when  
 he was fitter to have play'd with Toys. I now  
 look upon his Subjects to be wholly united,  
 since he has demolish'd all the strong Holds of  
 the *Huguenots*, *Lutherans*, and *Calvinists*, and  
 vested the power of the Government in the  
*Catholicks* alone: Neither do I on this account  
 esteem him the better Catholick, but believe  
 him a crafty Polititian, and am perswaded,  
 he is in himself a Time-server; that he only  
 aims

‘ aims at his Interest, and believes in what he  
 ‘ would have, not in that he adores; a Religion  
 ‘ many follow under the name of another, yet  
 ‘ he dissembles, because his design being to  
 ‘ work himself into the possession of *Naples*  
 ‘ and *Milan*, he thought it convenient to fa-  
 ‘ vour the Catholicks, as being infinitely the  
 ‘ stronger Party; They are beholding to their  
 ‘ number, not to their Doctrine. He pretends  
 ‘ a Catholick Zeal, because it is the best colour  
 ‘ to disguise his Ambition of enlarging his Do-  
 ‘ minions in *Italy*; and he is as much beholding  
 ‘ to his Hypocrisy as to his Valour for his Con-  
 ‘ quests. In *Germany*, by calling in the *Swedes*,  
 ‘ and stirring up the Electors of *Saxony* and  
 ‘ *Brandenburgh*, and the Landtgrave of *Hesse*,  
 ‘ he has sworn in *verba Lutheri*. He laid hold  
 ‘ of *Calvin’s* Conscience to seize the Duke of  
 ‘ *Lorrain’s* Dominions; and thus he is a *Janus*  
 ‘ in Religion, looking upon the *Turk* with one  
 ‘ Face, and upon the *Pope* with the other; Car-  
 ‘ dinal *Rhichlieu* being made his instrument to  
 ‘ wind him into that Court. This causes my  
 ‘ Nose to swell at him, because I consider, that  
 ‘ for the compassing his ends he has made no  
 ‘ account of my power, but has taken up with  
 ‘ the fortune of the *Hollanders*, despising *Eng-  
 ‘ land*, as if he were furnish’d with another won-  
 ‘ derful *Joan of Arc*, or Maid of *Oleans*. I  
 ‘ have so ill a relish of all these actions, that  
 ‘ they set my Teeth on edge, and the very Air  
 ‘ I breathe is nauseous; to which, adding the  
 ‘ Success of the Isle of *Rhe*, it causes a loath-  
 ‘ ing in my Memory. It occurs not to me with  
 ‘ whom I can join in Confederacy to clip the  
 ‘ Wings

' Wings of these two Neighbours, unless with  
 ' the \*King of Spain, who is a Great, Rich, \*Phil. the  
 ' and Mighty Monarch, being Lord of the most 4th then  
 ' Warlike Nations in the World, and in the young.  
 ' prime of his Age; yet I cannot but take no-  
 ' tice, that my Honour and Reputation are  
 ' engag'd in restoring the *Palatine*, and I can-  
 ' not expect it from the *Catholicks*, and conse-  
 ' quently must not hope it from the *Imperia-*  
 ' *lists* and *Spaniards*, by reason of the difference  
 ' of Religion, and that the Protestants are al-  
 ' ready sick of the *House of Austria*. Besides,  
 ' I guess the King of Spain has not forgot my  
 ' Journey to his Court, since I have not forgot  
 ' my return to my own, the Memory whereof  
 ' is renew'd by the attempt of my Ships upon  
 ' *Cadiz*. I would willingly reduce the *Most*  
 ' *Christian King* to his former Bounds; for, like  
 ' a Flood, he is swollen above his Banks, and  
 ' has spread himself over all *Europe*; and at the  
 ' same time would pull back the *Dutch* to what  
 ' they were. It is your parts to advise what  
 ' Methods will be most proper for this under-  
 ' taking; but at the same time you are to un-  
 ' derstand, that I am not only resolv'd, but  
 ' eager to go my self in Person, because I am  
 ' of opinion, that a Prince who being engag'd  
 ' in a necessary War, does not himself lead  
 ' his People, rather condemns his Subjects to  
 ' carry Arms, than makes Soldiers of them;  
 ' and they being thus drove like Criminals,  
 ' suffer more than they act; whence it comes,  
 ' they expect their Liberty, and Revenge no  
 ' less by being overcome than by overcoming.  
 ' There is as much difference betwixt leading  
 ' and



‘ and sending of Armies, as betwixt jest and  
‘ earnest, as appears by experience. Answer  
‘ in relation to the Publick without meddling  
‘ with my safety; and let me hear nothing in  
‘ your opinions that looks like Self-Interest.  
‘ Inform my Understanding, do not perplex  
‘ it. This said, they all look’d upon one another with an awful Silence, and after consulting together in private, the Speaker return’d this Answer. ‘ Your Majesty, Great Sir, has  
‘ contriv’d so to place your Question, that you  
‘ have taught us how to Answer; an Art  
‘ highly to be valu’d by Kings, because it creates perspicuity and a good understanding.  
‘ Truth is but one, it is plain and clear, few words express it; multiplicity confounds it;  
‘ it breaks little Silence, Falshood leaves none unbroken. The Reflections you have made  
‘ on the King of *France* and the *Hollanders* are  
‘ worthy your Royal Consideration. The imminent danger requires a manly and speedy resolution. The King of *Spain* is at this time  
‘ the only Confederate can promote your Designs, and will be the more effectual if you  
‘ join with him in Person to crush these two troublesome Neighbours. And your Majesty  
‘ may observe, there is as great distance betwixt Acting and Commanding, as is betwixt Words and Deeds. I confess your  
‘ Heirs are too tender to be forsaken. But it  
‘ is a less Evil to leave them young, than Childishly to bear them Company being a Father.  
‘ Scarce had he utter’d these Words, when an old decrepit Senator, whose gristle-clotted Beard cover’d all his Breast, his Head hanging down,  
and

and the hunch of his Back through Age rising above it, lifting himself up by the help of his Staff, said, ' There is no doubt but it is a great Rashness to advise his Majesty to go abroad in Person, when his Kingdoms swarm with conceal'd Catholicks, whose number is known to be great, but suspected to be much greater. Your Majesty has Subjects fit to be entrusted with such an Undertaking; let an Army of our own Religion be sent under the Command of the Chief Men who are suspected to be Catholicks: Thus their Allegiance will be secur'd abroad, and fewer Enemies will remain at home. Do not venture your Person, in which we venture our all, and which alone secures all; for, from the Speaker's Opinion I gather he Plots like a Papist, and does not advise like a Councillor. The whole Assembly fell into Confusion, and in this Disorder the Hour began, and the King changing Colour, said; ' You two instead of Advising, have Distracted me. One says, if I go not abroad in Person, my Enemies will deprive me of my Kingdom. The other, that if I go, it will be taken away by my Subjects; so that you will have me stand more in awe of my Subjects than of my Enemies. The Condition I am reduc'd to is Deplorable. It remains, that every one of you within 24 Hours, lay before me by whose and by what means I am reduc'd to this pass, naming Persons and Causes without sparing one another; otherwise I shall suspect you all, for the blame lies only among you that advise me; for I  
am

‘ am now resolv’d to attend my Affairs both at  
‘ home and abroad. The King of *France* goes  
‘ abroad without having Issue or hopes of it,  
‘ and leaves a Kingdom divided on several ac-  
‘ counts; the Nobility stain’d with the Blood of  
‘ *Montmorency*; the *Huguenots* suppress’d, but  
‘ not without thoughts of revenge; the Coun-  
‘ try eaten up with Taxes, and the whole King-  
‘ dom groaning under the Oppression of the  
‘ Prime Minister; and you would have me, who  
‘ have Issue, and less Obstacles to obstruct me,  
‘ stay to rock and play with my Children.  
‘ *France* and *Holland* are become formidable,  
‘ because I have liv’d at home at my ease; if I  
‘ appear not abroad they will be my ruin. If I  
‘ stay for fear of my Subjects, I encourage them  
‘ to condemn me. If once my Enemies are as-  
‘ sur’d I cannot go abroad, I shall not be able  
‘ to secure my self against them; and if I go  
‘ abroad and perish, at least I shall gain the Ho-  
‘ nour of the Attempt, and prevent the Scan-  
‘ dal of Cowardice. That King who acts not  
‘ himself in defence of his Crown, furnishes  
‘ them with an Excuse who do not assist him.  
‘ It will be unjust to punish those that follow  
‘ his Example, for he cannot be Judge of the  
‘ Crime he taught, nor condemn what was  
‘ learnt of him by those who imitate him in for-  
‘ saking the Defence of their Country. Be  
‘ gone all of you immediately, and consult ac-  
‘ cording to your Duty what is best for my  
‘ Service, preferring it before your own Lives,  
‘ and my Quiet, for I promise the more sharp  
‘ the truth you deliver shall be, the better I  
‘ will



' will look upon it; and do not perplex me  
 ' with the pretence of carrying all the Nobility  
 ' along with me, for Experience demonstrates,  
 ' that no Man ever assembled them in an Army,  
 ' but he lost them and himself. The Rings  
 ' measur'd by the Bushel at *Cannas*, testifie it  
 ' to the unspeakable sorrow of *Rome*. So the  
 ' Wood of *Pavia* made the Sepuchre of all the  
 ' *French* Nobility, and of their King's Liberty.  
 ' So the *Spanish* Armada, under the Duke of  
 ' *Medina Sidonia*, which coming to invade this  
 ' Kingdom, enrich'd the Shoars with its Wreck.  
 ' And so King *Sebastian*, who lost his Nobility,  
 ' his Crown, and his Life in *Africk*. The No-  
 ' bility united, causes Confusion, and occasions  
 ' Ruin, because they know not how to Com-  
 ' mand, and will not Obey, and consequently  
 ' their Pride breaks all Military Discipline. I  
 ' will take with me a few that have gain'd Ex-  
 ' perience, the rest shall stay to be a Check to  
 ' the Licentiousness of the Multitude, and a  
 ' Curb to Mutiniers. I have Occasion for such  
 ' Men as think they cheat me in exposing their  
 ' Lives for Six-pence a day, not for those who  
 ' having exhausted my Treasure that they  
 ' might go, claim a Title to my Revenue be-  
 ' cause they went. It were good that all the  
 ' Nobility were Train'd, yet it were not safe.  
 ' Private Persons must not arm Mad-men, nor  
 ' Kings the Nobility. Take this along with  
 ' you by way of Instruction, and there will  
 ' be the less to distract your Consultations,  
 ' and my Resolution will the sooner take ef-  
 ' fect.

The Jews  
and Mo-  
nopanti  
in Council  
for em-  
broiling  
Christen-  
dom, and  
draining  
its Wealth

At *Theſſalonica*, a City of *Macedonia*, ſeated at the bottom of the Gulph, to which it gives its Name, and ſubject to the Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, by the appointment of Rabbi *Saadias*, Rabbi *Racabarbaniel*, Rabbi *Salomon*, and Rabbi *Niſin*, was held a general Aſſembly of the Deputies of all the Jews in *Europe*. Thither reſorted for the Synagogue at *Venice*, Rabbi *Samuel* and Rabbi *Maimon*; for that of *Ragufa* Rabbi *Abenezra*; for that of *Conſtantinople* Rabbi *Jacob*, for that of *Rome* Rabbi *Chaminiel*; for that of *Leghorn* Rabbi *Cerſonni*; for that of *Roan* Rabbi *Gavirol*; for that of *Prague* Rabbi *Mofche*; for that of *Vienna* Rabbi *Berchai*; for that of *Amſterdam* Rabbi *Mier*, *Armaac*; for that of *Oran* Rabbi *Aſepha*; for the Jews in *Maſquerade*, who Trade under the diſguiſe of the Chriſtian Habit and Language, Rabbi *David Bar Nachman*. With theſe joined the *Monopanti*, a Republican People inhabiting certain Iſlands, who lying in the *Black Sea*, betwixt *Moscovy* and *Tartary*, are politickly maintain'd againſt their fierce Neighbours, rather by cunning than force of Arms, or ſtrength of Fortifications. The Natives are Men of inextricable Subtlety, thorough-pac'd in Hypocriſie, abſolute Maſters of Diſſimulation, and of ſo deceitful a Preſence, that all Religions and Nations take them for their own. Trade gives them multiplicity of Faces, and changes their Countenances, and Intereſt ſhifts their Souls. They are Govern'd by a Prince call'd *Pragas Chincollos*. By his Order there came to this Sanhedrim Six of the moſt Learned Men in the Doctrine of Raking and Gripping, the firſt was call'd *Philorgiros*, the ſecond

cond *Eristotheos*, the third *Danipe*, the fourth *Arpi Trotono*, the fifth *Pacas mazo*, and the sixth *Daper Bazalas*. The Assembly seated themselves orderly, according to the Preheminence of each Synagogue, giving the First Seat to the *Monopanti*, in Courtesie as they were Strangers. After Silence was made, Rabbi *Saadias* having repeated the Psalm, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*, made the following Speech: *We the first Generation of the World, who are become the Off-cast of all Ages, and dispers'd Multitude, living in Captivity and miserable Contempt, perceiving the whole World entangl'd in the inextricable Snares of Discord, have assembl'd our selves together to consult our Interest amidst the present Tumults, that we may raise our selves upon the Ruines of all others. I confess Captivity, Plagues, and Obstinacy, are our Inheritance. Fears and Jealousies are the first begotten of our Understandings, and we were ever Malecontents against God, still valuing the Deity we made, before that which made us. From the first beginning his Government was irksom to us, and we follow'd the interpretation of the Devil in opposition to his Law. When his Omnipotency govern'd us, we rebell'd; when he gave us Governours we disobey'd. Samuel, who govern'd in his Name, was thought burdensome, and we gathering an ungrateful Assembly, tho God was our King, ask'd of God another King. He gave us Saul, and him a Tyrannical Right over us, declaring he would make Slaves of our Children, and take away our Estates to give to his Servants; and he aggravated this punishment, saying, he would not take him from us, tho we should beg it of him. He said to Samuel, that it was him they despis'd, not the Prophet, or*



his Sons. To fulfil his Curse, that Saul continues among us at all Times, in all Places, and under several Names. Since then he oppresses us with infamous and miserable Thralldom in all Kingdoms and Commonwealths, and God permits every King should be a Saul to us, who left God for Saul; Our Nation remain'd Criminal in the sight of all Men, all cast it from themselves, all retain, and all are asham'd of retaining it. We reside not in any place, but whether we came expell'd from another. We rest no where, but where they are desirous to cast us out, and all dread we should be drove upon them. We cannot but own there is no congruity between our Words and our Actions, and that our Mouth and our Heart never were united in adoring the same God; our Mouth always call'd upon the God of Heaven, our Heart ever gave Idolatrous Adoration to Gold and Usury. Being under the conduct of Moses, when he went up to the Mount for the Law, we made it appear, that the Religion of our Souls was Gold, and any Creature fram'd thereof. There we ador'd our own Jewels in the Calf, and our Avarice took for its Deity the resemblance of the sucking Cattle. We admit not of God in any other Metal, and in this we receive any Insect for a God. He well understood the Disease that caus'd our insatiable Thirst, who made us drink up our Idol reduc'd to Powder. A mighty Vengeance follow'd this Crime, yet tho it slew many thousands, it was a warning to few, for whereas God afterwards did for us all that we could ask, still he did nothing but what we grew weary of. He stretch'd out the Clouds like a Canopy, to cover us in the Desert from the scorching heat of the day. He strengthened with the fiery Pillar the weak light of the Moon and Stars, that they, assisted with its glittering motion,

motion, might overcome the darkness of the night, and represent the Sun in its absence. He commanded the Wind to shower down our Harvest, and dispos'd the Regions of the Air into wonderful Barns, powring thence our Sustenance ready dress'd in the Manna with all the seasoning every Pallat could desire. He caus'd the Quails descending like Rain, to become Game and Nets for our Entertainment. He dissolv'd the immovable Rocks into running Streams, and caus'd Springs to gush from the Stones to recreate our Thirst. He dry'd up the bottom of the Sea into an easie Road for our Feet, and rais'd the Waters perpendicular, heaping up their smoothness into Liquid Walls, detaining in a secure Structure, the Waves and Billows, which became a streight way for our Forefathers, and a Sepulchre to Pharaoh and his Army. His word rais'd Vermin, and list'd Frogs, Flies and Locusts in his Army for our service. There is nothing so weak, whereof God does not make up invincible Hosts against Tyrants. With such small Souldiers he vanquish'd the formidable Enemies Squadrons, glittering in their Steel Armour, vain-glorious in the bearings of their Shields, and flourishing in the Feathers of their Crests. These wonderful Mercies which our King and Prophet David celebrated in the 10th Psalm, which begins *Horula Adonai*, were requited by our Obstinacy and Ingratitude with a loathing and dislike of our Food, and with Oblivion of the Way opened through the Waves of the Sea. Many times God chastises with what he gives, and rewards with what he refuses. Such Forefathers are a scandalous Genealogy of our Perversness. We are generally look'd upon as obstinate in endless hopes, whereas in reality we are the most desperate People in Nature :

We are the *Ne plus ultra* of *Incredulity*, and hopes and incredulity are incompatible. Neither do we hope, nor is any thing to be hop'd of us. Because Moses stay'd a little on the Mount, we despair'd of him, and ask'd a God of Aaron. The reason why it is said we are obstinate in everlasting hope, is, because we have so many Ages expected the *Messiah*; but neither did we receive him in *Christ*, nor do we expect him in any other. The cause of our saying always, that he is to come, is not that we desire him, or believe it, but by these delays to disguise our being the Fool that begins the 13th Psalm, saying in his Heart, There is no God. The same says he, who denies him that came, and waits for him that is not to come. This is the Language of our Heart, and rightly consider'd it is the Quare of the 2d Psalm, *Fremuerunt gentes, & populi meditati sunt inania adversus dominum, & adversus Christum ejus*. So that we say we always hope, to conceal our always despairing. Of the Law of Moses we retain only the Name, giving it to the Exceptions the *Talmudists* have forg'd to belye the Scripture, disguise the Prophecies, invalidate the Precepts, and dispose Consciences to Wordly ends, instructing our *Atheistical Inclinations* with *Seditious Politicks* for the conveniency of a Civil Life, and adopting us of Sons of *Israel*, Sons of *Mammon*. When we had a Law we kept it not. Now we keep it, it is no Law, farther than in the very sound of the three Letters. It was necessary to declare what we were, to excuse what we are, and to promote what we aim to be, advancing our selves upon the wild Extravagancies, which like a Frenzy possess all the Earth; for now not only the Hereticks rise in Arms against their Enemies the Catholics, but the Catholics themselves



selves in hostile manner invade one another. The  
 Protestants of Germany for many years past have  
 struggl'd for a Heretick Emperor, and in this they are  
 favour'd by the most Christian King, who acts as if  
 he were not so, and connives at Calvin and Luther.  
 The Catholick King opposes them all, to keep in the  
 House of Austria the Supreme Dignity of the Ro-  
 man Eagles. The Hollanders, encourag'd by being  
 successful Traitors, aspire to raise their Treason into  
 a Monarchy; and of Rebellious Subjects to the King  
 of Spain, dare presume to become his Competitors.  
 They wrested from him what he had in them, and  
 they proceed to rob him of what is so far from them,  
 as Brazil and India, designing to extend their Con-  
 quests over his Crown. We have been no small In-  
 struments in promoting these Usurpations, by means  
 of the Sham Christians, whom under disguise of the  
 Portuguese Language, we have apply'd to under-  
 mine him, upon pretence of being his Subjects. All \*The Duke  
 or most of the Princes of Italy have harbour'd the of Orle-  
 French in their Dominions, pretending they read the ans and  
 Popes inclinations in his Looks, and interpreting his Queen  
 silent Toleration for a positive Command, Ex motu France,  
 proprio. \* The King of France has practis'd an upon dis-  
 unheard of Stratagem against the Monarch of Spain, gust, went  
 discharging upon him all his Family under the Title into Flan-  
 of Malecontents, that he might consume the Pay of his ders,  
 Army in Pensions and Presents. When was it ever had Pen-  
 sions from  
 known that a King made Ammunition of his Mo- the King of  
 thers and Brothers Teeth against another, that Spain, who  
 they might eat him up by Morsels. It is a beggarly enter-  
 invention, and yet most pernicious. To wage War tain'd  
 by Mumping, looks more like Jest then Earnest. We them to  
 have Synagogues in the Dominions of all these Prin- breed Di-  
 ces, where we are the principal Element in composing France.  
 of

of this Confusion. At Roan we are the Purse of France against Spain, and of Spain against France. In Spain disguising our Circumcision by our Habit, we supply that Monarch with the Stock we have at Amsterdam amidst his Enemies, who make a greater advantage by ordering us to delay the payment of the Bills, than he does by receiving them. This is indeed an extraordinary Riddle, to wit, to serve and ruin Friends and Enemies with the same Money, and to cause him that pays it to make his advantage over him that receives it. The same we do in Germany, Italy, and Constantinople, and we have knit this indissoluble knot by placing the supply every one expects in the hands of his greatest Enemy. For we furnish Money, as he that lends upon Interest to one that plays and looses, that he may loose the more. I do not deny but the Monopanti are the Boxkeepers of Europe, who furnish Cards, Dice and Candles, and at length the Box runs away with all the Gold and Silver, leaving the Gamesters nothing but Noise, Ruin, and a desire of Revenge, which they encourage, that their Gaming-House, which is the end of all Men, may never have an end. Thus far they are the true Copies of our Original. True it is they have much the advantage of us in the manner of worming themselves in, because they are the Jews of the New Testament, as we are of the Old; for as we did not believe that Jesus was the Messiah that came, so they believing that Jesus was the Messiah already come, they let him slip through their Consciences in such a manner, it seems he never came to, or for them. The Monopanti believe him, as a grave Author says we expect him: Auream, & Gemmatam Hierusalem expectabant. A Hierusalem of Gold and Precious Stones, Both we and they

they through differing Principles and unlike Means, tend to the same end, which is to destroy Christianity which we would not receive, and they after receiving have rejected. And this is the reason we have met to join a Confederacy of Malice and Deceit. This Synagogue has taken it into consideration, that Gold and Silver are the true Sons of the Earth which make War against Heaven, not only with an hundred hands, but with as many as dig, cast, coin, gather, tell, receive, and steal them. They are two Subterranean Demons, yet below'd of all Mortals. Two such Metals, that the greater Body they have, they have also the more Spirit. No Estate or Condition despises them, and if any Law condemn, the Lawyers and Interpreters of it bring them off. He that thinks it an undervaluing to dig them, values himself upon gathering them. He who is too great to ask of him that keeps, courteously receives them of him that offers. And he who thinks it too great a labour to earn them, esteems it an art to steal them. He that says, I will not have them, at the same time means, Give me them. And he who cries, I receive nothing, speaks truth, because he snatches all. As it were a falsehood, should the Sea pretend it does not swallow up the Springs and Brooks, since drinking up the Rivers which suck them up, it also licks up Brooks and Springs; so great Men prevaricate when they say they do not receive from the Poor and Beggars, whereas they devour the Rich, who swallow up the Poor and Beggars. The Premises being granted, it will be most proper to level the Strokes of our Interest at Kings, Commonwealths, and Prime Ministers, in whose Stomachs all the rest cause a Surfeit, which being by us stirr'd up, will prove a Lethargy, or Appoplexy in their Heads. Let  
the



the Monopanti have the preheminance of giving their Opinion first, what method they judge most proper for our advantage. They having buzz'd about their fly thoughts from one to another, agreed that *Pacasmazo*, as the most fluent of Tongue, and abounding in Words, should speak for them all, which he did in this manner: The Goods of the World belong to the Industrious, and Fortune follows the Dissemblers and the Bold. Crowns and Scepters are sooner usurp'd and snatch'd, than inherited or deserv'd. He who in Temporal Preferments is the worst among the Wicked, is the most deserving without exception, and grows till he suffers himself to be outdone in Villany, for in all Ambitious Attempts, Justice and Honesty make Tyrants Criminals. No sooner these begin to use moderation, but they depose themselves. If they will continue their Tyranny, they must not suffer any signs to appear abroad that may prove them so. The Fire that burns a House, casting out the Smoak, calls People to quench it with Water. Let every one take as much of this Discourse to himself as suits with his purpose. Money is the true Circe, which changes into sundry forms all that come near or fall in love with it. We our selves are the Example. Money is a disguis'd Deity, which in no place has any publick Altar, but is privately ador'd in all parts. It has no particular Temple, because it slides into all Churches. Riches is an universal Sect, in which most Souls agree; and Covetousness is an Arch Heretick belov'd by all Politicians, and the Reconciler of all Differences in Opinion and Humour. We therefore perceiving he is the most wonderful Magician and Negromancer, have chosen him

him for our North Star, and make him our Loadstone to point to that Pole, that we may not stray from our Course. This we perform so artificially, that we leave him to the end we may have him, and despise him that we may gather him. This we learn of the deceitful Pump, which by being empty fills it self, with what it has not; attracts what others have, and easily sucks and dreins the full with its own emptiness. We are the very resemblance of Gunpowder, which being small, black, and close ramm'd, gathers vast strength and swiftness from its close imprisonment. We do the mischief before the noise can be heard; and as we open one Eye and shut the other to take aim, we carry all before us in the twinkling of an Eye. Our Houses are like the Barrells of Guns, they are discharg'd at the Keys, and charg'd at the Mouth. Yet tho we are such, we have Countenances and Manners that suit with all Men, and therefore we seem not Strangers to any Sect or Nation. The Turk takes our Hair for a Turbant, the Christian for a Hat, the Moore for a Cap, and you for a Veil. We admit not of the Name of a Kingdom, Commonwealth, or any other, but only that of Monopanti. We yield all Titles to Kings and Commonwealths, we take from them the Power abstracted from the Vanity of those noisy Words. We lay our Design that they may be Lords over the World, and we over them. To attain so glorious an end, we have not found any to join with in Confederacy on equal Terms, like you, who are at present the sharppers of Europe: you only want our quality to compleat the subverting of all, which we offer you entire, by way of Contagion or Infection, to be transmitted by means of an infernal Device found out against  
Christians

Christians by us here present ; which is, that as Treacle is prepared with the sharp poison of the Viper, because it is the moisture that goes the quickest and most directly to the Heart ; for which reason being compounded with many Simples of Efficacious Virtue, it conveys them to the Heart to defend it against Poison, which is the Design of the Medicine ; so we have invented a counter-Treacle to convey Poisons to the Heart, by falling upon the Vertues and good Works that go to it, and to carry to the Soul the Vices, Abominations and Errors, which on these Vehicles will slip into it. If you resolve upon this Alliance, we will give you the Receipt, with the weight and number of Ingredients, and furnish Apothecaries well vers'd in the composition ; in the contriving whereof, Danipe, Alkemiaistos, and I, have taken great pains, and our labour is nothing inferior to the Trochisks of the Viper. Be rul'd by our Pragas, for you need not cease to be Jews, and at the same time will learn to be Monopanti. At the very uttering of these words, the Hour had its effect, and Rabbi Maimon, one of those that came from the Synagogue of Venice, rising up, and putting aside with his hand a Fathom and a half of Snout, that he might come the closer to the Ear of Rabbi Saadias, whisper'd these words. Rabbi, I smell a Rat in that word, be govern'd, we must keep a sharp Eye upon these Fellows, for to me they look like Family Pharaos and subtile encroachers. Saadias reply'd, Now at length I am convinc'd they are the very Manna of instruction, for they taste as every one would have them. The best way is to say little, and give them a Bait in the Trap as to Republican Mice ; Christotheus seeing the mumbling Dialogue, said to Philargiros and Danipe ; I smoke  
the



the Jealousy of the wicked Jews: Let every Man of the Monopanti give himself a lick of the Golden Calf, and they will all fall upon their Knees. They all ran upon Snares and Contrivances against one another, and Rabbi Saadias, to amuse the Monopanti, said, We look upon you as Discoverers of the Land of Promise, and the true Basis of our designs, that we may be united in a mischievous Body, it will be requisite we consult the Methods, and conclude and sign Articles at our next meeting, which we appoint three days hence. Pacasmazo covering his Snakes Skin with Doves Feathers, said, The time was sufficient, and the resolution discreet; but that it was requisite, exact secrecy should be observ'd. Then taking out a Book bound in Sheeps-skin with the Wooll on, which was curiously interwoven and wrought with Gold Thread, he gave it to Saadias, saying, This Jewel we give you as a Pledge. He took it, and ask'd, Whose works are these? Pacasmazo answer'd, The works of our words. The Author is Nicholas Matchiavel, who compos'd the thorough Base to our Trebel. The Jews attentively looking upon them, and particularly observing the binding in Sheeps-skin; Rabbi Asapha, who was Deputy for Oran, said, This is some of the Wooll the Spaniards tell us in their Proverb, which says, they that go to fetch it are fleec'd before they return. Thus they parted, both Parties contriving to meet again like the Steel and Flint for to batter, bruize, and beat one another to pieces, till they struck fire against all the World, for founding the new Sect of *Monetism*, changing the name of *Atheists*, into that of Money-mongers, or Monetists.

The

The General Assembly of all Nations for redress of grievances.

The Subjects of Princes, Commonwealths, Kings and Emperors assembled together at *Leige*, a Neuter Country, to consult about their Affairs, redress their Grievances, vent their Spleen, and breathe out their thoughts, before stiff'd under the fear of Sovereign Power. There were people of all Nations, Conditions and Qualities. The number was so great, it look'd more like an Army than an Assembly, for which reason they made choice of the open Fields to meet in. On the one hand it was surprising to behold the wonderful variety of Garbs and Countenances; on the other the Ears were confounded, and Attention it self deceiv'd by the strange diversity of Languages. The voices seem'd to rend the Air, and resounded in the same manner, as when in the heat of harvest time, the Fields ring with the indefatigable noise of Grasshoppers. The most piercing cry was that rais'd by the Women, tearing their Throats with Actions altogether distracted. All was full of tumultuous Madness, and raging Discord. The Republicans would be govern'd by Princes, and the Subjects of Princes were for erecting themselves into Commonwealths. This Controversy set a Noble *Savoyard* and a Commoner of *Genoa* together by the Ears. The *Savoyard* complain'd, That his Duke was the perpetual Motion, and consum'd his Subjects with continual Wars, to bear up his Dominions, which are ever ready to sink betwixt France and Spain: That this safety consisted in embroiling the two Kings at the Expence of his Subjects; to the end, that they two being employ'd against one another, neither of them might swallow him, since both those

Princes

Princes alternatively, first one and then the other Conquer and Defend him; all which the Subjects pay for, being never allow'd any respite to breathe. When France attacks, Spain Supports him; and when Spain invades, France defends him; and whereas, neither protects him for his sake, but to obstruct the others enlarging his Dominion by that accession, and becoming a nearer and more formidable Neighbour; the Defence is often as fatal, if not more to the Subjects, than the Invasion. The Duke retains a secret Ambition to be thought the Founder of the Liberty of Italy; bearing it before him, the better to draw to his Party the See of Rome. The History of Amadee, surnam'd the Pacifick, because some Persons impiously Malicious, have suspected he designs to reduce the Pope to his bare stock of Pardons and Indulgences. The Duke is Diseas'd of the Distemper of King Cyprus, is perplex'd with the remembrance of having been Lord of Geneva, and grows sick with the desire of being Supream among the Italian Princes. All these Motives are spurs to his Ambition, which rather stands in need of a Curb; and for these Reasons, I come to propose, that Savoy and Piemont may be form'd into a Commonwealth, where Justice and Wisdom Govern, and Liberty Reigns. What Liberty Reigns? Quoth the Genoese, Damning himself to the pit of Hell. Thou art certainly mad, and having never liv'd in a Commonwealth, dost not know the misery and slavery that attends it. All the Politicks in the World will never make us set our Horses together. I who am a Genoese, Born under that Commonwealth, which by its nearness and the great contentions betwixt us, is well acquainted with you, am come to perswade your Duke, with  
the



the assistance of us the Commons, to make himself King of Genoa; and if he accepts not of it, I will go make the same offer to the King of Spain; and from him to the King of France, and so from one to another till I find one that will take pity on us. Tell me, thou ungrateful wretch, to the goodness of God towards you, in making you the Subject of a Prince; Have you ever consider'd how much easier it is to obey one, than many met together in one room, but as divided in Manners, Inclinations, Opinions and Designs. Dost not thou observe, Monster, that in Commonwealths, the Government being Annual and Successive through several Families, it is consequently under an awe, and Justice is not freely distributed, for fear lest those who shall Govern the next twelve Months or three Years, should revenge themselves on him that govern'd before? If a Republican Senate consist of many, it is all confusion; if of few, it only serves to corrupt the security and excellency of Unity. Nor is this remedy'd by the Duke, who either has no absolute Power, or lasts but for a time appointed. If the Government be equally divided betwixt the Nobility and Commons, they make up an Assembly of Dogs and Cats; for the one part proposes Snapping and Barking, and the other answers, Scratching and Clawing. If they be Rich and Poor, the Rich condemn the Poor, and the Poor envy the Rich. Consider now what will be the issue of Envy and Contempt. If the Power rest in the Commons, neither will the Nobles be able to endure them, nor they to bear not being such. Now if only the Nobility rules, I can compare the Subjects to nothing but the Damned in Hell, and such are we the Commons of Genoa: Nay, could I say worse of our condition, I should think

think this too little. Genoa has as many Commonwealths as Nobles, and as many Slaves as Commons; and all these Commonwealths meet in one Palace, only to reckon up our stock, that they may squeeze us either by enhancing or abasing the value of Money; and as if they were informers against our Estates, their continual study is to depress us into Poverty. They make use of us like Sponges, sending us abroad into the World, that plunging in Trade, we may suck Riches, and when they perceive us swollen with cash, they squeeze us out for their own use. Tell me then, thou Cursed abominable Savoyard, what it is you aim at by your Treachery, what can be your infernal design? Do not you perceive that the Nobility and Commonalty transmit their Power to Kings and Princes, in whom being remov'd from the Pride of the former, and lowness of the latter, it composes a supream Head, authoriz'd by a Peaceful and disinterest'd Majesty, over which the Nobility dares not insult, and under which the Commonalty does not groan. They had fallen foul of one another, had not they been prevented by the muttering of a drove of Legislators, driven by a Rabble of Women, who with open mouths confounded them, Shreiking, and threatned to fall on with their Teeth: One of them of such transcendent Beauty, that it was increas'd by the hideousness of Passion, which is an Affection that adds Deformity even to the fierceness of Lions, deliver'd her self in these words. Tyrants, for what reason have you alone made Laws against Women without their consent, according to your own Fancies, whereas they are an equal part of the two wherein Humane Government consists. You exclude us the Schools meerly through

N n

Envy,

Envy, because we shall exceed you; and deny us the use of Arms, for fear you should be Conquer'd by our Anger, as you are already by our Smiles. You have constituted your selves the Supream Judges of Peace and War, and we suffer under your extravagancies. Adultery in us is a crime punishable with Death, and among you it is a meer Jest. You will have us be good, that you may be wicked, and require us Chast, that you may be Lewd. We have not a sense but what you keep under hatches; you tie up our Feet, and Hoodwink our Eyes. If we look, you say we are impudent; if others look on us we are dangerous. And thus under colour of Modesty, you Condemn us to forfeit our Reason and Senses. It is your Jealousie, you Scoundrels, not our own Weakness, that often perswades us to act that against you, for which you are most watchful over us. More are made wicked by you, than would be so of themselves. If you senseless Rascals make your selves the forbidden fruit to us, it follows of necessity, we shall all become so many Eves against you. Very many are good when they are put into your hands, and you force them to be wicked; and you receive none so wicked, but most of you oblige them to be worse. All your Gravity consists in the wild hairiness of your Faces; and he who thinks his Beard will make the biggest brush, thinks himself the ablest Man; as if the strength of the Brain lay in long Bristles, which rather look like a Tail than a Head. This is the day these Grievances must be redress'd, either by allowing us a share in Learning and Government, or by giving us a hearing, and doing us right against the Laws Establish'd; Enacting some more favourable for us, and repealing others that are prejudicial to us. A Doctor whose Beard hung in Daglocks  
 down



down to his Heels, seeing the Women in a croud, and bent upon Mischief, relying on his Eloquence, attempted to appease them with these Words; *It is not without much dread I undertake to oppose your Sentiments, considering Reason it self is oft overcome by Beauty, and Rhetorick is of no force, compar'd with your Charms. However, tell me, what Law can you be entrusted with, since the first Woman prov'd her self such, by breaking the Law of God. With what safety can Weapons be put into your Hands, since with an Apple, you struck to the ground all the Generation of Adam, not so much as those that were bid in the distance of futurity escaping? You say all Laws are against you, this were truth, had you said, you were against all Laws. What Power is there to compare to yours, for tho you do not judge according to the Laws, studying them, you judge the Laws by means of the Judges corrupting them. If we make Laws, it is you that break them. If Judges govern the World, and Women the Judges; it is the Women that govern the World, and Debauch them that govern it; for the Women they love are more prevalent with many, than the Laws they read. What the Devil said to the Woman, took place with Adam, of what God said to him. The influence of the Devil is great over Human Hearts, if he speaks through the Mouth of one of you. Woman is a Rarity that ought to be fear'd and lov'd, and it is very hard to fear and love the same thing. He who loves only her, hates himself; and he who hates only her, hates Nature. What Law is there which your Tears will not blot out, and what Equity is of Force against your Smiles? If we have Employments and Preferments, it is you that spend the*

Profits in your Dresses. You have but one Precedent to quote, which is your Beauty; When did you ever urge it that it did not take place? Or, whoever saw it that did not submit? If we suffer ourselves to be Brib'd, it is that we may bribe you. If we strain the Laws, and incline Justice, it is for the most part because we advise with your Charms; you run away with the Prize of the Villanies you command us to act, and we are left with the Scandal of Corrupt Judges. You envy us our Military Employments, whereas you are beholding to War for the Happiness of being left Widows, and we for being bury'd in Oblivion among the Dead. You complain that Adultery is a Capital Crime in you, and not in us. Why, you Charming white Devils, if one slip of yours dishonours Parents and Children, and stains a whole Generation, how can you fancy Death too severe a Punishment? whereas the Honour of many innocent Persons is infinitely valuable above the Life of a Criminal. But let us judge by your Works how you value the Penalty. You cannot count the Adulteries you are guilty of, because they are innumerable, and among us they are so rare we have nothing to count. Death is a Punishment that deters others from falling into the same Crime, but where does this appear by you? To complain of our guarding you, is to complain that we value you, for no Man takes pains to secure what he despises. By what I have said it appears you are absolute Ladies of all things, all things are subject to you; you enjoy Peace, and are the occasion of War. If you would ask that which many of you want, ask for Moderation and Brains. Scarce was the word Brains out his Lips, when all the Women together discharg'd their Fury upon the Wretched

Wretched Doctor, in a Storm of Blows, Scratches, and Pinches, and so outrageously did they pull his Beard and Hair, that they left him as smooth as if he had been new Shav'd, and look'd more like an old Woman, than the Reverend Interpreter of the Law. They had quite stiff'd him, but that a multitude of People came in hearing the Noise and Outcries. Among them a French Monsieur, and an Italian Monseignor, had already made known to one another their Displeasure by some good Bangs, and saluted their Countenances with Cuffs follow'd by Kicks and such like Familiarities. The *Frenchman* fretted with Rage, and the *Italian* foam'd with Anger. *Italians* and *Frenchmen* flock'd to them on all hands, the *Germans* interpos'd, and having with much difficulty appeas'd them, ask'd the cause of their Strife. The *Frenchman* gathering up with both Hands his Breeches, which in the Scuffle were fallen over his Legs, answer'd: *All Nations are met here this day, to redress their Grievances, and I among the rest was discoursing with others of my Countrymen concerning the miserable condition France is in at present, and how the French are oppress'd under the Tyranny of Cardinal Richlieu: I was laying open with what Art he pretends the King's Service, at the same time he degrades him. How he covers the Fox under the Purple Robe. How by Embroiling all Christendom, he diverts all from looking into his Practices. How his Subtlety makes a Property of his Prince's Favour. And how he had put the Power of Sea and Land, Governments, Preferments, Armies and Fleets, into the hands of his Kindred and Confederates, defaming the Nobility, and raising the*



Unworthy. I was putting my Countrymen in mind how the Mareschal D'Ancre was hack'd and bew'd in pieces, and call'd to their remembrance Monsieur de Luignes, and how yet our King cannot rid himself of Prime Ministers, shewing how this last was the only Friend to the other two, whose Reputation he establish'd, by blackning his own. I was discovering to them, how of late years, Traitors have hit upon the most pernicious Art that ever Hell invented; for perceiving that to usurp Kingdoms is become Treason, and that he who attempts it is punish'd as a Traitor, the better to secure themselves in their wicked Practices, they usurp the Kings, calling themselves Favourites; and thus instead of being punish'd as Traitors, they are ador'd as Kings of Kings. I was proposing, do now propose, and will again propose in the general Meeting, that for the perpetuating the Succession, establishing of Kingdoms, and extirpating this Sect of Traitors, an inviolable and indispensable Law should be enacted, ordaining, That whatsoever King of France shall subject himself to a Favourite, he and his Heirs shall Ipso facto, forfeit their Title to the Crown, and their Subjects be absolv'd from their Oath of Allegiance; for the Salique Law, which excludes Females, does not prevent so manifest a danger as this that cuts off Favourites. I added, that at the same time it should be ordain'd, That whatsoever Subject under that Title presum'd to usurp his King, should suffer an infamous Death, and forfeit all the Estate and Honours he stood possess'd of, his Name for ever remaining scandalous and execrable. Now that distracted Bergamasco never considering what was said by me, who never so much as once thought of the Nepotes of Rome, call'd

call'd me Heretick, saying, that in detesting Favourites, I detested the Nepotes, for that Favourite and Nepos are two Names, yet but one and the same thing; and tho I had not spoke a Word tending to that mad Notion, he attack'd me as you all beheld. The Germans with the rest of the Spectators were surpriz'd and amaz'd. With much difficulty they directed each to his Post, and dispos'd the Multitude into a silent Auditory, to hear the Propositions which were to made in the Name of them all, by a ruddy Lawyer who had set them all a madding, and put into their Heads such wild and extravagant Demands. Two Trumpets gave the Signal for Silence, when he standing upon an eminent place in the midst of the Multitude, which swarm'd about, deliver'd himself in this manner. ' The thing we all aim at is the  
' general Liberty of all, to be purchas'd by  
' contriving how we may be subject to Justice,  
' not to Violence; That Reason may govern  
' us, and not the absolute Power of the Will;  
' That we may belong to those who Inherit, not  
' to them that Ravish us; That we may be the  
' Care of Princes, not their Merchandize; and  
' in Commonwealths, Companions not Slaves,  
' Limbs not Lumber, Bodies and not Shadows.  
' That the Rich Man hinder not the Poor from  
' growing Rich, nor the Poor grow Rich by  
' plundering the Wealthy. That the Noble-  
' man despise not the Commoner, nor the Com-  
' moner hate the Nobleman. And that the  
' whole Care of the Government be imploy'd  
' in encouraging the Poor to grow Rich, and  
' Honouring the Vertuous. And in preventing

‘ the contrary, Care must be taken that no  
‘ one Man become greater and more powerful  
‘ than all the rest, for he who excels all others  
‘ destroys equality, and they that suffer him  
‘ to exceed encourage him to conspire. Equa-  
‘ lity is the Harmony in which consists the  
‘ Musick of the Commonwealths Peace, for  
‘ when disturb’d by any Excess it becomes Dis-  
‘ cord, and what before was Concert becomes  
‘ Noise. Commonwealths are to be so united  
‘ with Kings, as the Earth (which represents  
‘ the former) is with the Sea (representing the  
‘ latter;) These aiways embrace one another,  
‘ yet so as the Earth always defends it self  
‘ against the encroachment of the Sea by its  
‘ Banks, the Sea always threatens the Earth, wears  
‘ and endeavours to overflow and swallow it  
‘ up; and the Earth ever fix’d and unmov’d,  
‘ opposes the perpetual Motion and inconstan-  
‘ cy of the Sea. The Sea swells with every  
‘ Wind, every Blast makes the Earth fruitful.  
‘ The Sea grows rich with what the Earth com-  
‘ mits to it, and the Earth with Hooks and  
‘ Nets drains and depopulates the Sea. Even  
‘ as all the Security and Shelter against the Sea  
‘ is in the Land, which furnishes Harbours, so  
‘ Commonwealths are a Refuge against the  
‘ Revolutions and Storms of Kingdoms. Com-  
‘ monwealths ought always to make War with  
‘ their Heads, seldom with their Hands, they  
‘ must have Armies and Fleets ready in the  
‘ greatness of their Stock, which is the Cele-  
‘ rity that lays hold of all Opportunities.  
‘ They are to make War upon Kings by setting  
‘ them one against another; for Monarchs, tho  
‘ they



‘ they be Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Relations, are like Steel and the File, which tho  
‘ not only near Ally’d, but the same Substance  
‘ and Metal, yet the File always cuts and wears  
‘ away the Iron. Commonwealths are to assist  
‘ rash Princes so far as may serve to overthrow  
‘ them, and the more cautious far enough to  
‘ make them rash. It is their best Policy to  
‘ Honour Trade, because it enriches and carries  
‘ Men throughout the World, gaining  
‘ them Practical Experience, by which they  
‘ discover the Ports, Customs, Government,  
‘ Strength and Designs of their Neighbours.  
‘ The Study of Politicks and Mathematicks  
‘ ought to be encourag’d as advantageous to  
‘ the Publick, and nothing ought to be so much  
‘ condemn’d as Idleness, tho under never so specious  
‘ a Title, or Riches devoted to Luxury.  
‘ All Publick Sports shall consist of the Exercise  
‘ of Fire-arms, and handling of other  
‘ Weapons, as is us’d in Battle, that they may  
‘ be at once Useful and Diverting; at the same  
‘ time Sports and Exercises; and then will it  
‘ be decent to frequent the Theaters, when  
‘ they are Academies. All Formality of Garb  
‘ is to be absolutely condemn’d, and all the  
‘ distinction betwixt the Rich Man and the Poor  
‘ must be, that the former extend Relief, and  
‘ the latter receive it; and Virtue and Valour  
‘ shall make the difference betwixt the Nobleman  
‘ and Commoner, for those Virtues were  
‘ the Foundation of all ancient Nobility. I  
‘ will here drop a few words out of *Plato*, let  
‘ him that has need of them gather them up,  
‘ for

‘ the contrary, Care must be taken that no  
‘ one Man become greater and more powerful  
‘ than all the rest, for he who excels all others  
‘ destroys equality, and they that suffer him  
‘ to exceed encourage him to conspire. Equa-  
‘ lity is the Harmony in which consists the  
‘ Musick of the Commonwealths Peace, for  
‘ when disturb’d by any Excess it becomes Dis-  
‘ cord, and what before was Concert becomes  
‘ Noise. Commonwealths are to be so united  
‘ with Kings, as the Earth (which represents  
‘ the former) is with the Sea (representing the  
‘ latter;) These always embrace one another,  
‘ yet so as the Earth always defends it self  
‘ against the encroachment of the Sea by its  
‘ Banks, the Sea always threatens the Earth, wears  
‘ and endeavours to overflow and swallow it  
‘ up; and the Earth ever fix’d and unmov’d,  
‘ opposes the perpetual Motion and inconstan-  
‘ cy of the Sea. The Sea swells with every  
‘ Wind, every Blast makes the Earth fruitful.  
‘ The Sea grows rich with what the Earth com-  
‘ mits to it, and the Earth with Hooks and  
‘ Nets drains and depopulates the Sea. Even  
‘ as all the Security and Shelter against the Sea  
‘ is in the Land, which furnishes Harbours, so  
‘ Commonwealths are a Refuge against the  
‘ Revolutions and Storms of Kingdoms. Com-  
‘ monwealths ought always to make War with  
‘ their Heads, seldom with their Hands, they  
‘ must have Armies and Fleets ready in the  
‘ greatness of their Stock, which is the Cele-  
‘ rity that lays hold of all Opportunities.  
‘ They are to make War upon Kings by setting  
‘ them one against another; for Monarchs, tho  
‘ they

‘ they be Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Relati-  
‘ ons, are like Steel and the File, which tho  
‘ not only near Ally’d, but the same Substance  
‘ and Metal, yet the File always cuts and wears  
‘ away the Iron. Commonwealths are to assist  
‘ rash Princes so far as may serve to overthrow  
‘ them, and the more cautious far enough to  
‘ make them rash. It is their best Policy to  
‘ Honour Trade, because it enriches and car-  
‘ ries Men throughout the World, gaining  
‘ them Practical Experience, by which they  
‘ discover the Ports, Customs, Government,  
‘ Strength and Designs of their Neighbours.  
‘ The Study of Politicks and Mathematicks  
‘ ought to be encourag’d as advantageous to  
‘ the Publick, and nothing ought to be so much  
‘ contemn’d as Idleness, tho under never so spe-  
‘ cious a Title, or Riches devoted to Luxury.  
‘ All Publick Sports shall consist of the Exer-  
‘ cise of Fire-arms, and handling of other  
‘ Weapons, as is us’d in Battle, that they may  
‘ be at once Useful and Diverting ; at the same  
‘ time Sports and Exercises ; and then will it  
‘ be decent to frequent the Theaters, when  
‘ they are Academies. All Formality of Garb  
‘ is to be absolutely condemn’d, and all the  
‘ distinction betwixt the Rich Man and the Poor  
‘ must be, that the former extend Relief, and  
‘ the latter receive it ; and Virtue and Valour  
‘ shall make the difference betwixt the Noble-  
‘ man and Commoner, for those Virtues were  
‘ the Foundation of all ancient Nobility. I  
‘ will here drop a few words out of *Plato*, let  
‘ him that has need of them gather them up,  
‘ for



' for I don't know to what purpose I bring  
 ' them, but some body or other perhaps may  
 ' know to what purpose he spoke them in the  
 ' 3d Dialogue, *De repub. vel de Justo*. They  
 ' are these. *Igitur rempublicam administrantibus*  
 ' *præcipue, si quibus aliis mentiri licet, vel hosti-*  
 ' *um, vel civium causa in communem civitatis uti-*  
 ' *litatem, reliquis autem a mendatio abstinendum*  
 ' *est*. If it be lawful to any to Lie, it is chiefly  
 ' allowable to them who govern the Com-  
 ' monwealth, either on account of the Enemies,  
 ' or Citizens, for the common advantage of the  
 ' City, all others are to abstain from Lying.  
 ' I cannot but reflect, that whereas the Catho-  
 ' lick Church condemns this Doctrine of *Plato's*  
 ' Commonwealth, yet there are many that  
 ' value themselves upon being his Common-  
 ' wealth. Let us now come to what is pro-  
 ' pos'd by the Subjects of Kings. These com-  
 ' plain, that they are all become Elective, be-  
 ' cause those who are and continue Hereditary,  
 ' elect Favourites, who become Kings by their  
 ' Election. This is that enrages them, be-  
 ' cause the *French* tell us that Princes, who for  
 ' the better Government of their Kingdoms,  
 ' wholly give themselves up to their Favourites,  
 ' are like Galley-Slaves who travel by force,  
 ' turning their Backs to the Port they go to ;  
 ' and that the Favourites are like Juglers, who  
 ' the more they deceive the more they Enter-  
 ' tain ; and the better they conceal their flight  
 ' from the Eyes, and baffle the Senses and Un-  
 ' standing, the more they are valu'd and prais'd  
 ' by him that pays for their Tricks to divert  
 ' himself. Their chief Art consists in making  
 ' him

' him believe that is full which is empty, that  
 ' there is something where there is nothing,  
 ' that those are Wounds in others, which are  
 ' but Bruises in his Armour, and that they  
 ' throw away what they hide with their Hand.  
 ' They say they give him Money, and when he  
 ' looks upon it he finds Dirt or Rubbish.  
 ' These Comparisons are vile, but these Men  
 ' make use of them for want of better, and so  
 ' they affirm those Kings are equally to blame,  
 ' who will not be what the Great God made  
 ' them, and those who would be what he made  
 ' them not. They presume to say, That an ab-  
 ' solute Favourite brings upon Kings the same  
 ' that Death does upon Man, (*i. e.*) *Novam*  
 ' *formam cadaveris*. A new Form of a Carcass,  
 ' to which follows Worms and Corruption,  
 ' according to the Opinion of *Aristotle*, in his  
 ' *Prince. Fit resolutio usque ad materiam primam*,  
 ' that is, there remains nothing of what was,  
 ' but the bare resemblance. So much for this  
 ' Point. Next let us go upon the Com-  
 ' plaints against Tyrants, and the reason  
 ' there is for them. For my own part I know  
 ' not who I speak of, or who I speak not  
 ' of, whoever understands me may explain  
 ' me. *Aristotle* says, He is a Tyrant who  
 ' has more regard to his private Interest than  
 ' to the Publick. Whosoever can tell Tale or  
 ' Tidings of any who are not comprehended  
 ' under this definition, may give an account  
 ' of them, and they shall be well rewarded.  
 ' They complain more grievously against Ty-  
 ' rants who receive Benefits of them, than they  
 ' that are oppress'd by them; for the Benefits of  
 ' Tyrants

Tyrants make Men Criminals and Accomplices, and their Severity proves them Virtuous and Deserving. They are of such a Nature, that Innocence in their Dominions must be miserable that it may be happy. A Tyrant, in respect of his Covetousness and Avarice, is a Wild Beast; in respect of his Pride a Devil; and in respect of his Riotousness and Luxury, all manner of Wild Beasts and Devils. No body conspires against a Tyrant sooner than himself; whence it follows, 'tis easier to kill a Tyrant than to endure him. The favour of a Tyrant is ever fatal, the greatest good he does him he favours most, is to delay doing him harm. *Polyphemus* in *Homer* is the Emblem of Tyrants. He favour'd *Ulysses*, discoursing with him, and enquiring into his Merits, he heard his Intreaties, saw his Distress, and all the Kindness he offer'd him was, that after eating all his Companions he would devour him last. Let no Man hope more favour from a Tyrant that devours those under his power, than to be the last eaten; and it is to be observ'd, that tho the Tyrant grants it as a favour, he that is to be eaten takes the delay for an addition of Cruelty. He that is to devour you after all the rest, begins to eat you in all those he eats before you. The longer he delays feeding on you, the longer you have to lament you shall become his Food. *Ulysses* was preserv'd by the Gyant as Sustenance, not as a Guest. To keep him in his Den, in order to transfer him to his Stomach, was more like burying him alive than entertaining him. *Ulysses* put him



him to sleep with excess of Wine. The Bane  
 of Tyrants is sleep. You that are subject to  
 them cast them into a sleep, harden your Spikes  
 at the Fire, put out their Eyes; for that done, it  
 was no body did what every one desir'd should  
 be done. The Tyrant *Polyphemus* cry'd, *Nobody*  
 had blinded him, because *Ulysses* with won-  
 derful Sagacity had told him his Name was  
*Nobody*. He nam'd him with desire of re-  
 venge, and defended him by the double mea-  
 ning of the Word. Tyrants themselves ex-  
 cuse those that kill them, or put out their  
 Eyes. *Ulysses* made his escape, disguis'd with  
 a Sheeps Skin among the Sheep he kept. That  
 which a Tyrant most carefully preserves,  
 preserves his destroyer against him. Having  
 premis'd thus much, it remains to tell you,  
 that we Subjects are met here this day to con-  
 sult how we may defend our selves against the  
 Arbitrary Power of those who either mediate,  
 or immediately govern Kingdoms and Com-  
 monwealths. The chief Heads I have to of-  
 fer to this purpose are these. That all Coun-  
 cellors be fix'd for ever in their Posts, with-  
 out hoping to rise a step higher, because there  
 is no room for Application or Justice, where  
 a Man has one Charge, and aims at ano-  
 ther; and the Ambition of ascending to  
 another more eminent Employment, makes  
 him look upon himself as a Passenger not a  
 Resident; so that his Charge serves only to  
 purchase that he aspires to; and being thus  
 distracted he attends neither; not that he has,  
 because he designs to leave it; nor that he de-  
 sires, because as yet he has it not. Every  
 Man

‘ Man is useful in that Post where he has gain’d  
 ‘ Experience; and troublesom where he learns  
 ‘ the first Rudiments, because they remove  
 ‘ from Business they were vers’d in, to that they  
 ‘ do not understand. What Honours are con-  
 ‘ fer’d on them must still be such as are proper  
 ‘ to their Profession, not mixing Civil and Mi-  
 ‘ litary, lest the Sword and the Gown render the  
 ‘ Habit disagreeable; for the Gown is cumber-  
 ‘ som to the Sword, and the Sword disdains to  
 ‘ be hid under the Gown. The next thing is,  
 ‘ that Rewards be indispensable, that is, not  
 ‘ only that they be not bestow’d on the unwor-  
 ‘ thy, but that they be not permitted to pre-  
 ‘ tend to them; for if the Reward of Virtue be  
 ‘ exhausted on Vice, the Prince or Common-  
 ‘ wealth will be robb’d of their greatest Trea-  
 ‘ sure, and the Metal of which the Recompence  
 ‘ consists, will become base and contemptible.  
 ‘ Neither the Deserving nor Undeserving must  
 ‘ expect it; the former, because it must be im-  
 ‘ mediately given him; the latter, because he  
 ‘ must never have it. Gold and Diamonds were  
 ‘ better employ’d in making Fetters to secure  
 ‘ Criminals, than in Military and Honourable  
 ‘ Ensigns bestow’d on Vagabonds and Vicious  
 ‘ Persons. This Doctrine was well receiv’d  
 ‘ among the *Romans*, who with a Branch of  
 ‘ Lawrel or Oak rewarded more Wounds, and  
 ‘ Victories over Cities, Provinces and King-  
 ‘ doms, than it bore Leaves. Let only the  
 ‘ Brave and Experienc’d be admitted to Coun-  
 ‘ cels of State and War; let the Blood they  
 ‘ have spilt, and their Qualifications, not the  
 ‘ Pride of long Genealogies, be their Recom-  
 ‘ men-

' mendment. The Brave and Fortunate are  
' to be preferr'd to Military Employments. To  
' be Fortunate as well as Valiant is a great ad-  
' dition. *Lucan* gives this advice,

— *Fatis accede, Deisque,*  
*Et cole felices, miseros fuge.*

' I have always read these Words with de-  
' light, and this admirable Poet (let who will  
' deny it) with attention, as preferable to all  
' but *Homer* for Politicks and Military Sense.  
' The Courts of Justice are to be fill'd with  
' Learned and Disinterested Persons. He who  
' is not Covetous, is subservient to no Vice, be-  
' cause Vices induce the Interest for which they  
' are sold. Let them know the Laws, but not  
' more than the Laws. Let them cause them to  
' be obey'd, not make them obedient to their  
' Wills. This is the very Touchstone of Judg-  
' ment. I have said, you may now say what  
' occurs, and propose the most convenient and  
' practicable Redress against your Grievances.  
He ceas'd, and the Auditors being a multitude  
of several Nations and Languages, there ensu'd  
such a confus'd buzzing of unintelligible Jargons,  
that it sounded as if the whole Clack of the  
Tower of *Babel* had been turn'd loose in that  
place. They understood not themselves, nor  
one another.. All was fill'd with Contention  
and Discord, and by their Looks and Actions  
they appear'd like an Assembly of People, Di-  
stracted, or Possess'd. Then the Congregati-  
on of Shepherds, to whom the Sheepskins  
bound about with Slings are rather a re-  
proach



proach than a defence against the Weather, said, They must be heard immediately before any others, because their Sheep had rebell'd, saying, That they had kept them from the Wolves who eat them by one at a time, to the end they themselves might shear, flea, kill, and sell them all at once. And that since the Wolves at most devour'd, one, two, ten, or twenty, their Design was, that the Wolves should guard them against the Shepherds, not the Shepherds against the Wolves. That they look'd upon the Hunger of their Enemies as less prejudicial to them, than the Avarice of their Guardians, and had brought the Shepherds Dogs as Evidence against them. There was not one Soul but said, *We guess what they would be at, the Sheep are no Fools if they bring this to pass.* At this stand they were when the Hour affected them, and being all enrag'd, some cry'd, *We are for the Wolves*; Others, *They are all Wolves*; Others, *It is all the same thing*; Others, *They are all bad*; and many others contradicted them. The Lawyers perceiving them ready to fall to Logger-heads, in order to appease them, said; *It was a Case that requir'd mature Deliberation, therefore advis'd to defer it till the next day, and to have recourse to the Churches to implore a Blessing on their Debates.* The Frenchmen hearing that word, cry'd out, *If there must be recourse to the Churches we are undone, and we fear the same should befall us as did the Owl when she was sick.* She advising about her Distemper with the Fox, whom she judg'd the most skilful among the Beasts, and also with the Rook whom she took for a Physician, because she often saw  
him

him upon Carrion Mules, they told her there was no remedy for her but to repair to the Temples. The Owl hearing their Opinion, answer'd, Then my Case is desperate, if the remedy is only to be found in those Holy Places, for I have left them all in the dark, sucking the Oyl out of the Lamps, and there is not an Idol that I have not bewray'd. The Italian hearing this Discourse, with all his might cry'd out; The Comparison is allow'd you, and we make bold to put you and all such as feed upon the Church, in mind of what Homer relates of the Mice, when they fought with the Frogs, for then they having recourse to the Gods for their assistance, all the Deities excus'd themselves, some saying they had gnaw'd their Hands, others their Feet, others their Garments, others their Crowns, and others the Tips of their Noses, so that there was none but miss'd some part of his Image, and bore the marks of their Teeth. Apply this Fable, you Calvinist, Lutheran, and Huguenot Mice, and then consider who is there in Heaven to relieve you. Good God, what a hideous Tumult and Hurliburly the Monsieurs rais'd against the poor Italian, the Confusion of Hell is nothing compar'd to it. The whole Multitude ran great danger in endeavouring to pacifie them. At length with-held, but not silenc'd, they all parted, all complaining of what they endur'd, and every one raving, that he might change his Condition with another.

As these things were in agitation upon Earth, The Hour and the Gods attentively looking on, the Sun <sup>expires,</sup> said; The Hour is now at the last gasp, and the Shade <sup>Jove stops</sup> of the Gnomon will in a trice touch the Number <sup>further</sup> Five. Great Father of all, do thou determine whe- <sup>Proceeds</sup> ther Fortune shall proceed before the Hour expire, or else wheel and rowl back as she us'd to do. Jove an-  
 O o swer'd,

swer'd, I have observ'd, that during this Hour, which gave to every Man what he deserv'd, those who, because they were poor and despicable, were also humble, are become proud and intolerable; and those who being rich and respected, were consequently vicious, perverse, arrogant, and wicked, seeing themselves poor and abject, are become penitent, bashful, and pious, so that the consequence is, that those who were good Men are become Knaves, and the Knaves good Men. This little time may suffice to satisfy the Complaints of Mortals, who seldom know what they ask of us; for such is their frailty, that he who does ill when he can, forbears when he can do it no longer, and this is not repentance, but a forc'd refraining from wickedness. Oppression and Misery curb, but do not correct them. Honour and Prosperity make them act that, which if they had sooner attain'd them, they would always have acted. Let Fortune direct her Wheel and Globe in their former course, and cause Merits in the Wise, and Punishment to the Senseless, wherein our infallible Providence and Divine Presence shall always be assisting to her. Let all Men receive what she distributes, that is, either Frowns or Smiles, since neither are bad in themselves; for patiently enduring the former, and magnanimously contemning the latter, they both become equally advantageous. And let him that receives and makes his misfortune of what he takes to himself, complain of himself, and not of Fortune, who gives to all indifferently, and without favour or affection. We permit Fortune to complain against Men, who making a wrong use of their Prosperity or Adversity,

\* Fortune defame and curse her.

restores  
her Wheel  
to its former  
moti-

on.

\* At this time it struck Five, and the Hour of all Men was at an end. Then Fortune well pleas'd with what Jove had said, changing Hands, began



gan again to ravel up the Cares of the World, and unwind what was wound backwards; which done, fixing her Globe on the Regions of the Air, she slid down as if it had been upon Ice, till she found her self upon Earth.

*Vulcan*, that Blacksmith God who keeps time with his Hammer, cry'd, *It is hungry Weather, and I being in haste to obey, left 2 Ropes of Garlick a roasting at my Forge, to break my fast with the Cyclops.* *The Gods take leave, and break up the Assembly.* All-ruling *Jove* order'd Meat to be brought, and immediately there appear'd *Iris* (Chambermaid to *Juno*) with Nectar, and *Ganymede* with a Platter of Ambrosia. *Juno*, who spy'd him by her Husband's side, and had more mind to suck his Blood than to swill the Heavenly Liquor, spitting Fire, and hissing like an Adder when his Tail has been trod, said; *Either this Bardash or I must reign in Olympus, or else I will sue for a Divorce in Hymen's Court.* Had not the Eagle the Rogue bestrided slunk away with him, she had made Hawks Meat of him with her Nails. *Jove* began to blow his Thunderbolt, and she said; *I will snatch it from you, to destroy that Sodomite Page.* *Minerva*, the Product of *Jupiter's* Noddle, who, had he been a Blockhead, could ne'er have been born, with fair Words soothed *Juno*, enrag'd with the sight of her Husband's vile Cupbearer. But *Venus* in a fume heightned her Jealousie, scoulding like a Butter-whore, and rated *Jove* as if he had been a Chimney-sweeper. Then *Mercury* letting loose his Clack, said, All would do well, and therefore desir'd them not to disturb the Heavenly Banquet. *Mars* seeing the Ambrosia handed about in China-Dishes, like a roaring Bully Deity, cry'd out; *Dam your Coffee-Dishes, let the Moon and other Petty Goddesses*

*esses drink out of them.* Then mixing *Bacchus* and *Neptune*, he swallow'd down both the Gods at two or three pulls, and laying hold of *Pan*, he slic'd him out, and cutting up his Flocks of Sheep, devour'd them by Wholesale. *Saturn* stay'd his Stomach with half a dozen Children. *Mercury*, like a true Spunger, stuck close to *Venus*, who was cramming her Chops with Biscuits and Sugar-Plums. *Pluto* drew out of his Snap-sack some Griskins *Proserpine* had provided for his Journey; *Vulcan*, who stood gaping, perceiving it, came limping towards him, and courteously intruding himself with much Ceremony, began to lay on and swallow. The *Sun*, who is the Father of Jollity, pulling out his Lute, sung a Hymn in praise of *Jupiter*, running division without end. *Venus* and *Mars* being offended at the gravity of the Tune, and seriousness of the Words, he, to the harmony of a pair of Tongs, roar'd out a Bawdy Song, and she rattling a pair of overgrown Castanets, danc'd a Jig as if she would have skipp'd over the Heavens, and shaken her self to Atoms, tickling with her wanton motions the Hearts of all the Gods. Her Dance set them all into such an itching, that they could not hold their Hands or Feet still. *Jove*, whose Mouth water'd at the leud Motions of the Goddess, said; *This is a Farewell to Ganimede, and no Quarrel.* He gave them Leave, and they being all full and satisfy'd, slunk away, crying, *The Devil take the hindmost*; and the lot fell to the *Eagle-striding Cup-bearer*.

12 JU 65

F I N I S.





*deffes drink out of them.* Then mixing *Bacchus* and *Neptune*, he swallow'd down both the Gods at two or three pulls, and laying hold of *Pan*, he slic'd him out, and cutting up his Flocks of Sheep, devour'd them by Wholesale. *Saturn* stay'd his Stomach with half a dozen Children. *Mercury*, like a true Spunger, stuck close to *Venus*, who was cramming her Ghops with Biscuits and Sugar-Plums. *Pluto* drew out of his Snap-sack some Griskins *Proserpine* had provided for his Journey; *Vulcan*, who stood gaping, perceiving it, came limping towards him, and courteously intruding himself with much Ceremony, began to lay on and swallow. The *Sun*, who is the Father of Jollity, pulling out his Lute, sung a Hymn in praise of *Jupiter*, running division without end. *Venus* and *Mars* being offended at the gravity of the Tune, and seriousness of the Words, he, to the harmony of a pair of Tongs, roar'd out a Bawdy Song, and she rattling a pair of overgrown Castanets, danc'd a Jig as if she would have skipp'd over the Heavens, and shaken her self to Attoms, tickling with her wanton motions the Hearts of all the Gods. Her Dance set them all into such an itching, that they could not hold their Hands or Feet still. *Jove*, whose Mouth water'd at the leud Motions of the Goddess, said; *This is a Farewell to Ganimede, and no Quarrel.* He gave them Leave, and they being all full and satisfy'd, slunk away, crying, *The Devil take the hindmost*; and the lot fell to the *Eagle-striding Cup-bearer*.

12 JU 65

F I N I S.

